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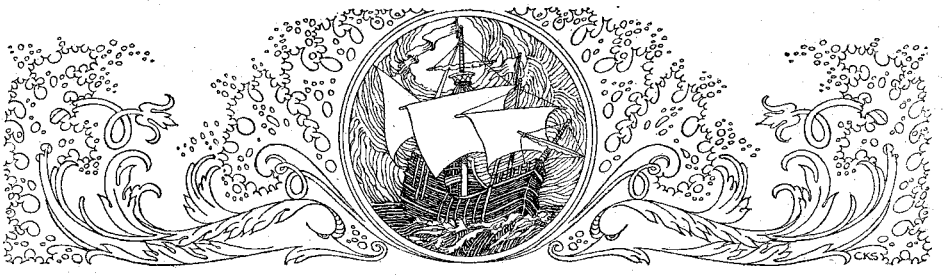

THE GLORY OF SHIPS

By Henry van Dyke

THE glory of ships is an old, old song,
since the days when the sea-rovers ran
In their open boats through the roaring surf,
and the spread of the world began;
The glory of ships is a light on the sea,
and a star in the story of man.

When Homer sang of the galleys of Greece
that conquered the Trojan shore,
And Solomon lauded the barques of Tyre
that brought great wealth to his door,
'Twas little they knew, those ancient men,
what would come of the sail and the oar.

The Greek ships rescued the West from the East,
when they harried the Persians home;
And the Roman ships were the wings of strength
that bore up the empire, Rome;
And the ships of Spain found a wide new world
far over the fields of foam.

Then the tribes of courage at last saw clear
that the ocean was not a bound,
But a broad high way, and a challenge to seek
for treasure as yet unfound;
So the fearless ships fared forth to the search,
in joy that the globe was round.

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Their hulls were heightened, their sails spread out,
they grew with the growth of their quest;
They opened the secret doors of the East
and the golden gates of the West;
And many a city of high renown
was proud of a ship on its crest.

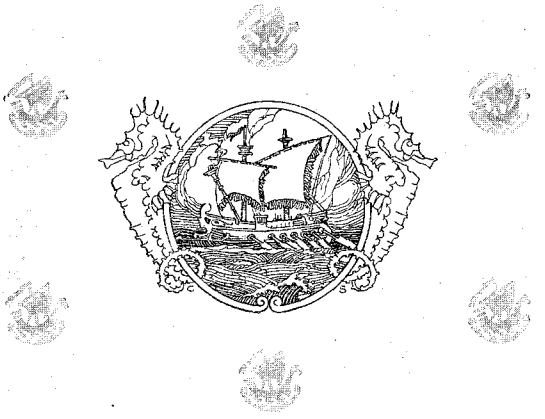
The fleets of England and Holland and France
were at strife with each other and Spain;
And battle and storm sent a myriad ships
to sleep in the depths of the main;
But the sea-faring spirit could never be drowned,
and it filled up the fleets again.

They greatened and grew, with the aid of steam,
to a wonderful vast array,
That carries the thoughts and the traffic of men
into every harbor and bay;
And now in the world-wide work of the ships
'tis England that leads the way.

O well for the leading that follows the law
of a common right on the sea!
But ill for the leading that tries to hold
what belongs to mankind in fee!
The way of the ships is an open way,
and the ocean must ever be free!

Remember, O first of the maritime folk,
how the rise of your greatness began.
It will fall if you burden the round-the-world road
with the shame of a selfish ban;
For the glory of ships is a light on the sea,
and a star in the story of man!

September 12, 1916.



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THE COMPACT OF CHRISTOPHER

A HAPPY VALLEY STORY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

THE boy had come home for Sunday and must go back now to the Mission School. He picked up his battered hat and there was no good-by.

"I reckon I better be goin'," he said, and out he walked. The mother barely raised her eyes, but after he was gone she rose and from the low doorway looked after his sturdy figure trudging up the road. His whistle, as clear as the call of a quail, filled her ears for a while and then was buried beyond the hill. A smaller lad clutched her black skirt, whimpering:

"Wisht I c'd go to the Mission School."

"Thar haint room," she said, shortly. "The teacher says thar haint room. I wish to God thar was."

Still whistling, the boy trudged on. Now and then he would lift his shrill voice and the snatch of an old hymn or a folk-song would float through the forest and echo among the crags above him. It was a good three hours' walk whither he was bound, but in less than an hour he stopped where a brook tumbled noisily from a steep ravine and across the road—stopped and looked up the thick shadows whence it came. Hesitant, he stood on one foot and then on the other, with a wary look down the road and up the ravine.

"I said I'd *try* to git back," he said aloud. "I said I'd *try*."

And with this self-excusing sophistry he darted up the brook. The banks were steep and thickly meshed with rhododendron, from which hemlock shot like black arrows upward, but the boy threaded through them like a snake. His breast was hardly heaving when he reached a small plateau hundreds of feet above the road, where two branches of the stream met from narrower ravines right and left. To the right he climbed, not up the bed of the stream, but to the top of a little spur, along which he went slowly and noiselessly, stooping low. A little farther on he dropped on his knees and crawled to the edge of a cliff, where he lay flat on his belly and peeked over. Below him one Jeb Mullins, a stooping, gray old man, was stirring something in a great brass kettle. A tin cup was going the round of three men squatting near. On a log two men were playing with greasy cards, and near them another lay in drunken sleep. The boy grinned, slid down through the bushes, and, deepening his voice all he could, shouted:

"Throw up yo' hands!"

The old man flattened behind the big kettle with his pistol out. One of the four men leaped for a tree—the others shot up their hands. The card-players rolled over the bank near them, with no thought of where they would land, and the drunken man slept on. The boy laughed loudly.

"Don't shoot!" he cried, and he came through the bushes jeering. The men at the still dropped their hands and looked sheepish and then angry, as did the card-players, whose faces reappeared over the edge of the bank. But the old man and the young one behind the tree, who alone had got ready to fight, joined in with the boy, and the others had to look sheepish again.

"Come on, Chris!" said the old moonshiner, dipping the cup into the white liquor and handing it forth full, "Hit's on me."

Christmas is "new Christmas" in Happy Valley. The women give scant heed to it, and to the men it means "a jug of liquor, a pistol in each hand, and a galloping nag." There had been target-shooting at Uncle Jerry's mill to see who should drink old Jeb Mullin's moonshine and who should smell, and so good was

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the marksmanship that nobody went without his dram. The carousing, dancing, and fighting were about all over, and now, twelve days later, it was the dawn of "old Christmas," and St. Hilda sat on the porch of her mission school alone. The old folks of Happy Valley pay puritan heed to "old Christmas." They eat cold food and preserve a solemn demeanor on that day, and they have the pretty legend that at midnight the elders bloom and the beasts of the field and the cattle in the barn kneel, lowing and moaning. The sun was just rising and the day was mild, for a curious warm spell, not uncommon in the hills, had come to Happy Valley. Already singing little workers were "toting rocks" from St. Hilda's garden, corn-field, and vineyard, for it was Monday, and every Monday they gathered —boys and girls—from creek and hillside, to help her as volunteers. Far up the road she heard among them taunting laughter and jeers, and she rose quickly. A loud oath shocked the air, and she saw a boy chasing one of the workers up the vineyard hill. She saw the pursuer raise his hand and fall, just as he was about to hurl a stone. Then there were more laughter and jeers, and the fallen boy picked himself up heavily and started down the road toward her—staggering. On he came staggering, and when he stood swaying before her there was no shocked horror in her face—only pity and sorrow.

"Oh, Chris, Chris!" she said sadly. The boy neither spoke nor lifted his eyes, and she led him up-stairs and put him to bed. All day he slept in a stupor, and it was near sunset when he came down, pale, shamed, and silent. There were several children in the porch.

"Come, Chris!" St. Hilda said, and he followed her down to the edge of the creek, where she sat down on a log and he stood with hanging head before her.

"Chris," she said, "we'll have a plain talk now. This is the fourth time you've been"—the word came with difficulty—"drunk."

"Yes'm."

"I've sent you away three times, and three times I've let you come back. I let you come back after new Christmas, only twelve days ago."

"Yes'm."

"You can't keep your word."

"No'm."

"I don't know what to do now, so I'm going to ask you."

She paused and Chris was silent, but he was thinking, and she waited. Presently he looked straight into her eyes, still silent.

"What do *you* think I'd better do?" she insisted.

"I reckon you got to whoop me, Miss Hildy."

"But you know I can't whip you, Chris. I never whip anybody."

Several times a child had offered to whip himself, had done so, and she wondered whether the boy would propose that, but he repeated, obstinately and hopelessly:

"You got to whoop me."

"I won't—I can't." Then an idea came. "Your mother will have to whip you."

Chris shook his head and was silent. He was not on good terms with his mother. It was a current belief that she had "put pizen in his daddy's liquer." She had then married a man younger than she was, and to the boy's mind the absence of dignity in one case matched the crime in the other.

"All right," he said at last; "but I reckon you better send somebody else atter her. You can't trust me to git by that still"—he stopped with a half-uttered oath of surprise:

"Look thar!"

A woman was coming up the road. She wore a black cotton dress and a black sunbonnet—mourning relics for the dead husband which the living one had never had the means to supplant—and rough shoes. She pushed back the bonnet with one nervous, bony hand, saw the two figures on the edge of the creek, and without any gesture or call came toward them. And only the woman's quickness in St. Hilda saw the tense anxiety of the mother's face relax. The boy saw nothing; he was only amazed.

"Why, mammy, whut the—whut are you doin' up hyeh?"

The mother did not answer, and St. Hilda saw that she did not want to answer. St. Hilda rose with a warm smile of welcome.

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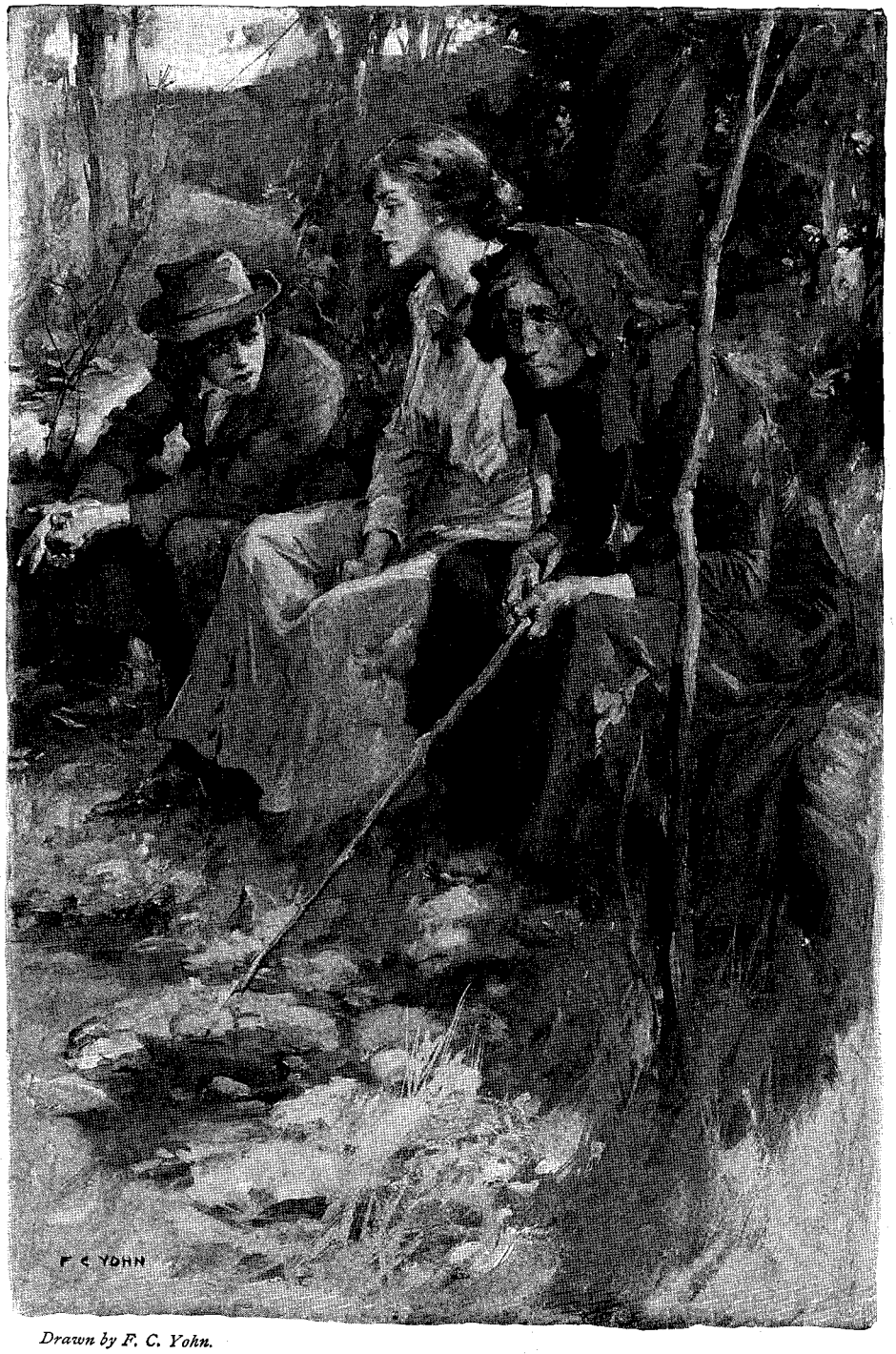

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Mammy," he said abruptly, "I'll stop drinkin' if you will."—Page 136.

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"So this is Chris's mother?"

The woman shook hands limply.

"Hit's whut I passes fer," she said, and she meant neither smartness nor humor. The boy was looking wonderingly, almost suspiciously at her, and she saw she must give him some explanation.

"I been wantin' to see the school hyeh an' Miss Hildy. I had to come up to see Aunt Sue Morrow, who's might' nigh gone, so I jes kep' a-walkin' on up hyeh."

"Miss Hildy hyeh," said the boy, "was jes about to send fer ye."

"To sen' fer *me?*"

"I been drunk agin."

The mother showed no surprise or displeasure.

"Hit's the fourth time since sorghum time," the boy went on relentlessly. "I axed Miss Hildy hyeh to whoop me, but she says she don't nuver whoop nobody, so she was jes a-goin' to send fer you to come an' whoop me when you come a-walkin' up the road."

This was all, and the lad pulled out an old Barlow knife and went to a hickory sapling. The two women watched him silently as he cut off a stout switch and calmly began to trim it. At last the woman turned to the teacher and her voice trembled.

"I don't see Chris thar more'n once or twice a year, an' seems kind o' hard that I got to whoop him."

The boy turned sharply, and helplessly she took the switch.

"And hit hain't his fault nohow. His stepdaddy got him drunk. He tol' me so when he come home. I went by the still to find Chris an' cuss out ole Jeb Mullins an' the men thar. An' I come on hyeh."

"Set down a minute, mammy," said Chris, dropping on the log on one side of St. Hilda, and obediently the mother sat down on the other side.

"Mammy," he said abruptly, "I'll stop drinkin' if you will."

St. Hilda almost gasped. The woman lifted her eyes to the mountainside and dropped her gaze presently to her hands, which were twisting the switch in her lap.

"I'll stop if you will," he repeated.

"I'll try, Chris," she said, but she did not look up.

"Gimme yo' hand."

Across St. Hilda's lap she stretched one shaking hand, which the boy clasped.

"Put yo' hand on thar, too, Miss Hildy," he said, and when he felt the pressure of her big, strong, white hand for a moment he got up quickly and turned his face.

"All right, mammy."

St. Hilda rose, too, and started for the house—her eyes so blurred that she could hardly see the path. Midway she wheeled.

"Don't!" she cried.

The mother was already on her way home, breaking the switch to pieces and hiding her face within the black sunbonnet. The boy was staring after her.

UBIQUE

By C. A. Price

'Twas Sunday morning; the church doors were wide.
I watched the endless stream of people go
Along the pave, with hasting step or slow,
But most I watched the few who went inside,
And bitter wonder filled me as I eyed
Those worshippers, in all the pomp and show
Of folk apart from common things and low,
Their sleek apparel and their brows of pride.

Then, "Lord, forgive!" I said, remembering
The monkish tale of that poor vagabond
Who laid at Mary's feet his juggler's art,
Being all he had; so what these have they bring,
Their pearls and sables in profusion fond;—
For who shall judge the offerings of the heart?

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ON A BRIEF TEXT FROM ISAIAH

By Katharine Holland Brown

Illustrations by Eric Pape

THREE men sat on a lordly California terrace, beneath a dazzling autumn sun, and strove with one accord, though diverse tongues, to give me some insight into the Mexican situation. The first man was fifty, and fat, and masterful, not to say bullying. A gloomy survivor of Porfirio Diaz' day, a stockholder in certain deserted Chihuahua mines, he hourly lifts his voice for pacification by force, that his rock may be smitten and flow again with juicy dividends.

"Look at the insolence of Carranza, will you! 'Mexico for Mexicans,' hey? Why, this continent belongs to white men. That's the fiat of destiny. Mexicans don't deserve a country, anyhow. They've got no vim, no initiative, no commercial sense. They don't even care to make money. Intervention? Of course it'll come to intervention in the end, for all our shilly-shallying. The sooner that mongrel breed is cleaned out the better. Cruel? Destiny is always cruel. And always just."

The second man squirmed on his marble bench. He was stooped and yellow and sunken-eyed, a fever-burnt missionary from Yucatan.

"No need to miscall the race so harshly, sir. Though I'll admit they're a lamentable type. So apathetic that they will not even destroy the last fragments of their debased faith and turn from it to a higher faith. Only an intervention that will change their whole basis of thought can redeem Mexico. In that process, the population must needs be largely obliterated. True: the march of progress is always cruel to the casual eye."

The third man heard his comrades' eloquence in silence. He was a civil engineer, twenty-two years in Mexico; lean, lantern-jawed, oddly tranquil. At length, when my instructors had had their say, with repetitions and vociferations, and had strolled off down the terrace, he spoke.

"There go two as honest fools as God's sun shines on. But the minute they cross the Rio Grande they go blind—Anglo-Saxon blind. Can't see that any other race has the right to exist. So destructive intervention is the only way out for Mexico, eh? Well, they ought to talk to my friend Cory, Ethan A. Cory, San Angelo, Puebla. He'd open their eyes for them. Cory has a new theory of intervention, all his own, based on a rock-bottom understanding of Mexico. A right good theory, I call it. Want to listen?"

I listened.

"Cory's experience is typical. He's a Montpelier boy, sixth in line from hawk-nosed old Ethan Allen himself. Big, shrewd, quiet, just. Put him into cocked hat and knee-breeches, and you'd swear it was his Green Mountain granddaddy stepped down from his State-House pedestal. Mrs. Cory was Minnie May Averill, a Montpelier girl with a generous dash of Stark blood. A little fair, spunky piece; the kind of woman that always makes the muffins for breakfast, and sings around the house in a blue gingham dress with ruffles on it. She'd married Cory in the firm conviction that he'd made the moon and hung it up and set the stars a-going, and ten years of married life hadn't jolted that conviction. Not so you could notice it. A well-matched pair.

"They came down to Mexico twelve years ago and bought a big coffee-place, away off the beaten track. Thirty miles by mule-back up mountain trails from Cristobal and the railroad, eighty miles from Mexia and the nearest American colony. Scenery? All the glories of this world, heaped up. But lonesome? Little San Angelo is the hardest place on earth to reach, and plumb impossible to get away from.

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Drawn by Eric Pape.

One of the handsome scamps who hung around and kept the dove-cot in a flutter.

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"They bought a big, crumbling hacienda, once owned by a Spanish grandee, all pink stucco and torn brocade and tarnished gilt. It made you grin to see their impeccable household gear set against that shiftless splendor. The crayon enlargements of Uncle Lemuel and Aunt Parthenia, for instance, hung to conceal a particularly candid fresco —nymphs and satyrs—that had once charmed the departed grandee's eye. And the first year, set against the lives around them, the Corys' lives stuck up considerably out of drawing. The laborers drifted through their days contentedly, to Cory's Yankee ire. The cook stole regularly, according to tradition. The house-girls got into stabbing scrapes over dreamy-eyed village loafers, which grieved and bewildered Minnie May. She never could realize that her Mexican maids were different flesh and blood—and fire—from starchy Montpelier "help," and she spent much fruitless time striving to teach them the truly womanly reserves; to their honest bewilderment, too, I reckon. Across the Rio Grande it's—different. But soon the Corys shook down. Cory's men learned to respect him and to do their leisurely best for him. Minnie May's household loved her dearly. The whole village loved her, for that matter. Then their children came, little steps; four boys, splendid little fellows. And what with Cory's coffee fetching top-notch prices, and Mrs. Cory getting prettier and happier every year, it was a mighty good old world for Ethan A. Cory, Esquire.

"Along 1910 came queer fretting rumors. Nothing to worry about, thought Cory. But the rumors grew. One fine day, when his mozo rode back from Cristobal with the weekly mail-bag, Cory gaped, astounded, at the news of Diaz' overthrow. However, the Diaz machine wasn't run on Green Mountain principles, you know. The Corys owned an inward hope that a new régime, while not so smooth-running, might bring relief to poor little houn'-dog Mexico.

"Well, they kept on hoping, and working, and being happy, although the boons to the peons didn't materialize at once. Cory's men grew restless; drifted away to fight with one Liberator or another. Vicente, a coffee-picker, led off one squad right under Cory's wrathy eyes. Vicente wasn't much loss, though. He was a spoiled, arrogant kid, one of the handsome scamps who hung around and kept Minnie May's dove-cot in a flutter. Mind that name, Vicente. It's coming up later.

"Soon their few American neighbors began to pack their wives and children back to the States. Then Cory got annoying letters from his agent at Mexia. Why did he keep sending mule trains of coffee when the railroad to Vera Cruz was cut off half the time? But none of these things moved the Corys. Their house was stocked with every comfort. The ranch produced everything needed for food. All they need do was sit tight.

"After a year, sitting tight got monotonous. After two years it got on their nerves. Month after month Cory had urged Minnie May to go back to the States. Minnie May had hooted at him. You couldn't pry her away from Cory with a crowbar. But suddenly, in October, 1914, they faced grim emergency. Minnie May must go north to her mother at once. There was no American physician within five days now, no nurses, no nothing. Minnie May must start without delay.

"Well, Minnie cried a solid week. But Cory had put his Green Mountain foot down. I happened in on them the morning she started. Of course I rode with them down the mountains to Cristobal. It was a rough ride, all right, that knife-edge trail. When at last we reached the lone little station, and I saw Cory and his family aboard the providential engine and ore-car that had happened along, I sure was thankful. Later, I heard that our trail had been the easiest stretch of the trip. When I tell you that it took them eight days to travel ninety miles and that their trains were dynamited twice, you can imagine the rest.

"Cory saw 'em off at Vera Cruz, then toiled back to San Angelo and sat down in his crumbling pink palace, with only the unabashed nymphs and Uncle Lemuel and Aunt Parthenia for company. And one eternal year he worked his plantation, and listened to the weird rumors

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that floated up from the lowlands, and wrote long letters to Minnie May—and waited. He was the only American short of Mexia. Half that year he never saw a white face. That year aged him, believe me! But once in six weeks or so, when a bunch of mail scrabbled through, he'd brace up. All had gone well with his wife. Her kid sister Patty's wild, ecstatic letter, telling of the new baby's safe coming, was followed by Minnie May's own letters, afire with joy. A girl baby, a real girl baby at last, and, oh, such a darling! She herself was well, the baby thriving, the little boys were happy in their school. Cory fed his starved heart on those letters.

"At last, one November morning in 1915, a vaquero rode up the hill with some ancient newspapers. On the front page of the *Mexican Herald*, Cory read, with amazement, of Carranza's belated 'recognition.'

"'Bully! There's the first glimmer of peace! But, Lucio! Only papers? Have you no letters for me?'

"'Si, señor.' Lucio fished up a grimed handful, tied inside his shirt. Cory tore open the first at hand. Then he gasped.

"News of Carranza's new status had reached Montpelier, Vermont, two weeks before it had filtered up to San Angelo. Minnie May, frantic with delight, was starting back on the first steamer. Yes, he'd scold her for coming, but she couldn't wait. The new baby would never again be such a perfect angel-duck as she was this minute. Cory must see her and help gloat. The little boys teased daily to go back to daddy. Patty had set her young heart on seeing Mexico. And she—'Oh, Ethan Allen Cory, I'm coming home! Home! Home! I'll sail into Vera Cruz harbor November 26 at the latest. So there!'

"Cory sat limp. November 26—and this was the 24th! By no miracle could he reach Vera Cruz in time. Moreover, his Minnie wouldn't wait around Vera Cruz for him. Not she. Innocently confident that recognition spelled safety, she and that freckled romp of a Patty, and the little boys, and that ineffably precious new baby, would start off through a country utterly lawless, swarming with bandits, a country of poisoned wells, of deserted towns, drained, pillaged, brutalized. By sheer luck, she might find a train going through to Cristobal. By greater luck, her train might not be dynamited. But, when the railroad ended, what of the three days' lonely climb, up through the mountains, on stumbling, half-starved mules? Gangs of outlaws held the mountain passes. Dangers unspeakable waited there for her. Worse yet, there were three trails up from Cristobal. If he chose the wrong trail and missed her——

"Of course, he took the wrong trail. He went tearing down the shortest cut, to find that Minnie May and her cavalcade had started up the longer way two days before. Half-distracted, he started back. Naturally, he spurred his poor beast off a ledge, pitched into undergrowth twenty feet below, and broke his leg. Fortunately the mule wasn't damaged. Somehow Cory crawled back aboard and made his way home. When he finally got there, Minnie May hadn't arrived! Cory put in twenty-four hours of agony before she showed up. Cheerful as a chipmunk, she rode through her own gates and flew to Cory's arms.

"Well, I reckon there never was such a royal home-coming. To be sure, Minnie May was heartbroken over Cory's smashed leg. But she got in the native bone-setter, and he made a fair job of it. This accomplished, she just gave herself up to ecstasy. As for Cory—Well! What with Minnie May, prettier than ever, and her peach of a sister, and his boys, and his brand-new baby, I reckon paradise wouldn't be a patch on San Angelo for him.

"Back in Vermont, Uncle Lemuel and Aunt Parthenia had died and left Minnie May the maple-sugar grove. Minnie May had blown herself accordingly. She'd brought a dray-load of canned grub and quinine, new rugs, a pianola, linen, books. Further, knowing her dear adopted people mighty well, she'd invested in a barrel of Speed's sausage and a hundred pounds of peppermint sticks. Also a trunkful of blinding red-and-green serapes, ribbons, beads—heaven knows what all. Christmas Day she called all San Angelo, forty-six strong, up to the hacienda and held a fiesta. I rode in in

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the midst of it. It was worth seeing. Right under the breezy nymphs on the sala ceiling stood the tree, a glossy little magnolia trimmed up like a fire-horse. A china angel hung on the top bough; five Toltec gods, in jasper and onyx, grinned from the background. The pianola was going like mad; the citizenry squatted in goggling rows around the tree, their mouths full of sausages and their eyes full of awe. No, it wasn't a conventional Montpelier Christmas, but it looked mighty good to me.

"They had one month of perfect happiness. Then—the deluge.

"Cory had guarded the village's crops closely. He'd planned each year's harvest so it would last till the next one. So far, no stragglers had entered to loot. The place was too inaccessible. But now, by January, 1916, the Carranzistas were holding central Mexico, and the Villistas and Zaps and freebooters were being driven back and back. They were short of food, they were making forays up the mountains. At daybreak, January 20, up the canyon trail tore a yelling crew and fell on sleeping San Angelo like wolves.

"The people were completely cowed. Not a shot was fired, while the raiders swept up their scanty cattle and grain. But an Indian boy slipped out and fled up the hill to warn the señor. Fifteen good minutes, that fleet-footed youngster gave Cory. Cory utilized those minutes, all right. Game leg forgotten, he roused the household, ordered cattle and horses driven into the patio, portioned out ammunition.

"'They won't dare break down the gates. A gringo's gates are inviolable, thank the Lord!' he said to Minnie May. Right then, that howling troop dashed up the hill. They reached the gates. There rose a whoop. Three men, carrying axes, leaped off their horses and smashed the gates with half a dozen blows.

"'My horses! And my cattle! All right in reach!'

"'Well, they sha'n't have the baby's cow. So there!' Minnie May flashed across the sala, tore open the door, rushed into the patio. She grasped the baby's meek little Jersey by her rope, jerked her into the sala, thrust her behind the pianola, and swung a pink velvet portière over her. Cory had just gumption enough to hobble across and bolt the door before the whole crew clamored into the patio.

"With glad yelps, three men pounced on the cows and horses and drove them away. The rest ransacked the storehouses. Cory said his blood sizzled to see 'em carrying off the provender he had so carefully saved. It nearly killed him not to shoot. But they were fifty men to his six, and he knew that his sole chance to save the casa would lie in holding his fire. To anger that swarm of hornets would mean ruin, and then some.

"Soon the leader and half his gang rode to the door and demanded admittance. Cory parleyed from a window above. His family wished not to be disturbed. If his amigo, the general, desired to show courtesy to an American household, he would now retire, taking whatever stock and provisions he chose.

"The general reflected. Fingers twitching on his gun, Cory hung at the window. Minnie May, white-lipped, stood close by. She held her own small but efficient automatic hidden below the sill.

"Presently the general spoke, with dignity. He wished not to molest the family of the señor. But he must secure certain supplies. He needed quinine. Also gold. Doubtless the señor had a generous hoard of both. The señor would kindly open the door. At once.

"That monumental gall made Cory see red. But right then up pipes Minnie May. She stood there, no bigger than a pint cup, her fair hair loose on her shoulders, her cheeks crimson. Her blue eyes were fixed on the leader's face. They fairly shot sparks.

"'Señor the general will request his men to withdraw. We have neither gold nor quinine to share.'

"Señor the general got his breath with an effort.

"'Señora best permit us to enter. For enter we shall——"

"'Enter your men may, señor.' Like lightning Minnie May brought her gun up from the sill, levelled it at the general's head. 'Yes. Your men may enter.

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But, alas, señor, they will enter without a leader.'

"Cory never did know what happened next. But he saw the general take a step toward the door.

"Instantly Minnie May blazed away. So did Patty. So did Cory. So did Cory's five men-servants. The leader keeled over on his horse's neck.

"The troop wasn't expecting such a fusillade. With a screech and a yell they fired one scattering volley, then wheeled and tore off down the hill. The general galloped swaying behind.

"Minnie May and Cory looked at each other. Three very dead bandits lay in the trampled patio. Not one of their little garrison had a scratch. But the uproar had waked the baby. She was screaming the roof off.

"'Well, Minnie May Averill!' said Cory feebly. But Minnie May had flown to her youngest.

"'Naughty man woke her up, the blessed!' she crooned. 'But he didn't get her own bossy. So there!'

"That was why she'd risked her life to keep the raiders out, see? She was afraid bossy might poke her head from behind the pianola.

"That night they two figured up stock. It wasn't a pleasant job. The raiders had cleaned up San Angelo to a fare-you-well. They'd taken not only cattle and supplies. They'd carried off the eight able-bodied men in the village. That left just thirty-eight folks: women, children, a few old men. Of Cory's household there were nine servants besides his family of seven. Fifty-four people to be kept alive till spring—and next to nothing to feed them on!

"Finally they hit on a plan. When the alarm came that morning Cory's vaquero had saved five mules by hiding them up a ravine. Locked in the casa storeroom stood three barrels of flour and some cases of canned stuff. In the village there remained a few sacks of meal and beans. Cory decided to take over whatever food he could find in the town. To that he would add the bulk of his own store. This heap he would divide equitably between the village families. He and his family would then pack what food remained on the shoulders of his men, clamber on the five mules, and strike off down the mountains for Mexala.

"It would be a hideously dangerous trip. The canyons were alive with raiders. The trails were washed out by heavy rains. But once they reached Mexala they would be safe. From there they could send back food to poor San Angelo. If they stayed here they could starve, along with San Angelo. Simple and convincing.

"Start they did, two days later. Twelve miles down, on the rim of a dizzy cliff, the mozo in the lead came running back, breathless. He beckoned Cory: he pointed ahead.

"Fifty feet ahead a cloudburst had struck. It had ripped out the whole mountainside. The narrow ledge on which they rode stopped short against a perpendicular wall. Cliffs to the right: a chasm to their left. Nothing to do but turn back.

"A day's rest, and they started again. This time they'd made only eight miles when they saw, strung out along the canyon river below, a troop of ragamuffin cavalry. Luckily the men hadn't seen them. And you can bet Cory lost no time in hurrying his crowd back out of sight. A day's climb took them home again.

"'One more trail left. And one more try,' said Minnie May, with her firm little Stark jaw set. 'If we can't make the third trail we'll come back, and I'll raise parsley in a window-box. We can live on that.'

"One more try. Half-way down, one of those blithering tropic rain-storms descended on them. They huddled under a cliff overhang. In the confusion a vaquero neglected to hobble the mules securely. When the storm passed, three of those sacred beasts had wandered away. They never saw those mules again.

"That was a body blow. No Mexia now. Cory stacked his family on the three remaining mules. It was midnight when, for the third time, they rode up to their hacienda. At sight of those simpering nymphs and Uncle Lemuel's crayon glare, Minnie May went into hysterics. It was the end of her rope, poor little plucky thing. But by morning she was her brave self again.

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"'We'll hold on for two weeks, Ethan. By that time, maybe, something will happen.'

"Four mortal weeks they held on. It was the height of the rainy season. Wind and storm beat down without mercy. Cory was pegged out. But Minnie May took command. She ordered all San Angelo up to the hacienda and quartered them in the granaries; she fed them as lavishly as she dared. She petted them, and coddled them, and kept them happy. She used to wind up the pianola for 'em daily. Cory said he'd lie there on his pink-and-gold divan and watch his wife and Patty doing the fox-trot for the wide-eyed groups in the doorways, and wonder if he was quite mad or only touched.

"Three older people died that month. Cory gave 'em each a gorgeous funeral. Nothing on earth so delights the Mexican heart as a real flabbergaster of a funeral. Minnie May took down the pink velvet curtains from the sala and handed 'em over for shrouds. San Angelo exulted. No such grandeur was ever known.

"'They'll never dry-clean, anyhow,' said Minnie May simply. 'And we'll give each mourner a sausage and a stick of peppermint. I wish I'd brought a carload of sausage instead of a barrel.'

"The bean-sacks thinned down ominously. Minnie May was scraping the flour-bin. At last, one wet, gray morning, a panicky herder tore in. Another gang of raiders was riding up the hill.

"'Let 'em come. Precious little they'll find,' sniffed Minnie May. Again she secluded the baby's cow, this time in the hacienda chapel. Again Cory ordered his people inside and bolted the gates. But right then up dashed a second herder, waving his hat.

"'Señor! Señor! It is not raiders! It is Vicente! Vicente!'

"'Vicente?' Before Cory came a moment's sight of the Vicente of 1910: a slim, handsome young vagabond, loafing around the coffee-trees and casting starry glances at the giggling maids. The Vicente who had pelted gayly away 'to join the Revolutionists, señor.' But the Vicente who came riding through the gates was different. Here was an arrogant young cavalier in muddy khaki, with a cut and flourish that made Cory long to hand him one, the minute he swaggered in.

"The populace surged up with yells of welcome. Vicente swung off his sombrero to 'em, for all the world like the young heir returning to his cheering tenantry. He jumped off his horse, saluted Cory with distinct condescension, bowed over Minnie May's hand, then addressed Cory with august calm. He had now attained the rank of first lieutenant under Zapata, señor. In battle he and his twenty ragged scamps had been cut off from the main army and were now on their way to Guadalajara, the Zap stronghold. They were short of food, ammunition, money. Therefore he had led them to San Angelo, knowing that the señor and his village would joyfully supply their needs.

"Cory didn't reply. Instead, he motioned Vicente to follow. He led the way through stripped barns and empty storehouses. He opened the casa cupboards: he pointed to the last sagging meal-sack.

"Vicente saw. Black eyes narrowed, he took it all in.

"'I comprehend, señor.' Majestically he bowed himself away. Majestically he strode back to the populace, which crowded round him with deafening chatter. Cory went in to Minnie May.

"'I can't even ask Vicente and his men to dinner,' sighed Minnie May. 'It makes me feel so miserly! And Vicente was such a nice boy, even if he did steal sugar and flirt with the house-girls.'

"Cory hobbled about the house, restless and miserable. Of course Vicente was a nice boy. But there was something sinister in his coming. Cory thought of the small fortune in United States bills and gold stored in his wall safe. If Vicente suspected that hoard—Vicente, who could never keep his fingers out of the sugar-bowl——

"An hour later Vicente strode haughtily to the great door. Again he salaamed to Cory with the grace of a young hidalgo. Again Cory yearned to punch his beauteous face in.

"'Señor, in this hour I have spoken with my own people.' He waved toward the populace squatted in the patio. 'They tell me many things. They tell me that,

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through the first years of war, you kept them at work, and paid them, when there was no chance of shipping your coffee.'

"'Y-yes.' Cory was puzzled. He wasn't looking for this line of talk. 'But I was always expecting things would quiet down and the roads open again.'

"'True. But, meantime, your wages kept them in comfort. They have never suffered lack. When workers at other ranchos have gone hungry, your men were fed each day.'

"Cory didn't answer. Vicente lighted a cigarette, took a reflective puff, tossed it away.

"'A month ago, señor, when raiders looted San Angelo, you abandoned all hope of peace for months to come. But you did not abandon my people. With what grain you had you fed them. With what medicines you had you ministered to their sick. With all splendor you have honored their dead. To my people you and the señora have been as their father and their mother.'

"Cory frowned. What was all this bombast leading up to?

"'To-day, señor, I and my army have come in triumph to San Angelo.' He waved a grandiloquent hand. 'But we find only ashes on deserted hearths. Therefore we must ride on to Guadalajara.'

"Cory drew a stealthy breath. Glory hallelujah!

"'We would take with us all our people. But they have neither horses nor mules. They could not make the hard trail. Instead, I and my men will make a dash to the plains and send back provision to carry them till harvest. If—' he paused, 'if that you will give to them to-day what store of food remains to you.'

"Cory groped for his gun. Give up the bread he and his family were living on, eh? So that was it!

"'Give up all,' the cool young voice went on, 'save what you and your family will need on five days' journey.'

"'Journey? What journey?'

"'For the five days, señor, that you and your children will ride with us. Under our guard. To Mexala.'

"Cory's head swam.

"'You mean——"

"'I mean, señor, that I now place myself and my army at your service.' Vicente arose with a magnificent salute. 'Above all things, you desire to take the señora and your children to Mexia. But three times over your plan is frustrated. The dangers are too great. To-day you can go in safety. I and my army—' He waved toward the ragged crew in the patio. 'We will guard you, señor! Under our protection you will ride safe from all terrors!'

"Cory sat dazed. Finally he said he must have an hour to decide. He went to Minnie May.

"'Ride with Vicente and his men to Mexala? You better believe we will!' Minnie May dropped the baby and executed a wild Highland fling. 'Afraid of treachery? Fiddlesticks! I'd ride with Vicente to the border and be thankful for the chance!'

"That settled it. Go they did, at daybreak next morning. I reckon Cory felt pretty sick. He felt he was taking his wife and the kids straight into a trap. But to stay in starving San Angelo was to stay in a trap. He could take his choice.

"He had to do all the worrying. The little boys were jubilant at the adventure. Patty was having the time of her young life. I'd judge that, back in Montpelier, Patty's most lurid experience had been a carefully chaperoned high-school sociable. Nothing else would account for the way she bubbled over. Minnie May was the gayest of all. She rode a white mule, with the baby in a pannier slung beside her. It must have looked a bit like the Flight into Egypt. She trotted down those glassy trails as contented as if she sat in a rocking-chair in her own sala. She laughed at Cory's long face. Vicente deceive them! Vicente, who used to steal cookies from her own pantry! Besides, Vicente had an ugly bullet scratch which she was dressing. You know how blandly maternal a woman feels toward the man whose hurts she has bound up. Vicente a traitor? She'd as soon expect treachery from the baby's cow.

"Cory told me afterward that her unconcern, in the face of their ghastly danger, made him a little sicker than anything else.

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"Three days and nights they crept down the mountains, inching along, so short of mules that half the crowd must take turns riding. Nights they camped on the wet hillside. Not much sleep for Cory. The riding tormented his game leg, and every hour brought some new dread. Why in heaven's name had he trusted Vicente? Vicente, who must know that his señor carried wealth past counting! Without doubt he had confederates by scores lurking along these black canyons. What more easy than an ambush, a swift attack, the regrettable death of the señor and his family—then a tidy division of the proceeds? No. I reckon Cory didn't waste much time in sleep.

"On the fourth day the ambush came.

"It didn't last long. A clatter of falling stones on the trail ahead; a rush of mounted men; then Cory found himself thrusting Minnie May and the kids up a gully and cramming his second automatic into Minnie May's hands.

"'Don't shoot till you've got to!' he yelled back. Then he rode straight into the fracas, firing as he went. Minnie May knew her duty. Trust her Green Mountain blood for that. Cory fought on like a demon, loading, firing, slashing with his machete: but all the time his soul was reeling within him. If worst came to worst— What if Minnie May wouldn't have nerve to shoot all five children? What if Patty, that freckled young noodle, should lose her head and strike the gun from her sister's hand? What if Minnie May fired too soon? Or —oh, God! What if she waited too long!

"Yes, it must have been a strained session for Cory. But it didn't last long. It seemed to him that he'd been galloping and firing for ages, when he suddenly realized that the attacking force was giving way. Right along with that lovely thought came another one: an explosion in his game leg. He pitched off his mule in a heap.

"When he came back, it was to a world made up of seventeen different kinds of torment. But none of 'em counted one-two-three with Cory when they told him that the scrap was over and the raiders had scattered, leaving their dead. That proved Vicente and his men were loyal, you see. Cory had been stewing himself to pulp for nothing. He fainted again for sheer relief. Next thing he knew, his wife and Patty and Vicente were working over the bullet-hole in his leg. None of them had much surgical skill, and I dare say they gave him a rough time of it. Mrs. Cory and Patty wept steadily over their wounded darling, which didn't enliven things. But Cory took it smiling. He could afford to smile. He was badly shot up and in atrocious pain. He was on a mountain trail, under convoy of a gang of Zap outlaws, with his wife and his babies. But the outlaws had proved themselves square. That was all he asked to know.

"They were on the worst of the trail now. How to handle Cory was a problem. But Vicente solved that. He tied a blanket to two poles, stretcher fashion, then told off four men to carry it. They ran in step, so as to give Cory the impression of a rubber-tired ambulance. It wasn't exactly convincing, but Cory didn't whine. Besides, his baby girl rode in the litter with him. She was just old enough to sit on his chest and pat her hands and consider a blanket litter the greatest lark ever. I dare say she helped pass the time.

"Late the third day Cory got fidgety. He had wound fever by now. And always, in spite of his new faith in Vicente, he was harassed by miserable fears. But just at sundown his men halted and lifted him high to see. Straight down the mountain lay Mexia. Little, dirty, forlorn huddle. But I bet you it looked to Cory like the New Jerusalem.

"'So far, señor, can we go with you,' said Vicente, stately and serene. 'I dare not ask my men to ride farther. Even now we are spied upon.' (That was no lie. Cory learned, later, that Mexia was now in Carranzista hands, and that a net of Carranza men lay all about, ready to scoop in Zap bands at every chance.)

"'Your carriers will go with you into the city. They, you will protect and claim your own. I and my army will not see you again, señor. But we will not forget. You, who have fed our children and buried our dead—you shall be ever a prince in our thoughts.'

"There was a lot more large, windy

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talk like that. A Mexican has to blow, you know. Ornateness is a racial quality. Yes, it was droll, coming from that ignorant little scrub of a half-breed. But it wasn't droll to Cory. He can't talk about it yet, without choking all up. And the ring the kid gave him will go down to Corys to come, along with great-granddaddy Ethan's musket and powder-horn. The funny part about that ring was that it was loot, no doubt about that. A sacerdotal ring, a rather coarse native emerald in a flamboyant red-gold setting. Very like, the kid had grabbed it in a raid. Or bought it for a peso at a thieves' market. But it's the real thing in Cory's eyes. 'The pledge of a race,' he calls it.

"Well! They went on down the mountain, Cory in his litter, like a bunged-up Cleopatra, and Mrs. Cory on her white mule, and the kids and Patty up on their toes with excitement. At nightfall they reached Mexia. The news of their coming went through the town like wildfire. There were just eight Americans left in Mexia. Maybe they didn't throw their city wide open to the Corys! As luck would have it, there was a good native doctor. He had Cory out of his torture in no time. Though Cory said afterward neither white bed nor chloroform looked half so good as the glimpse of the big barred gates under his window. Those gates spelled sleep.

"Sleep, Cory did. When he woke up, fourteen hours later, he poured out his tale to the American crowd and begged them to rush aid to his boy preserver. They started some grub up to San Angelo, pronto. But no use trying to find Vicente. The kid and his army had melted back into the mountains. Cory never saw them again.

"But Cory didn't calm down. Not by a long shot. Right through his convalescence, and ever since, he's been the loudest little yipper for intervention, ever. Talks it days, nights, and Sundays."

"Intervention?"

"Intervention, yes. But not the kind you're thinking of. He wants us to roll up our sleeves, and dig down deep into our bank-accounts, and send an army of reconstruction into Mexico. An army of doctors and nurses and sanitation experts; a squadron loaded to its gun-deck ports with flour and beans and blankets and tools and machinery. He says we can rebuild Mexico for her people as easily as we built the Panama Canal. Easier.

"'Only trouble with us Americans, we've got no spiritual imagination,' says Cory, earnest and aglow. 'Take any of our great movements for social betterment. They're bully, as far as they go. But why can't we carry them farther? Why must a geographical boundary halt us? Look at the Y. M. C. A. and the splendid work it does for our own boys, for Jimmy, and Mike, and Heinrich. Why not for Luis, and Juan, and Pedro? Push it along! And the big-brother movement. Why can't a nation be a big brother to a weaker nation? Man, can't you see the grandeur of this opportunity? Isn't it the noblest job one country could tackle, to drag another country out of the pit?'

"'But the practical difficulties——'

"'Practical tommy-rot. Easiest thing you know. Establish a Mexican loan, a whaling big one, with nominal interest, or none. Send down a regiment of trained social workers, men and women who know how to handle poverty and sickness and crime. For a campaign like this will call for consecrated lives as well as blankets and grub and shoes. Ask Latin-America to co-operate with us in sending our army of mercy——'

"'But such a campaign would cost a barrel of money.'

"'Cost money? You're *whistlin'* it'll cost money! And haven't we got the money? Is there another nation on earth that's got as much to spend? Can't we afford to buy bread for those that starve at our gates?'

"'But Mexico is in hard luck because her own people have acted so lawlessly——'

"'Oh, gosh all hemlocks!' wailed Cory, and he got up and began to pace the floor and tear his hair. 'You cold-blooded shark, you swivel-eyed, skinflint son of Belial! If you saw a nine-year-old boy tumble into the ocean, would you stop to ask whether his kid brother had shoved him in? Not much. You'd kick off your shoes and dive straight after him. That's what's up to us. The Mexican peo-

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Drawn by Eric Pape.

"Instantly Minnie May blazed away."—Page 142.

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ple are children, I tell you. Just children. Stupid children, lazy children, thieving children. But, first and last, they're nothing but kids. Hungry kids at that. And in so far as they are hungry, and we can feed them, aren't they our own children to care for? Answer me that!'

"Well, it sounds like a pipe dream. Like Don Quixote in his best vein. Like a wild-goose chase, and then some. Yet, supposing we did lay our Mexican course a bit off the line of threat and retaliation. Come to think of it, would an expedition of nurses and doctors and food-cars, sent to the sick and famished, look much more foolish than all the 'punitive expeditions' that ever toiled, sweating and swearing, over the border?

"Some time since, there was a two-fisted gentleman named Oliver Cromwell, who compiled a little manual for his troops entitled 'The Souldiers' Pocket Bible.' I held a copy in my hands not a month ago. A little, torn, yellow wad of parchment, tied into a strip of cowhide. It opened of itself to a certain passage. I reckon one of Cromwell's troopers had thumbed that passage more than once.

"'Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bonds of wickedness, to let the oppressed go free? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry? And that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thine own house?'

"Isaiah said it first. Then Oliver Cromwell, dour old bullet-head, took it for his watchword. Can our own nation choose a nobler watchword to-day? And when you think back, a hundred and forty years or so, to the days when the foundations were laid for our republic—laid four-square, in justice, in rectitude, in loyalty, in brotherhood to all men—can we in honor refuse to take that watchword for our own?"

His level voice stopped. His keen eyes stared out past the steep green of the terraces, away to the dazzling turquoise of the sea. And from the path below us boomed, trumpet-tongued, the voice of him of Diaz' little day.

"Yep. Blot 'em out, the worthless rabble they are. Clean 'em up. Sweep 'em off the face of the earth. It's destiny, I tell you. And destiny is always cruel. And always just."

SERVICE

By Elizabeth Bertron Fahnestock

MAKE Thou me strong, O Lord!
Not for the victor's wreathèd crown,
Not for the glory and renown
But in the hour of grim defeat
That comes upon the battle's heat—
Bless Thou my blunted sword!

Make Thou me strong, O Lord!
Not for the council's highest seat,
But, mingling in the crowded street
To speak, with yonder lowly man
As with a brother, of Thy Plan—
Bless Thou my humble word!

Make Thou me strong, O God!
Not to be first upon that way
Where hungry millions tread their day,
But if, at eve, when courage pales
My step shall guide some foot that fails—
Thine be the path I trod!

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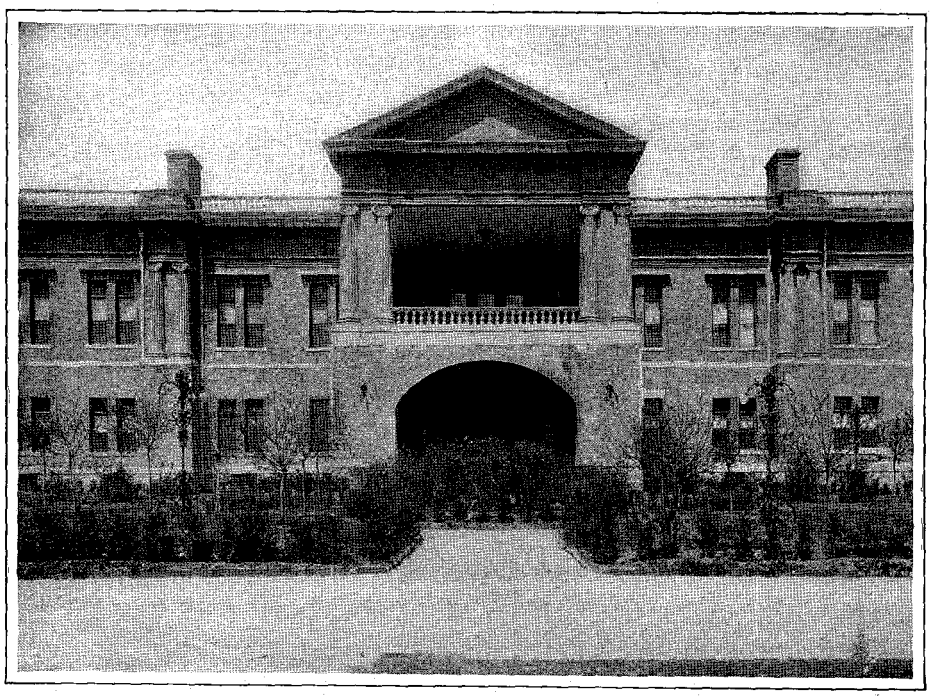

The new Foreign Office in Peking.

Built within the last few years; architect and builder, Mr. Charles D. Jameson, an American who has lived for more than twenty years in China. It was erected within the government appropriation.

THE CHINESE ATTITUDE TOWARDS JAPAN

PATRIOTIC AND PRACTICAL OBJECTIONS TO JAPANESE PLANS FOR THE "DEVELOPMENT" OF CHINESE RESOURCES

BY JEREMIAH W. JENKS

ONE of the chief objects of my recent visit to China was to ascertain, if possible, the actual attitude of the Chinese people towards Japan. For many years I have held the belief that in the ultimate solution of Pacific problems no factor will be more important than China's appraisal of Japanese policies and purposes. Needless to say, the ideas and opinions set forth in the following pages are neither authorized nor gratuitous reflections of the official or individual views of those constituting the government of China. Precedent and prudence necessarily restrict official outgivings; and, as Judge Elbert H. Gary and others have testified, the present government of China is composed of able, prudent men. The Chinese, also, are proverbial respecters of precedent; none more fine than they when it is a question of observing etiquette. "Proper custom" is still honored in official as well as in private life in China.

While, therefore, a distinction should and must be made between official China's attitude towards Japan and the attitude manifested by the Chinese people, care has been taken to interpret as fairly as possible the general disposition of the Chinese on these matters, irrespective of

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class or condition, party affiliation or particular place of residence, north as well as south of the Yangtze valley. Chinese opinions, especially on public matters, are no more difficult to ascertain than are American or European opinions. There is nothing "inscrutable" or mystifying about Chinese character or Chinese manners and methods. The Chinese are very much like other human beings in motive and intent, hard as it seems to be for some foreigners to realize it. The difficulty is chiefly with the foreigner. Also, in the summer of 1916 several events occurred which presented numerous opportunities, each in its own way helping to answer this question—not a simple one, by any means, although some writers regard it as such. When we speak of the Chinese people, it should be borne in mind, we are discussing almost one-quarter of the population of the world.

To ascertain the actual attitude of the Chinese towards Japan, consideration of the merely political elements will not suffice. Probably at no time and in no place has there been, or could there be, less warrant to approach such a question from the merely political angle. The politics of China, of Japan—of the Orient at large—resemble a great river flowing through a level country, which, swollen by turbulent tributaries, threatens to overflow its banks. Many things may happen, politically, which might build the necessary dam and utilize to good purpose these converging political tides in the Orient; many things may happen, politically, to undermine the restraining dikes and river walls and to hasten the inundation. Yet, in spite of or because of this condition of extreme instability, the political elements cannot be overlooked.

Examining conditions and tendencies as they presented themselves during the avalanche of events which swept China from April to September, 1916, it became more and more apparent to me that China will come to her final decision very largely, if not wholly, as the policies involved may be colored by respect for or contravention of vital Chinese moral principles and the conservation or alienation of material resources.

China desires a peaceful understanding with Japan—let there be no misconception as to that. But the terms must be honorable to both parties; they cannot be dictated at Tokyo in denial of Chinese rights and aspirations. Of this fact I am firmly convinced. The attitude of the assembly regarding the Japanese loan of November, 1916, and its determination not to permit the alienation of the extremely valuable mines as security therefor confirms this view.

China desires peace. "The old gods are not yet dead," and, not merely among the elders but on the lips of her young men, too, I found ample testimony of abiding faith in those ancient principles which might be epitomized: The Spirit is mightier than the sword. The message the Christian missionaries brought to China consolidated and confirmed respect for traditional truths such as "We do not make swords of our best iron, or soldiers of our favorite sons."

That peace which China desires is not a peace without honor. It is not a peace which might succeed the Manchu by a Tenno. The Chinese people are not too proud to fight. If ill-fortune should so will it that the issue must come to trial by the sword, the Chinese, however reluctantly, will take up the sword; and, weighing carefully the cost, the dangers, the difficulties, they have no misgivings as to the ultimate outcome. They are by no means lacking in courage, even though they are discreet.

A short time before I went to China I had a very interesting conversation with one who has enjoyed exceptional opportunities as an observer of Oriental developments. Relations between China and Japan were strained. Many usually well-informed Americans assumed that China would yield at all points. "For the sake of the world, I hope not," said this experienced observer: "China has huge reserves of strength. She might be beaten back temporarily, but she could gather her strength in the interior, where the expense of continual struggle would exhaust any invader, and ultimately her weight of numbers would smother him. The successful conquest of China is an impossibility." I believe that to be true.

The decisive thing, however, is not our American beliefs or deductions, but rather China's view of the matter. China has made up her mind. She is facing a very difficult situation frankly, thoughtfully,

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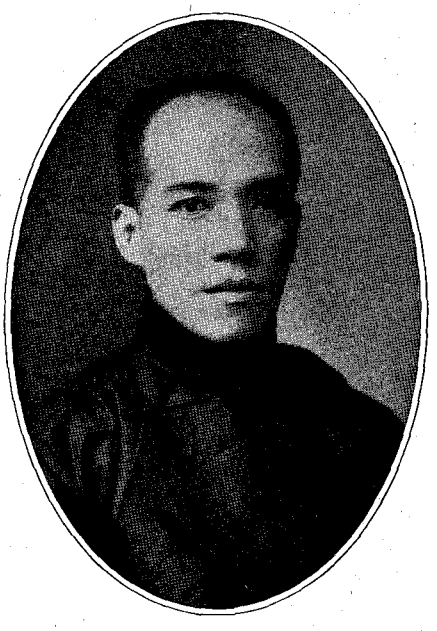
temperately, and with determination; and on this matter both parties, military and radical, are in full accord.

She is sensible of her own past errors—or, to be more correct, errors thrust upon her by circumstances over which she has had little if any control. She desires, if needs be she will demand, as far as historical conditions make it possible, a clean slate and a fresh start. And she is neither selfish nor revengeful in her present disposition.

She recognizes the justice, the prudence, the necessity of considering the rights and requirements of others as well as her own rights and needs. She recognizes particularly the evil consequences of that Manchu-made diplomacy which satisfied itself with playing both ends against the middle. She is determined that Chinese treaties when freely made shall be sacred things and not scraps of paper. Consequently, she will not buy peace at the cost of nullification of the vested interests legitimately and fairly acquired by any treaty power or its citizens.



Liang Ch'i-ch'ao.

A loyal modern Chinese and supporter of the present government.

She recognizes the desirability of concentrating immediate attention upon the development of her vast resources. She is glad to get foreign aid in this work; but she does not recognize the right of any nation to step in without her free consent and alienate from her people these resources.

She recognizes the necessity of reorganizing from top to bottom her entire administrative mechanism. She has already made not a little progress along these lines, aided materially by foreign advice and assistance in many instances, but with a much greater measure of Chinese initiative and executive skill than is even suspected abroad. She welcomes a continuance of foreign advice and assistance. She rejects tutelage under duress.

Above all, she declines to become a party to any sort of Asiatic confederation or alliance with an avowed or concealed militarist, anti-Occidental tendency.

Roughly sketched, these are the dominant ideas under which it may be said the people of China are preparing to arrange the general form of their attitude towards Japan. If Japan frames her Chinese policy so as to cooperate with China along these lines, there will be no difficulty, no danger. But if Japan fails to recognize China's right to have a controlling voice in her own destiny, there will surely be difficulty, there will be danger—for Japan. There is no use mincing words about the matter.

The new government of China is not swayed by anti-Japanese sentiment. Quite the contrary. In all my talks with Chinese officials I gathered the impression that there is a very deep and sincere desire to aid into being if it may be possible a new era of mutual respect, mutual understanding, mutual confidence.

That impression was not shaken by what transpired as a consequence of the unfortunate and reprehensible Chengchiatung affair. Indeed, it was strengthened substantially, because in that matter China's foreign office has so far proved itself able to deal with an occasion where unwise Japanese pugnacity revealed itself at its very worst. According to the most trustworthy information, without moral or legal excuse, Japanese soldiers had violated China's sovereignty. Yet, instead of manifesting resentment—however warranted—the Chinese officials exerted

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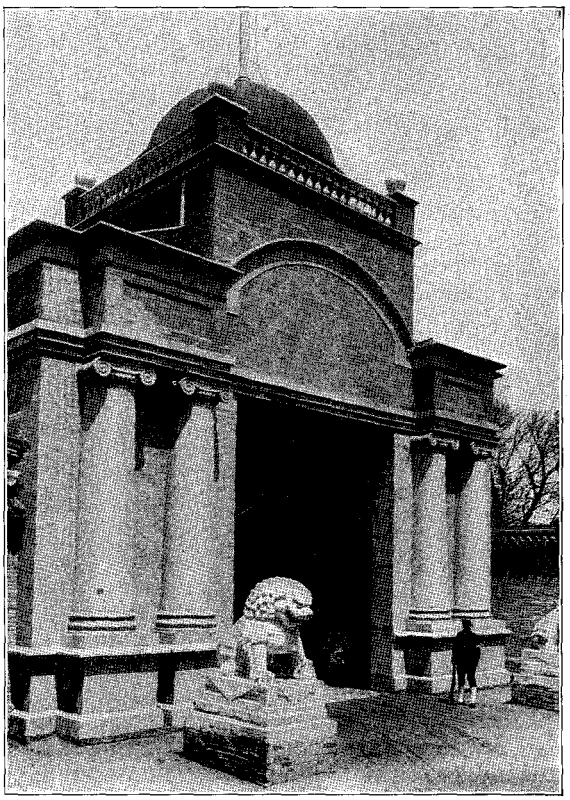
themselves to meet with prudence and with dignity an ugly situation.

The Chinese are patient to a fault. But they are not "sheep." In their quiet, uncomplaining way they bitterly resent some things said about them by superficial judges. For instance, when an American statesman, without any unfriendly intention, of course, quoting an expression used in a letter which he had received from an American friend in China, gave the prominence which is always his popular prerogative to the "sheep" myth, and talked and wrote about "unchinafying" America, the Chinese regretted this very much, because they felt it to be most unfair, though coming from one of their best friends and well-wishers. In the same way, when a New York editor referred to China as "a province of Japan," and the remark was copied by the enterprising Chinese newspapers, anger seethed in many Chinese hearts. Chinese patience can be strained too far. The Chinese feel that Japan is mainly responsible for the tension put upon Chinese patience.



The gateway to the new Foreign Office.

Japanese tell us that one of the reasons why they are more competent than Americans to direct the development of China is that they understand the Chinese because they are neighbors, and that we do not because an ocean divides us from China. The assertion is very plausible, on the surface, and it has deceived many influential Americans. As a matter of fact, it is utterly untenable. It is repudiated by the Chinese themselves. It is rejected by those relatively few Japanese who do understand their Chinese neighbors. To my mind this is one of the false assumptions which are at the very bottom of Sino-Japanese troubles and dangers. Chinese say that those who understand them best—as well, indeed, as they understand themselves—are a few Americans and Englishmen who have lived among them from childhood, or from early manhood or womanhood, and who combine intense loyalty to America or to England with an almost equally intense affection for the Chinese and a belief in the future of China.

There is such a thing as being "too close to the picture." China is a beautiful and extremely valuable picture, and Japan, China's neighbor, sees only the paint, though she has a very keen appreciation of the "values."

In every essential of national consciousness the Chinese and Japanese peoples are as widely removed as the poles. Their tastes, their achievements, their aspirations are very different.

"Bushido," says that gifted Japanese author, Dr. Nitobe Inazo, the very highest authority on the subject, "made the sword its emblem of power and prowess. When Mahomet proclaimed that 'the sword is the key of heaven and of hell' he only echoed a Japanese sentiment." And of the Japanese swordsmith, declares the interpreter of "The Soul of

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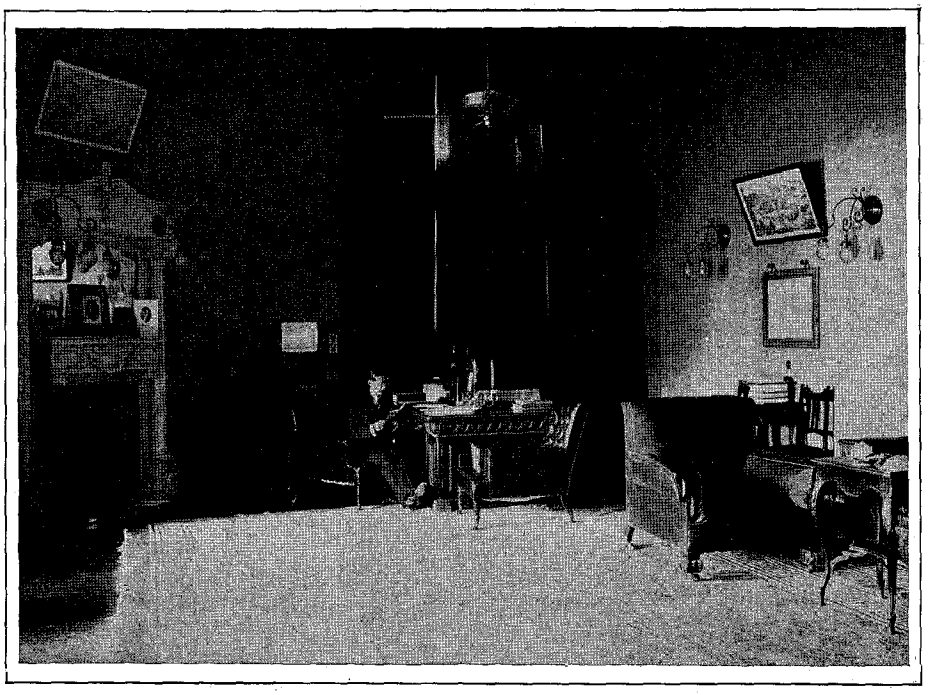

Office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the new building.
Mr. Lu Cheng-hsiang, former Minister.

Japan," he "was not a mere artisan but an inspired artist and his workshop a sanctuary," "he committed his soul and spirit into the forging and tempering of the steel." Does this suggest the patient, peace-loving Chinese, the "sheep" that is lampooned in American cartoon and stinging paragraph? Or the dignified scholar, quite possibly a priest whom Dürer's Saint Jerome might well typify? Or any of the wayside artists whose skilful brush with a few strokes paints to the life the warbling bird or playful kitten?

In Japan "the merchant was placed lowest in the category of vocations." In China the teacher has been exalted, the merchant has been respected, while "the soldier was placed lowest in the category of vocations." They regret that they may perforce have to change this order for a time.

Politically speaking, the soul of Japan, to-day, is still what it was under the Amazon Empress, Jingo. Dr. William Elliot Griffis, one of Japan's best friends and ablest defenders, wrote only a month or two ago:

"Seen in the perspective of over forty years, Japanese popular education has been swamped in militarism. Japan's once-splendid scheme of a university in each of the eight great divisions of the empire has come very close to disgraceful failure. Academic freedom is yet far from a reality. Labor has not been honored. Military glory has been transfigured and war-making honored beyond its deserts, while against money-grubbing, at the expense of health and life, there is scarce protection by law. The fighter is still esteemed above the inventor, healer, or artisan. The manifest result is that Japan is still curiously deficient in high-grade machinists, in intelligent mechanics, and in the finer lines of the newer industries. She is far from being able to compete in the more elaborate machinery or products, while her statutes for the protection of the factory laborer are weak apologies for what they should be."

The new government in China owes its existence, mainly, to unwavering Chinese loyalty to Chinese moral law. It owes nothing to Japan but difficulties. It owes

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very much to the patriotic persistence, the loyalty to principle of men like President Li Yuan-hung, Premier Tuan Chi-jui, Dr. Chen Chin-tao, Dr. Wu Ting-fang, Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'ao, Dr. C. T. Wang, General Tsai Ao, and others. The Chinese who represent their ideals think of their country as a national treasure won by courageous adherence to moral ideals. To them it is a choice jade among the gems which the centuries have ennobled in settings fashioned out of the very heart-beats of reverent sons of Han.

"Rather be dashed to fragments as a piece of jade than held together as a lump of brick."

In spite of the bickerings and the selfish motives of some of the contestants—and such are always found in all countries—that was in reality the sign under which the opponents of monarchy conquered during the winter of 1915 and the spring of 1916. It expressed the spirit of China, the great moral force which governs China's many millions from Hanlin Optimus to common coolie.

The man who voiced this phrase, Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'ao, was a reformer in Canton when Japan made war upon China in 1894. The attitude of the Chinese people towards Japan is, perforce, colored by thoughts and memories of this very one-sided struggle. They will tell you that most of the present sorrows and humiliations of China are direct consequences of the war; that it brought down upon their defenseless country the wolf-pack of the land-hungry nations and forged the first link in the yoke of the indemnities. They will tell you that it was the greed of the legations which steeled the hearts of the reformers in 1898, and which also produced the Boxer tragedy of 1900. The Chinese who are moulding the new republic have spoken of these things constantly in their friendly gatherings. The emphasis does not lessen as the years pass. As the Chinese of the younger generation note the added respect and prestige that prowess in arms has won for Japan, is it strange that they at times ask themselves if they, too, to win respect and their normal rights, must resort to force rather than rely on reason and justice? Must they, too, get ready and fight a foreign power to preserve their own against unjust aggression? They feel that with their four hundred millions, and the bravery and skill that their ancestors often showed, they can win by fighting if they must win that way. I have heard these questions discussed with becoming gravity and modest determination by groups of China's best young men. And this is merely one reason why I say neither Mancho nor Tenno nor any alien can ever hope to conquer the will of the Chinese people. For the mind of China is at last made up. The truth of the saying as to the movement of large bodies will suggest itself. It applies to the China of to-day and yesterday.

In the present political life of China, Mr. Liang is playing the useful part of an interested observer. When he declared against Yuan he gave his word that he would neither seek nor accept office. Before the Yunnan revolution he was among the most active and able members of the Council of State.

His first act as a state councillor was to press to a favorable vote a resolution extending the olive branch to Japan. With commendable foresight he urged the importance of seeking immediate and amicable settlement of the Manchurian and Mongolian boundary questions and other vexed Sino-Japanese problems. Japan replied, on the very first opportunity, with the infamous twenty-one demands.

In spite of the self-control exhibited, the rage created in Chinese breasts by these demands is something beyond the imagination of the average American. It was but mildly reflected in the millions subscribed to the National Salvation Fund and the National Patriotic Loans, many of the subscribers of which even to-day do not present for payment their interest coupons. Their "loan" was a free gift. It gave Yuan an opportunity for great public service which a few months later was snatched from him by unwise strivings towards imperialism.

Many attempts have been made to justify or to palliate the Peking monarchical movement of 1915. It is an impossible task. One need not bandy epithets or criticise methods or question motives. I can well believe that some participants sincerely thought that they were acting patriotically for their country's good. But even Yuan long before his death realized and acknowledged to many whom he

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took into his confidence that it was—if not a colossal crime—at the very least a monumental, unpardonable blunder. It injured China, cruelly, at a crucial moment in the life of China. Because of one unfortunate factor in the movement it brought into disrepute in China American political advice, American scholarship, and American sincerity in the pursuit of political ideals. Yet, the consequences of this movement have been in some respects favorable.

The monarchist argument which chiefly moved the Chinese themselves was the assertion of the urgent necessity for concentrating all the military strength of China under the hand of one man so that "China's weakness should no longer invite insult." There was no thought of aggression, so far as I could gather while I was in the Far East; there was the will to protect China against further aggression.

The call of the country had been heard by the shepherd tending his flocks on the great slopes of China's far west, by the wheelbarrow trader on the great inland routes, by the small merchant in his tiny shop. Coins, green with hoary age, had been counted out of rusted receptacles and passed from hand to hand until they reached the general fund in Shanghai. The merchant and official stood side by side with the coolie and common outcast as this money was being turned over at the Chinese banks. China's patriotic reply to Japan was spontaneous and nation-wide, extending to the Chinese overseas, who likewise contributed their hundreds of thousands. The fund was the active retort; the deadly Chinese boycott was the passive retort. The first was most effective in stimulating China's thorough nationalization; the second was far more effective in, temporarily at least, restraining the vaulting ambitions of Japan.

Among what might be called the numerous "legends" associated with the genesis of the Chouan Hui, the most active agency employed for the promotion of the monarchist plans, was one which received quite a fair measure of credence for some time in Peking. A certain able Chinese was a "power behind the throne" of President Yuan. He had won a notable reputation for ability as a financial and administrative expert, also as a politician. He is now living abroad, but before the decline and death of Yuan he was one of the most influential men in the Chinese capital.

Shortly after the presentation of Dr. Goodnow's memorandum, according to this Peking "legend," this official received a visit from Dr. Hioki, the Japanese minister, who, it is said, pointed out the very serious character of the growing resentment against Japan, referring particularly to the Salvation Fund and the boycott. He is credited with suggesting to this intimate associate of Yuan that something be done to divert the mind of the people. The latter, according to the story, bethought himself of a subject broached by an earlier visitor, one who sought to play the part of a Chinese Warwick. The subject was the utilization of the Goodnow memorandum (a purely academic discussion, Dr. Goodnow's friends in Peking say, written hastily in response to a general question with no thought of the political use to be made of it) as a very suitable peg upon which to hang the incipient monarchist agitation.

It is asserted by several people who certainly were in the confidence of the more active monarchists that, during this interview, the project was laid before Dr. Hioki, unofficially, of course, and that the Japanese minister was "sounded" with the knowledge and expectation that he would report the conversation to the Japanese foreign office. Be this as it may (and I do not vouch for the facts; I only know the rumor), the "diversion" developed into a civil war which terminated only with the death of Yuan.

Strong as was the resentment against Japan, the moral uprising against Yuan when the monarchist movement developed was still stronger. And in the crisis which was thus precipitated in China, Japanese diplomacy failed to rise to the necessities of the time.

The wise course would have been a policy of strict non-interference, leaving the Chinese to settle the matter among themselves. That was the policy pursued by our own government. Japan, however, chose apparently deliberately and with selfish intent the course most calculated to embarrass and antagonize both parties.

It is absurd to say that the revolution

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was promoted or planned in Tokyo. It was not. It was promoted and planned in China. But in many ways which were brought to my attention Japanese officials exerted themselves to intensify the trouble. There is on record, gathered by impartial foreigners, a long list of incidents in Shantung deliberately engineered by Japanese with undoubtedly hostile intent towards China. I have had personally independent accounts by capable observers who understand and speak the Chinese language, confirming many of these incidents—any one of which might have caused complications disastrous to the plans of both the monarchists and the opponents of monarchy. Some of the worst acts of interference came after an armistice had been declared, when both sides were earnestly trying to compose their differences. The only object that any one, Chinese, American, or European, could see for such moves was to weaken China and to afford an excuse for intervention by Japan, or at least for putting more troops, "guards," into China—and this was done.

It is also true that Japan did not even pretend to discourage the monarchist movement until the *de facto* government of China was hopelessly committed to the enthronement of Yuan. Then, and not until then, came the protest—which the Chinese of all parties regarded as a hypocritical impertinence.

The saddest chapter of all, however,—looking at the matter from a broad, impartial standpoint,—was the petty, cavilling spirit manifested by Japan in her hour of greatest opportunity.

Scarcely was Yuan in his coffin and the popular new President installed when a paltry police-court scuffle was magnified into a *casus belli*, while Japanese soldiers and Japanese ships of war were employed to overawe the government of China.

The Chinese are perplexed by the peculiarities of Japanese diplomacy. "Extra-textual" interpretations have not impressed the people of China, who believe with Kung Fu-tze that "Sincerity is the beginning and the end of all things; nothing suffices without sincerity."

They suspect the motive which they believe responsible for what Japanese most unfairly call the Japanese "Monroe Doctrine for Asia." Japan has already gone vastly beyond any act even most remotely contemplated under our Monroe Doctrine. John Hay declared the true Monroe Doctrine for China. All the world would be glad to see Japan enforce that. The Chinese have, they believe, ample warrant for suspicion. They know that this suspicion is shared by those Americans and Europeans who are best informed as to Chinese and general Oriental conditions. Professor Stanley K. Hornbeck, in "Contemporary Politics in the Far East," expresses the situation very much as the Chinese themselves feel it:

"Whatever her intentions, Japan has accomplished in regard to China at least five things: She has consolidated her own position in her northern sphere of influence, Manchuria; she has driven the Germans out of their former sphere of influence, Shantung, and has constituted herself successor to Germany's rights; she has given warning that she considers Fukien Province an exclusive sphere for Japanese influence; she has undertaken to invade the British sphere of influence; and she stands in a position to menace and to dictate to the Peking government. A glance at the map of north China will show how completely Peking is at Japan's mercy. In control of Port Arthur and of the Shantung Peninsula, Japan commands the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili, which is the doorway by sea to Tien-tsin and Newchwang. In possession of Tsingtao, Dairen, and (virtually) of Antung and Newchwang, Japan thus commands every important port and harbor north of the Yangtse. With the Manchurian railways penetrating the heart of Manchuria and the Shantung Railway extending to the heart of Shantung—and with the right to extend the latter line to join the Peking-Hankow line, Japan is in a position, should she so choose, at any moment to grind Peking between the millstones of her military machine. So far as strategy is concerned, Japan has north China commercially, militarily, and politically at her mercy."

China cannot close her eyes to these facts. Japan herself never ceases to remind the Chinese people that the soul of Nippon is the soul of the soldier. The reminder is particularly unwelcome in China, just now.

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The most significant fact, the most magnificent testimonial of Chinese adherence to principle, supplied during the recent Chinese civil war, was China's willingness to risk even external menace rather than tolerate domestic disloyalty, an action taken even against the advice of many of China's best, most sincere friends.

Kung-pao was the title given to the imperial guardians of the "days of the empire." No higher honorary official station was open to a Chinese. Yuan, a lifelong servant of the "Old Buddha," became Yuan Kung-pao as Tsu Hsi prepared to "mount the Dragon" (*i. e.*, to die). For an imperial guardian to usurp the Dragon Throne was, in the Chinese mind, an unthinkable thing. It was contrary to Chinese morality. For Yuan to break the oaths which he had taken to uphold the republic was contrary to Chinese morality.

In the minds of many men, Chinese and foreigners, indelible marks were stamped upon Chinese character through the doctrine enunciated by Mo-ti, a philosopher who flourished more than five centuries before Christ. Mo-ti preached the beauty and utility of love and peace. His views undoubtedly influenced very largely the sages who succeeded him—Laotze, Kung Fu-tze, and Men-tze. Wrongs, sufferings innumerable, the rude succession of sharp jolts which belligerent aliens have given China, do not seem to have shaken her out of her belief in and respect for love and peace. True it is that the Chinese, like ourselves, have been compelled to resort to measures of military preparedness; but the difficulties obstructing adequate military preparedness in China are distressingly grave. They are not confined to matters of money or munitions.

A nation cannot consistently subscribe to pacifism through many centuries without internal as well as external dangers; and to China one of the internal dangers just now is that of military intrigue. The old-style soldier is often ignorant and vicious because his profession was proverbially under a ban; sometimes not merely the man in the ranks but even commanding generals were recruited from among the bandits who plagued and preyed upon the millions of peace-practising Chinese. Of such was more than one notorious military leader who was until recently much under the eyes of the American public in newspaper despatches from China. The Chinese realize that a great deal remains to be done in the way of preaching and practising patriotism in military service before China can risk the creation of an adequate standing army. The Chinese soldier must be taught that his loyalty is to his country and not merely to his general, and that the service is not chiefly a means of livelihood, but rather the performance of a patriotic duty. Lessons of centuries have to be unlearned. Now, for two reasons, chiefly, the Chinese people very deeply resent the pressure which is being put upon them by the Japanese, compelling them to hasten military preparedness. They resent the compulsion, because the time itself is unpropitious to them; but their resentment is even more largely due to the moral objection. The Chinese *know* that peace is good, that war is bad; that love is good, and that hate is bad. And they fear the effect of militarism, not merely upon themselves, but upon the whole world. They do not wish a large army. Yet Yuan Sh'ih-k'ai built up the nucleus of a well-trained army, and well-trained officers of Europe have testified to the good work of China's army. The last revolution saw in Szechuan that the Chinese have in them the power to make in due time a real army. For the present the economic and financial preparedness must take precedence. But an army will be created if need be, and a strong beginning has been made. If Japan is sincere in her fear of European aggression in China, she will welcome any such preparations. It will never be used aggressively.

That Japan has given the Chinese good reason to doubt Japanese good faith and to resent the attitude towards China manifested by most Japanese, is frequently admitted by the more conservative observers within the Japanese Empire. While I was in the Orient the Japanese press was agitating with much enthusiasm the advantage of "organizing" Japanese friendship with India "in the interests of business." The *Japan Chronicle*, having in mind editorials supporting this campaign printed in the *Yorodzu* and other Japanese newspapers, made the following caustic comment:

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"It is rather singular that, holding such views as they do about Indian friendship, Japanese journalists and politicians should concern themselves so little about Chinese good-will. There are, from time to time, it is true, pronouncements in favor of improving Sino-Japanese relations, but they seldom take the form of a demand for meticulously respecting Chinese rights. Yet there are 400,000,000 people in China who, unless their human nature is of a different quality from that of the Indians, should be all the better customers of Japan for being on the friendliest possible footing. Indeed, if the Yorodzu's argument applies to any country, it is to China, which is almost the only land where a boycott has been proved to be an effective means of protest against the doings of foreign countries which do not meet with Chinese approval. We hear little enough of the necessity of maintaining a warm friendship with the Chinese Government, and at the same time refraining from action which may give umbrage to Chinese who are not satisfied with that government. On the contrary, the demand is always that an excuse be found for intervention and for the establishment of the 'fundamental policy.' It is curious that simultaneously with Japanese in Peking issuing a manifesto declaring that no other interests in China but those of Japan are worthy of consideration (a statement frequently made in Japanese newspapers and political speeches), a prominent newspaper should argue that Britain has no right to question Japan's claim to the reversion of the whole of Germany's and Austria's trade in India and the East generally, and that, whilst a mythical ancient friendship with India is invoked, the real and undeniable indebtedness of Japan to China is forgotten."

Mention has already been made of Chinese reverence for their fatherland. Often one may see deeply affecting evidences of this devotion. A Chinese leaving home for foreign parts will take with him a handful of the soil of his country, and this he will guard as his most precious possession. Laboring hard among strangers, in America or in Europe, he will save his money, no matter how small his earnings, so that if he should die his ashes may be returned to the land which gave him birth. While the sages warned against pampering the flesh, exalting the soul and mind, and deeming the body merely a corrupt thing, at best—"the stinking bag," as Sinologues express it—earth was given place immediately below heaven in the worship and in the thoughts of the people. It was Chinese disinclination to trifle with the earth which retarded so long the opening up of roads and railways and the development of China's great mineral wealth. Bearing these facts in mind, it is easy enough to understand something at least of how the Chinese are stirred by Japanese efforts to alienate the natural resources of China.

There is sentiment in their attitude; filial piety and patriotism, too. Also, of course, there is a shrewd sense of the practical elements in the matter. The industrial leaders of China cannot, under present circumstances, accept as a convincing argument against their own interests the Japanese plea that "Japan must have possession of China's mines because Japan needs steel so badly that she is compelled to import seventy-five per cent of her metals." The Chinese are disposed to utilize Chinese ores for works of peace. They feel that Japan is inclined to exploit them against the interests of China and of China's friends. The way in which Japanese have schemed to seize possession of the Hanyehping properties, including the great Tayeh mines and the Hanyang Iron Works in the very heart of China, has aroused indignation among Chinese industrial promoters, and wage-earners, too.

The Chinese desire to develop properties like the Hanyehping with American capital and American-made machinery. Japan, they say, interferes with such investments. Japan, they add, is blocking the development of urgently needed new railways, in the same way and for the selfsame purpose. They ridicule Japanese assertions that "America can best serve her own interests by co-operating *through* Japan in China." They interpret this suggestion as actually meaning Japanese employment of American capital to alienate the resources of China. Is it a wrong interpretation?

The Chinese people are very well informed as to the manner in which Japanese writers and others have labored in-

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cessantly to create in America and in Europe false impressions of everything Chinese. Naturally, such unfair propaganda has not served to allay suspicions and remove resentment. The mission of Baron Shibusawa in America was fully reported in China. Numerous Japanese flippancies regarding Chinese technical skill and "the necessity for the employment of Japanese superintendents and foremen" in China produced a very bad impression. And is this strange? Many of the best judges consider Chinese workmanship and Chinese art distinctly superior to that of Japan. And while the Japanese have shown great skill in military organization, they have nothing that can compare with the great voluntary cooperative companies of Chinese that work thousands of men in the tin mines of the Federated Malay States.

Chinese speak of Japan's expressed policy in the wooing of American finance for the ultimate undoing of China as "a proposal for an unholy alliance of dollar, despot, and dupe." Its acceptance by us, they say, would threaten the relegation of the Chinese people to the mean parts of hewers of wood and drawers of water in their own land, when their capacity for leadership in industry is great.

The record left in China by the Okuma administration—whatever may have been the actual intentions of the aged marquis—was not a good one. The Chinese point to the sharp conflict between Okuma's words and his acts. "He pledged us peace and friendship," they say, "and then he struck at the very foundations of our national sovereignty." Some of the younger men speak of him as "the Japanese Janus."

A Chinese said this of Japan:

"She sends her emissaries to the United States to talk to you, Americans, of her great friendship for us and her fatherly interest in our welfare. We try to understand what she is saying, but we cannot hear her because of the noise which she is making in our house with her twenty-one demands."

The appointment of Baron Hayashi, "a substantive ambassador," to be Japanese minister at Peking awakened very favorable hopes—they would have been glad to have them expectations—in China. The baron had won his diplomatic spurs in the Chinese capital. Everything possible was done by Chinese and others to fortify the friendship he expressed towards China. Scarcely had he presented his credentials when these were followed by new demands based upon the act of unwarranted aggression apparently committed, according to Chinese reports, by war-hungry Japanese soldiers at Chengchiatung.

Since I returned from the Orient several minor changes have been made in the Japanese legation staff at Peking. In order that Americans may appreciate one of the causes of Japanese diplomatic failure in China, it may be well to reproduce here (without editing or altering as much as a punctuation mark) a first-hand Japanese account of how a Japanese official approaches the service of his country in China:

"Mr. Kenkichi Yoshizawa, newly appointed counselor of the Japanese Legation in Peking, when about to leave for China, was guest of honor at a banquet given by the Kasumi Club, or the Foreign Office Press Club. In response to a farewell address Mr. Yoshizawa said in part:

" 'China is like an incompetent person whose monetary allowances are limited by the administrator of his property,' said Mr. Yoshizawa. 'She has been incompetent to manage her financial affairs in the past and is incompetent now.' "

One is tempted to inquire whether Japan would be competent to manage her financial affairs if foreigners held her customs tariffs down to about three per cent, and tied up other income at will as they did China's last year. Take hands off China—and see.

The tactful diplomat continued:

" 'There are only two world powers now which can give attention to China in any appreciable degree. They are Japan and the United States. The United States is a rich country and can afford to invest capital in China. She is likely to do so from now on. America's interests in China will grow rapidly. But Japan, for geographical reasons and because of her political and other relations in the past, is in a more convenient position than America to assist China. The responsibility of Japan, therefore, is very great. Japan should treat China as if she were Japan's own relative. This task requires

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a great deal of patience on the part of Japan. Japan must care for China as a mother cares for her child. It is my idea that we should be patient with China. If she listens to our friendly suggestions, she should be encouraged; if she does not, she should be chastised as a father punishes his wayward son. I expect to assist Baron Hayashi, my chief, in Peking, with that policy in mind. We should avoid doing things which will only invite the suspicion of the Chinese and foreign nations.' "

The Chinese newspapers, of course, receive such news reports in due course by cable and by mail. Mr. Yoshizawa's impertinent speech preceded this "discreet" official to the capital of China. Supposing an American official accredited by our government to Japan or by China to Japan should speak of Japan in such impudent, insulting terms, what would inevitably happen? Would he be *persona grata* at Tokyo? Would our government or the government of China overlook such a rank offense against international propriety? Not likely. A very few Americans appointed to our diplomatic corps have been indiscreet—although never insulting, as in this case—and swift and condign has been their punishment, even when the "offense" was more or less technical, and open to reasonable explanation.

As a real friend of Japan's I call the attention of her rulers to these facts. I want to see Japan and China friends as I desire to see America and Japan even closer friends than now. But her government cannot expect friendship and confidence when such childishly foolish diplomats run at large unrebuked. A wiser policy, such as was outlined to me in Tokyo, would strengthen her greatly in both China and America, and would insure her future. Will she not adopt it?

Unless there is a change not only in tone, but in deeds, Japan, with her own hand and pen, has written the brief indicting her policy towards China. Her own acts comprise the evidence in the case. The circumstances surrounding these acts intensify their baleful character and consequences.

What must be the sum total of all these cankerous circumstances? Eating into the sound heart of China, as they have eaten through the years covered by China's indictment of Japan's unfriendly course, could there be any effect but one? Not if the Chinese possessed the patience of Job.

The Chinese are, at last, coming into their own. It is much too late for any nation to attempt to stem the flood of Chinese progress. That is the one Star of Hope for China—she has been misunderstood, her defensive strength underestimated until, at last, Time and the vigorous labors of her youth have tolled the curfew against further aggression or spoliation. The Japanese press and Japan's friends in America never weary of telling of Japan's marvellous progress during the last few decades. I rejoice to agree with them. But when, after a twelve years' absence from Peking, I re-entered the ancient walls I did not find the old city. Twelve years had sufficed to build a new Peking, more marvellously changed than our new western cities. I question if the same brief span of years ever witnessed so great improvements in Tokyo. And, most encouraging of all, the change in the awakened progressive spirit of rulers and people was no less marked.

In Japan, progress, as we understand it, has been a thing of exotic growth. "More than any Westerner can realize," says Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, an ardent admirer and eager defender of Japan, in "Evolution of the Japanese," "the Japanese people have been dependent on governmental initiative from time immemorial. . . . The Occidentalized order now dominant in Japan was adopted, not by the people, but by the rulers, and imposed by them on the people."

In China, the impulse came from below, not from above. The Manchu edicts accepting foreign innovations were compelled by agitation among the Chinese people themselves. The people led, the mandarins merely followed, in China. Not the old government, but the people are building this wonderful new China.

And that is one reason why the present situation, while it may and does annoy, does not greatly alarm the Chinese people. I have been surprised at their confidence. They have faith in themselves. They also repose faith in their friends. They will succeed.

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HOW THE "SEASIDE" CAME TO THE OZARKS

By Louis Dodge
Author of "Bonnie May"

THIRTY years ago I spent a year in a remote hamlet in the Ozark Mountains; and to the best of my knowledge and belief it was during my stay there that the first copies of the once-popular and famous Seaside Library made their appearance in that part of the world.

Cleburne, as the ancient settlement was called, was thirty miles from a railroad. Its isolation was more complete than that of any other place I have ever known. A band of outlaws could scarcely have sought a remoter retreat than the unimpeachable citizens of Cleburne had chosen for their homes. The few roads which approached the settlement wound interminably through mountain passes and up precipitous slopes. And these thoroughfares, unimproved in any modern sense, were things to try the stoutest heart when they traversed narrow shoulders of mountain and looked down into bottomless abysses on the one side and hugged high walls of stone on the other.

There were times when the settlement was snow-bound in just such a fashion as has been described by Whittier or by Bret Harte—the "Snow-Bound at Eagle's" description answering better, because of its depiction of profound loneliness. The people seemed really to hibernate on these occasions, their dwelling-places presenting as few evidences of life as you will find about the shelters of bees or bears in midwinter.

Nevertheless, the town was noted throughout a limited radius for its denominational college, for its iron and sulphur springs, and for what was called in the prospectus of the college "a moral influence."

As the college, standing on its wind-swept hilltop, passed away in flames a good many years ago, I may say that it was a fairly good institution of its kind. The mineral springs were not attractive to the olfactory unsophistication of a boy, and I used to drink from the well in the middle of the main street, in front of the drug-store, where man and beast stopped after their arduous journeys from the surrounding country on market days.

As for the "moral influence," that was only a phrase to me in those years, but my abiding impression is that Cleburne was not so far away from the busier haunts of men that it could safely withdraw its offensive against the forces of evil. In the boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Sprague, and patronized by out-of-town boys who were attending the college, there was much mystery and secrecy in certain directions. Tobacco and playing-cards were smuggled into the rooms—and these most emphatically were *not* factors which conduced to morality, as morality was regarded from the Cleburne standards. Demijohns found their way into the settlement, too, and were the subject of many furtive manœuvres.

The only regular means of communication between this fastness and the outside world was a ramshackle hack which made the trip once a week from Cleburne to the nearest railroad point and back, to bring mail and passengers. To be sure, this was a "regular" means rather in intention than achievement, and the arrival of the picturesque vehicle was always an event of deep interest. In truth, when Enos Philbrick drove forth out of town on Monday morning Cleburne looked after him as the people of Palos must have looked after Christopher Columbus in his *Santa Maria*—with the feeling that by rights he ought never to come back. It was not alone the physical difficulties which lay in the way of a safe return which were pondered: it was the moral risks also. For there was a feeling in Cleburne that anybody who went within reach of a railroad might at any time come to an evil end.

I can scarcely hope to impart a convincing quality to some of the events I am about to record until I have made it plain that the mental seclusion of Cleburne was

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quite as marked as its physical remoteness. The founders of the town had come, I believe, from Virginia; and if the people who lived there in my day were not largely English in their customs and social inheritances, they were certainly not typically American. I believe they viewed with misgivings the government at Washington, and regarded all the Northern States as being peopled by unconsciously comical human beings who did not speak good English and who were characterized chiefly by an overdeveloped acquisitive instinct. They were almost incredibly intolerant of certain forms of pleasure, novel-reading being a particularly heinous offense.

Lawlessness, even from the Cleburne standpoint, had few visible forms in the community, and the only habitually idle man to be found was old Judge Ligon, who personified the law in that section of the Ozarks. How he attained his office I never learned. To me he seemed to have become a judge by some natural process. I had the feeling that he had always been a judge and would always remain one, though my mind became hazy when I tried to picture him as a judge at fourteen —which was my own age. Judging by his appearance I thought it extremely improbable that he had ever been as young as fourteen.

If there had really been no lawlessness in Cleburne there ought to have been no suffering: yet I remember that the town (and its surrounding territory) had three physicians, one of whom was a delightfully picturesque figure. He used to ride out to distant settlements on a horse which was never known to go faster than a walk, with his healing materials and apparatus in his saddle-bags.

Perhaps an additional sense of the town's quality may be conveyed by a brief mention of Cleburne's one eccentric "character"—old Uncle Willum, who never failed to win applause when he stoutly declared that if ever a railroad came to Cleburne he would turn his back on the town forever. I am in doubt to this day whether Uncle Willum derived greater satisfaction or chagrin from the fact that at the time he was gathered to his fathers, long ago, the atmosphere about Cleburne had never been (as it has never been to this day) disturbed by the smoke and noise of a locomotive.

About the time my father went to Cleburne to take charge of the weekly newspaper and to give his family the benefit of the town's moral influence, there came into the community a young lawyer.

That last clause might well be printed in italics; for Slaydon Powell, the lawyer in question, was destined to effect a strange revolution in Cleburne. He did not state definitely where he had come from; and as if this were not a sufficiently suspicious circumstance in itself, he made matters worse by declaring frankly that he had come to the Ozarks for his health.

Young Powell was plainly a physical weakling; but Cleburne attributed an entirely figurative meaning to the saying: "He went away for his health." It meant, they very well knew, that the person of whom it was spoken was a criminal in hiding. And thus Powell was a marked man immediately.

He lost no time in casting fuel upon the fires of the town's suspicions. He succeeded in becoming acquainted with the minister's wife and with the two or three ladies who were of the college faculty; and when he met any of them on Main Street he removed his hat with an elaborate gesture which was absolutely a new thing in Cleburne. Not that there was anything the matter with the salute, considered from any but the Cleburne standards, but the mountain men regarded the mere act in itself as a thing savoring of cunning and low morals and a generally insidious mind.

He also produced a guitar in the little signal-house of an office in which he established himself, and played on it, and sang dialect songs and old ballads. Within a week he had taught two or three boys, who ventured into his office, how to play chords in the key of D. He went so far as to try to teach one of the boys a song in which Satan was represented as surveying mankind and declaring that they "all wore cloaks."

The town's musical literature had been comprised almost wholly, theretofore, of "Darling Nellie Gray," "Larboard Watch," and a morally rigorous song called "The Stepmother." Thus, when

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Satan was permitted, unrebuked, to ridicule worthy men and women, as he was in "They All Wear Cloaks," Cleburne alertly awoke to the fact that it had at last an evil influence. But the lightnings were not really loosed until it developed that Slaydon Powell gave full rein to an ungovernable passion for reading novels.

To be quite frank, there had been in Cleburne, prior to the arrival of the invalid lawyer, two classes of literature (both sparsely represented) to choose between.

One of these was located in the college "library," a dusty room up-stairs in the college building. This seemed to me a very holy place. No one dusted it; few entered it. Only one of my schoolmates whom I can now recall shared my reverence for that divinely ghost-haunted room. His name was Doremus. During the noon hour, after we had eaten the luncheon we had brought to school with us, Doremus would say to me, in what we both conceived to be the manner of a true scholar: "Let us go up into the library." And I, anxious not to introduce a jarring note, would incline my head politely and reply: "Good!" And together we would mount the stairs and enter the presence of those ancient calfskin bindings on which, in faint gilt, there could still be traced such names as Kirke White and Edward Young and John Milton. The collection was not extensive, and there was not a single work of fiction in it.

It is less simple to speak of the second class of literature represented in this circumspect town. Let me say that there were two books in general but irregular circulation. One of these was "Ivanhoe," the other was "True as Steel." It was destiny that juxtaposed those titles—not I.

While I shrink from betraying any facts which seem to place in question the genuineness of the town's famous moral influence, I am compelled to say that "True as Steel" was in theory the forbidden fruit of the girls of Cleburne, while "Ivanhoe" played a corresponding part in the lives of the boys. As a matter of practice the two books were interchangeable in their places between the sexes, and I read "True as Steel" almost if not quite as often as I read "Ivanhoe." When "Ivanhoe" was "out," to employ the term of the circulating libraries, and "True as Steel" happened to be "in," then Marion Harland became for the moment my rod and staff instead of Sir Walter.

Both books had to be kept completely under cover. The girls were charged with the responsibility of concealing "True as Steel" from relentless mothers and fathers. The boys looked after the welfare of "Ivanhoe."

The course of "Ivanhoe" through the town was furtive to the last degree. If you had lost track of it you would accost some likely boy in a mysterious manner and conduct him up into the church belfry, or into the loft of the flour-mill, which "ground" only one day in the week and was delightfully ghostly six days out of the seven. You would lower your voice to a whisper. "Where's 'Ivanhoe'?" you would ask. And the other boy would look darkly over his shoulder and whisper, "Lee's got it!"—or it might be Marvin, or Guy, or Jack. And then both of you would emerge into the open again and spend a minute or two trying to look quite unconscious or unconcerned before permitting the eyes of the world to rest upon you at close range.

In the course of its travels "Ivanhoe" suffered deplorably. No one could remember when it had had a back; and as time passed it lost its last leaf, and again and again its successive last leaves. Unregretted the glossary went. The notes went, page by page, unmourned. There was no great outcry when page 493, on which the death of Cœur de Lion was noted, slipped from its place. The last words of Rebecca and Rowena disappeared, yet it was not thought that any real harm had been done. In truth, the story had sunk deep into all our consciences, and we knew the end without reading it.

The last time I saw "True as Steel" it was beautifully intact—a fact which may consist of real criticism in its essence if not in form.

And so for a time I drew solace from two novels, and only a prescient unction from the leather-bound Kirke White.

And then the invalid lawyer came—and with him the Seaside Library. Quite unashamed and unabashed he sat in his

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office and read large, paper-backed novels. (The later pocket edition had not, I think, come into existence at that time.) With perfect frankness he offered to lend them. He had a most liberal supply of them, and new numbers arrived every week, unless something happened to Enos Philbrick.

I rejoice to say that my mother not only borrowed "Seasides" from Slaydon Powell, but that she read them and permitted me to read them. (When I meet her again in the land to which she has journeyed I hope I shall remember to thank her for that act of kindness and wisdom—that proof of her faith that in a world of many sorrows there is a predominating good.)

The first of the Seaside novels that came into my hands was "Bleak House." I had never heard the title spoken; and I cannot describe the effect it had on me, there on the cover of that bulky volume, with a picture of tragic suggestion on the first page. I did not read "Bleak House" then. It may have been monopolized by other members of the family until it had to be returned. Perhaps it was a little "old" for me. But its title I made my own—a kind of sinister song to sing to myself as I pursued my boyhood's labors and recreations.

What I did absorb from that first volume was the list of titles in the back pages—and it was with a new rapture that I realized what a world of books there was within my reach, or that would be within my reach when I grew older. Dickens had been dead fourteen years at that time, and all his books were listed in those back pages. And not only Dickens, but many another great story-teller had his name represented on those lists: Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Bulwer-Lytton, Charles Lever, George Eliot, Thackeray, Dumas, Hugo—magic names all.

If I realized that these were the names of the larger figures in the literature of that day it was because my mother designated them as such. For myself there was equal magic in a score of names which seem almost never heard in these days. These names acquired a radiance in my eyes which the names of generals or statesmen or even martyrs never could have possessed. "Ivanhoe"—and perhaps the enthusiasms of my mother—had made me look with peculiar reverence upon the names of all tale-tellers. I invested them with almost sacred qualities. I built up personalities for many of the authors represented on those Seaside lists. I was inclined to like Mrs. Annie Edwards better than Amelia B. Edwards, for example. (I am speaking now of personalities, rather than books.) Amelia B. Edwards, as I saw her, wore glasses and a veil which was no longer new, and her complexion was somewhat sallow. Mrs. Annie Edwards, on the other hand, was charmingly gay and youthful. She seemed rather frivolous, but this was to conceal sorrows which she unselfishly refused to permit any one to share with her.

Similarly, I drew all those other far-off people about me: B. L. Farjeon, Rosa Nouchette Carey, the author of "My Ducats and My Daughter," Emile Gaboriau, Miss Mulock, Miss M. E. Braddon, Mary Cecil Hay, the author of "Dora Thorne," Mrs. Henry Wood, M. Betham-Edwards, James Payn, F. W. Robinson, "The Duchess," "Rita," Anthony Trollope, T. Adolphus Trollope, G. P. R. James, Wm. Harrison Ainsworth, George Macdonald, Mrs. Oliphant, W. Clark Russell, "Ouida," Mrs. Molesworth, William Black, David Christie Murray, Robert Buchanan, Besant and Rice, E. Marlitt—I recall the names affectionately even now. There were long lists of books by Cooper and Jules Verne. There were even a few of Thomas Hardy's earlier novels. Indeed, one of the shorter tales of this master, and one of the most plausibly ironic of them all, "Fellow-Townsmen," I have never seen since I read it in the Seaside.

I do not mean to create the impression that I read all the books by all these authors. In a number of cases I read only one or two. But I familiarized myself with all the titles, in most cases, and I made the authors my friends. William Black went with me to fish in the Cadron, a mountain stream not far from Cleburne. B. L. Farjeon and Miss Braddon were my guests on Christmas Day, one sitting on either side of me at table. Miss Mulock was secretly pleased when I learned my lessons well at school—and so was Mrs. Wood. George Macdonald walked some-

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what sedately with me across a fallow field which was one of my playgrounds, and was politely interested in all I could tell him about the birds of the Ozark region. Charles Dickens shared my garret bedroom with me at night, and G. P. R. James went with me for many a lonely walk along deserted roads.

Some of the books I read during that year made a wonderful impression on me. There was a glamour which I cannot define in "By the Gate of the Sea," with its allusions to the philosopher's stone and its final declaration that this stone may be found "at the head of every peasant's grave." If David Christie Murray did not make the glamour of his story quite comprehensible to me, Robert Buchanan created equal glamour—and fuller comprehension—in "Come Ashore"; and there were a score of other narratives which became woven into my mental fabric, never to disappear.

But to return to the first days of the Seaside's invasion of Cleburne.

The novel with which I made my beginning ought not to have impressed a sturdy boy of fourteen; but it did so. I name the title reluctantly: "The Shadow of a Sin." It opened with a poetical quotation:

> "She is coming, my own, my sweet;
> Were it ever so airy a tread
> My heart would hear it and beat
> Had it lain for a century dead."

And then the story launched itself with these words—"Had it lain for a century dead" . . . I do not remember whether an interrogation or an exclamation point followed here. I only remember that I was sitting under an oak-tree, with a dim, blue ridge of mountains showing far away between two hilltops, and that it was May. I tapped the page with the back of my hand, lightly, yet with authority. "*This is literature,*" I said. My brother, two years my senior, heard me. "What is the fool talking about?" he asked. It was his way to address me in the third person when there was no one about but him and me. I handed him the book. He glanced at the title derisively and then at the opening lines. Then he grunted and put "The Shadow of a Sin" back into my hands. But I was unshaken in my conviction, and I doubt if I knew that "this is literature" had ever been said before. I have seen the phrase often since—and often it has been quite as far astray as when I tapped the Tennysonian quotation and the passage beneath with the back of my hand and gave voice to my ardent judgment.

The book fascinated me to such a degree that I took it to school with me. I had a physical geography which would just cover it in case of danger. I was trying to finish a chapter during an hour when I should have been mastering the Massachusetts law as applied to partial payments, and I forgot myself completely.

A looming presence appeared from behind me, leaning over me. The principal, a forbidding man with a black beard and a mustache "cropped" at a time when a cropped mustache indicated, clearly, a harsh and unbending personality, laid his long finger on the title of the book, which I had closed in a panic.

His index finger rested on the word "Sin."

"Boys know too much about that word already," he said harshly—and passed on! He did not confiscate the book, after all.

I was disturbed to my very foundations. I had committed Cleburne's unpardonable sin—and the walls had not fallen about my head. I concluded that punishment, in my case, would have to be made a matter of long consideration and peculiar ingenuity and that it would descend another day. But as a matter of fact nothing happened at all, save that the principal kept his black eyes on me almost unremittingly for a day or two.

I tried to fathom this break in the natural order of things. I realized rather clearly that the principal's had been the ecclesiastical point of view, whereas the novel in hand—any novel—should have been approached as a work of art. If he had said, "This is trash," I should have been interested and respectful, though I might never have agreed with him. But I felt the fundamental ineptitude of his moralizing unfavorably with a book as a text. And it seemed to me singularly appropriate that, if he had been going to say, "Boys know too much about that

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word already," he should have slipped up on me from behind.

In my mind I convicted him of inconsistency, too; for had it not been only a few weeks earlier that he had required me to memorize and recite "The Barefoot Boy," with its line—

"Quick and treacherous sands of sin"?

However, I soon outgrew the "Dora Thorne" novels, though I have always believed that the earlier books in that interminable series were just what they purported to be: the work of a woman, writing with perfect conviction and earnestness, and not the product of a one-time Brooklyn male citizen, writing in London under a variety of names.

The name of R. E. Francillon next attracted my attention. It seemed to me a particularly appropriate name for a writer of stories, and I liked his titles, with their ingenious subtitles—"A Yarn in Seven Knots" and (I think) "A Fact in Seven Fables." Now that something of perspective is given me, I realize that thirty years ago Francillon was a not unfamiliar figure in the literary world of London, moving in and out of that group which had welcomed to their midst the youthful William Sharp, who was to find and reverence Dante Gabriel Rossetti—and then lose him. Even Rossetti was unknown in Cleburne, but the shadowy figure of R. E. Francillon came up through the abysses and across the passes and was at home.

I found somewhat more congenial material presently in the stories of Miss Braddon. I still wonder if "Henry Dunbar" was not a really first-rate story. At any rate I know I was fascinated by "Sir Jasper's Tenant," and I enjoyed the Braddon titles inordinately—"Dead-Sea Fruit," "To the Bitter End," "Birds of Prey," and the rest. The ceaseless rush of the world of books is impressed upon me now when I reflect that the author of these books died only the other day, and that Mr. W. B. Maxwell, her son, is already established as an author of vigorously melodramatic tales.

There was almost equal delight to be derived from "East Lynne" and "The Mysteries" and "Red-Court Farm," by Mrs. Henry Wood; and I am not sure that the stories of school life we read today, with their criticisms of the policies of the universities, are quite as good art as some of Mrs. Wood's frankly emotional tales of English boys at school.

The Seaside novels did not get into other households as openly and easily as they did into the one in which I lived; but at least they were made entirely visible to all who passed Slaydon Powell's office, or who watched that young man when he walked abroad—for he habitually carried a novel in his hand. And the effect upon the community's leaders was marked.

There was a gasp of resentment and astonishment at first; and I am sure some of the men and women who had most thoroughly a realizing sense of the town's "moral influence" were genuinely distressed. It was as if the invalid lawyer (whose health began to mend rather rapidly) had justified the dark looks which had been cast at him when he lifted his hat to the elderly ladies of the town and spent much of his time playing a guitar.

I think my mother's attitude had much to do with the final outcome of the matter. To the good women who called on her she explained tactfully that the mistrusted paper-backed books really contained some of the world's masterpieces; and my mother, as the wife of the town's editor, was not a person to be disregarded lightly.

Next, a dear old lady who was of the college faculty, and who had come to this distant eyry among the mountains on a day when the roads were frozen and rough, took up the battle—on my mother's side. She was a slight, snowy-haired creature who liked to declare in season and out that her home was in Macon, Ga., and that this city was the South's chief centre of culture. She spoke more distinctly than any other person I ever knew, though what I admired as an acquired excellence was, I now believe, due in a measure to the false teeth the good creature wore. She found "The Light of Asia" in the Seaside, and afterward she would hear nothing against the practice of importing and reading any or all of the books bearing the Seaside imprint.

There were, certainly, remaining reservations in the minds of the town's most expert moralists, when a new factor in the

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problem—a new person in the drama—arrived.

The college had been doing very well for a year or two and it had been decided that a music-teacher might be added to the faculty; and so one was engaged—from out of town.

I do not remember where Miss Leafgreen came from. I only recall the fact that on a certain summer day when the Cleburne hack, coming back from its weekly journey, turned the corner two blocks from the post-office and whined its way along the main street toward its stopping-point, the whole town was instantly aware that Miss Leafgreen had arrived.

Certainly she was from some city. There was an air of sophistication about her that fairly shouted of metropolitanism. I have no doubt that some of the wiser heads of Cleburne suspected her of having come, directly or indirectly, from Paris. She wore a veil and gloves; and, as if this were not enough to arouse the town's suspicions, she refused to look demurely ahead, as all the Cleburne ladies did when they returned from a journey, but glanced boldly about her with black eyes which fairly snapped with vitality. And when she arose from her seat in the hack, when the lumbering vehicle stopped at the post-office platform and revealed what I may call her form, she compelled the men of Cleburne to stare as helplessly as ever the Lady Godiva did on that informal ride with which she is associated.

Her waist was not merely a connecting part of her body—a length of skin and bone and ligament merging on equal terms with that which came above and below. It was, I think, the first *waist* ever seen in Cleburne. You could have spanned it with your two hands—or almost. And it seemed all the smaller because of the disproportionate abundance of bust and hips. I really believe Miss Leafgreen would have attracted a certain amount of attention anywhere. She touched the platform with a foot which was scandalously pretty and well shod, from the Cleburne point of view; and in an instant she was standing erect and putting her veil back over her hat, and smiling at all and sundry who happened to come within the radius of her eyes. I think she regarded Cleburne as a family rather than as a town. It remained a mystery to Cleburne (as it has remained to me) how this plump creature could ever have ridden thirty miles in Enos Philbrick's hack, around mountain shoulders and over interminable boulders, with those tiny shoes on her feet and only that wasp-like waist to support her upper body. Yet here she was, as "fit" as an apple on its bough. And the town stood on the post-office platform and stared while Professor Tucker escorted her up the hill and to the select boarding-house close to the college. There was something about Professor Tucker's carriage, as he walked beside Miss Leafgreen, which made the boys on the platform wish to yell; but they restrained themselves. That expression, "a moral influence," could not have been wholly a figure of speech.

Cleburne would have lost the chance of its life had it not sat in judgment upon Miss Leafgreen and turned its thumbs down. The general indictment was expressed in the words "worldly" and "frivolous." But in its heart Cleburne attributed deadlier sins to her and cherished its dark suspicions.

I can describe only briefly how this extraordinary creature had all the bigger boys of Cleburne following her about, within a week or so, precisely as the Pied Piper was followed. If she had elected to walk into the country the town might have burned down and the catastrophe would not have interested a single boy over the age of eight. She moved from point to point like some extraordinary sort of wheel with a perpendicular hub. Spokes of boys revolved around her. The youth of Cleburne learned how to lift its hat and how to run and bring flowers as if for a shrine. A more vital influence than the Seaside had come to the town.

I may succeed in conveying something of the impression she created on the juvenile mind of Cleburne when I refer to a discovery which was not made until some time afterward.

"Ivanhoe" was lost.

Some one inquired for the book after Miss Leafgreen ceased (as a result of circumstances still to be explained) to trouble the minds of Cleburne, and the fact was developed that it had completely disappeared. Some one remembered that

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its latest last page was just where the picture, "Death of Bois-Guilbert," had been. But this information was quite without value as a means of locating the lost treasure. Perhaps there was no mystery at all about the disappearance of the book. In all probability some boy, reading it, espied Miss Leafgreen at a distance, and made for her without taking the precaution of putting the book under a mattress or in a loft or under a cupboard. In such a case any unconverted mother would have put the book in the stove, and smiled grimly, and brushed her hands. But the fact remains that if Miss Leafgreen had been a more ordinary kind of person, "Ivanhoe" would probably have been in Cleburne to this day. Its sacrifice was appropriate enough, perhaps—a proof that the knighthood it depicted was still in the world: in a new form, perhaps, but with the old essence.

From the first it was one of Miss Leafgreen's duties to play the piano in the chapel for the Sunday services; and it should be recorded that the very neatness of her performance, on an instrument against which a deep-seated prejudice prevailed, struck all the elders as a sort of insidious sin. She sang as she played, and the mere fact that her voice arose easily and beautifully, by a mysterious artifice rather than by sheer lung power, was ground for a new indictment against her. One sage who had journeyed as far as the railroad years ago, and who had been thought to have escaped its wicked influences, now betrayed himself in a measure by declaring that Miss Leafgreen did not sing like a Christian woman, but that she had, rather, an *opery* voice.

The town forgot the Seaside Library for the moment; and Miss Leafgreen was the agency which brought Cleburne's consciousness back to this original menace.

Slaydon Powell, looking over the top of the latest issue of the library one fine day, caught sight of Miss Leafgreen—and immediately dropped the book to the floor of his office. It was his first glimpse of her.

Before the sun had set he had obtained an introduction to her. Before another day had ended he had gained the side of the music-teacher, by thrusting aside several phalanxes of boys, and had walked in public with her.

And then the unexpected happened. Miss Leafgreen did not wish to cultivate the acquaintance of the lawyer. She did not wish to receive any visits from him. She avoided him. She permitted the whole town to perceive all this.

And again Cleburne found occasion to turn its thumbs down. She would not associate with one who should have been a suitable associate. No, she preferred to lure a lot of innocent boys into the paths of evil. The town judged her again, and now its secret characterization was put into words. *She was fast.*

Here the Seaside Library appears again. The invalid lawyer was simply bewildered by Miss Leafgreen's indifference toward him. He could not understand. He concluded that perhaps *she* did not understand. And one day he collected a bundle of novels and put them into the hands of a passing youth—a youth who, it chanced, was in a dejected mood because he had never been permitted to get any closer than a position in the tire around that wheel of which Miss Leafgreen was the hub. "Take them to Miss Leafgreen, with my compliments," said Powell to this youth.

Half an hour later the messenger returned and announced vindictively, and in the presence of witnesses: "She says she don't care about them. She says she haint got time for such trash."

And when it became generally known that Miss Leafgreen disapproved of the Seaside Library the result was instant as well as curious. The town espoused the cause, not of Miss Leafgreen, but of the hated Seaside. By a *reductio ad absurdum* process it reached the conclusion that there must be something in the "story-tales," after all.

And thereafter you could see issues of the Seaside Library on the front porches of Cleburne, and in the Cleburne sitting-rooms, and in the hands of idlers who leaned back in straight-backed chairs in front of the general merchandise stores of Cleburne. I know of one patient citizen who spent six months over "The Initials," and then announced regretfully, "Derned if I kin git the hang of it!"—but it is to be noted that he did not put the book aside on moral grounds.

Before the end of the summer literary

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discussion became the fashion in the town. You could meet "The Duchess" on croquet-grounds, and the Brontë sisters at lawn parties, and Victor Hugo or Balzac or Dumas in the drug-store. One delegation of young people called on Professor Tucker and asked him how to pronounce Björnson.

The invalid lawyer, restored to health, went away and was heard of no more. Miss Leafgreen went home for the winter holidays and did not return. It was an open secret in the town that she had not been asked to come back.

The new books which we have all about us now do not seem to me quite so magical as the old. There seems to be an artificial quality in many of the stories which are recommended to me now—as if their authors did not believe in them very implicitly.

But I comfort myself with the conclusion that I am older than I was when the Seaside came to the Ozarks. And I have no doubt that there is a larger army of young people than there was in the old days who look with shining eyes at the new titles and carry the good news from house to house when a good new book has been discovered.

I am sure, too, that the younger generation hold in reverent hands the books of an army of new writers: Wells and Galsworthy and Bennett and Snaith and Phillpotts and Hichens and Thurston and De Morgan and Mariott, and our own Mrs. Rinehart and Meredith Nicholson and Jack London and Francis Lynde and Henry Sydnor Harrison and Will N. Harben and Mrs. Deland and Rex Beach; and that on occasion they tap a printed page and declare, with the same old generous truculence (and perhaps with larger justification): "This is literature."

WHERE THE STEADY TRADE-WINDS BLOW

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"In the harbor, in the island, in the Spanish seas,
Are the tiny white houses and the orange-trees,
And day long, night long, the cool and pleasant breeze
Of the steady trade-winds blowing.

"And o' nights there's fire-flies and the yellow moon,
And in the ghostly palm-trees the sleepy tune
Of the quiet voice calling me, the long, low croon
Of the steady trade-winds blowing."

IT was in February and March, 1916, that we took our long-desired trip to the Lesser Antilles and Demerara. Surely there can be no more beautiful islands than those of the Spanish Main. Surely not even in the Far East can there be a more lovely tropical wonderland than the coast fringing the Caribbean Sea. We anchored in the sheltered harbor of St. Thomas ringed by high, steep hills; we lay off the open roadsteads of Santa Cruz, St. Kitts, and Antigua, of mountainous Dominica, and brilliant, multicolored Guadeloupe and Martinique, and of Barbados, whose people have the energy of the North. We moored alongside the quay in St. Lucia. On the way back we spent ten days in Trinidad, with its witchery of landscape, full of the loveliness of the mountain tropics and of the tropics of the plain. Finally we touched at Grenada.

After leaving New York in a snowstorm, we drove south through the Gulf Stream into the warmth of sapphire seas where the trade-wind blew steadily. In the hot nights the stars blazed above us: Orion was overhead, the Dipper lay behind us; it was not until we were near the turning-point of our journey that we

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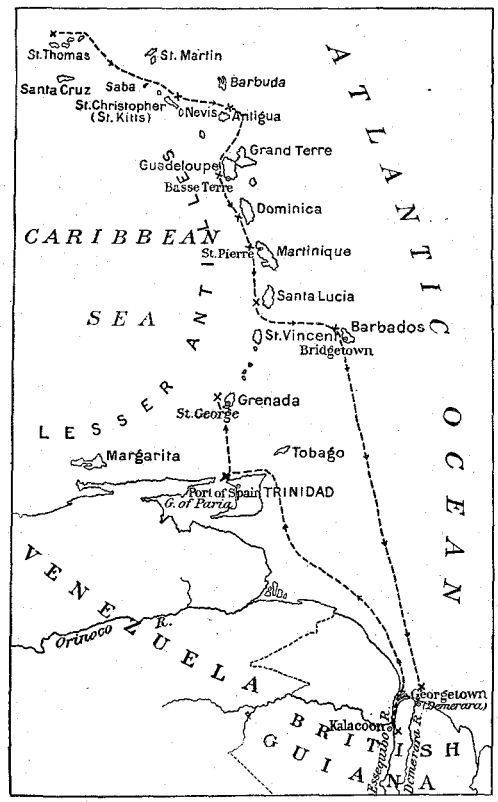
reached the low latitudes where, well after nightfall, the Southern Cross rose slantingly above the horizon. Beneath a waning moon we left the Antilles on our journey southward; and the next moon was nearing full when we steamed northward from Trinidad and Grenada.

Everywhere Danish, French, and British officials, American officials, and Creole, British, French, and American non-official friends were more than kind and hospitable. The glimpse into the social and industrial life of the islands was enthralling. But we were on a holiday, our stay was short, and we did not seek to see more than the picturesque outward charm of the scenery and of that human life that was patent to the passer-by.



Map showing route among the West Indies taken by Mr. Roosevelt.

In the harbors the negro boatmen swarmed round the ship, and black and brown boys dived like otters after small coins thrown into the water. When the ship was coaled the workers were sometimes men, sometimes strapping women as strong as the men, who chattered and sang as they toiled, while their white teeth flashed in their dark faces. Queer fishing-craft, sometimes with russet sails, danced over the foaming combers which broke the azure of the deep. Rows of tall, slender-stemmed palms stood back of the shining beaches, their fronded tops threshing endlessly in the trade-wind. On the edge of the blue ocean, at the foot of brilliant green mountains, half-hidden in the tropic vegetation, stood little towns, clusters of low white or red houses. After nightfall the town gallants sat at small tables on the sidewalks outside the taverns or under the trees in the open squares. Powerful, finely built black women, and lithe comely brown women strode along the paths and highroads, erect and supple, all their burdens, great or small, poised on their heads. Sometimes these burdens were extraordinary because of their bulk or weight, at other times they were comic because it seemed incredible that such small or peculiar objects should not be carried in the hand: once, for instance, we saw a woman carrying on her head a solitary white shoe, and another time, of all things, a single egg.

In all the islands legal and political discriminations based on color have been done away. In some the social discriminations are giving way. In others sharp social lines are drawn not only between white and colored—as all shades of cross-blood are called—but between colored and black. The whites everywhere composed most of the upper class, although it also included many of the colored; the colored folk made up most of the middle class, and just as they extended into the class above them so their class was entered by the blacks below them; and the bulk of the laborers, in the towns and especially in the country, were blacks, although many were browns. At the fringes all the

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classes overlapped or merged into one another.

In Martinique the browns outnumbered the blacks. Elsewhere the blacks were in a majority. Together with the white officials were many colored and some black officials. Substantial race justice is done. Friction occurs, of course; yet, on the whole, there is law and order and a real desire to give each man his chance and to treat him fairly. None of these lands have prospered quite as much as Cuba, Porto Rico, and Panama during the last fifteen years, owing to the peculiar relations of these three countries to the United States. But they have prospered far more, they have infinitely better and juster governments, than most of the revolution-ridden "republics" that face on the Caribbean and the Mexican Gulf; from the standpoint of life, liberty, and property they are beyond comparison better living-places for rich men and especially for poor men. They reflect honor on the nations to which they belong: the public servants are upright, fearless, and efficient. The English colonies regard England and the French colonies France with devoted loyalty—a loyalty which in each case has been well earned by the mother country. Everywhere we found that the young white men had thronged to the support of the mother country in the war—almost every family we met had kinsmen at the front. Even more striking was the genuine loyalty of the colored men and black men to the flags under which they had found justice. Thousands had volunteered from the British colonies. Martinique and Guadeloupe were under conscription, like France; and these two islands, with less than half a million population, had sent fifteen thousand soldiers across the seas.

The houses that we visited, in the towns and on the plantations, were built for coolness, with thin partitions and wide windows—with blinds but without glass panes—opening everywhere. Usually they stood on posts above the ground. They were pleasant and comfortable; but it behooved the inmates to speak in low tones and move softly, for otherwise the dwellers therein "had about as much privacy as a goldfish." In the gardens was a wealth of bloom; there were hedges of scarlet hibiscus; the corallita turned the lattice-work and the fences pink; the purple masses of Bougainvillea were the most conspicuous of all. The fields of sugar-cane made the plains a vast sheet of light green. Elsewhere there were banana groves, groves of cocoanut-palm, lime orchards, plantations of coffee and cocoa. The trees were of many different kinds and some of them bore brilliant blossoms, red or white or yellow. The noble cabbage-palms rose like columns loftier and more beautiful than any made by the hand of man. The mahogany-trees spread their gnarled branches like oaks. Very strange, and very graceful, were the clumps of giant bamboo, bending outward, with feathery crowns of foliage on the strong, pliant stems. The dark-green breadfruit-trees with glossy, deeply incised leaves, and the densely foliaged mangoes were restful to the eyes after the bright, pitiless glare of the open spaces. Here and there, in Martinique and Dominica, we came on ravines or hillsides crowded with beautiful tree-ferns. Many parasitic plants, of various and utterly dissimilar kinds, grew on the trunks and branches of the older trees, some with delicate flowers, some with huge leaves like the ears of elephants; while yet others streamed like gray moss or sprouted like grass tufts on the branches. The orange-flowered immortelle-tree is called the "mother of the cocoa," because it is planted to shield the young cocoas from the sun.

We motored for miles on every island, always amid scenery that was a delight to the eye. Each island had a charm of its own. On Dominica the administrator, a delightful companion, a widely travelled, widely read man, took us on a new road that twisted up a steep valley into the heart of the mountains. The emerald tropic forest crowded on every hand, spangled with flowers. At the ends of deep ravines we saw the blue ocean; while torrents dashed down the mountainsides. The administrator of Antigua, another delightful companion, drove us across the island to English Harbor. In the old days, the days of the white-winged sailing-ships, when the square-rigged, bluff-bowed, wooden war-vessels carried tier upon tier of smooth-bored cannon, this was a famous haven for the fighting

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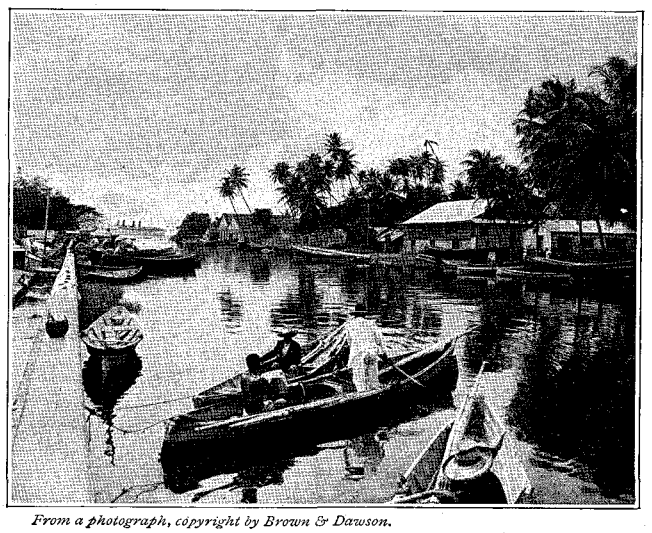
fleets of England. Judged by modern standards, the ships were small and shallow, although they were crowded with men and guns; and the placid, winding little harbor would only do for torpedo-boats nowadays. It was surrounded by quiet, wooded hills; and stone buildings, empty and desolate, were ranged near the wharfs. In the fading evening light we looked over still waters that were peaceful with the peace of death, where once the black hulls floated, and we stood alone in grassy streets that once were alive with the hard-bit, tarry fighting men of the high seas. As we drove home, after dark, through the warm, fragrant air, the golden moon rose on our right hand.



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

A picturesque scene in Fort de France, Martinique.

Nelson, when only a daring frigate captain, was well known among these islands. Alexander Hamilton lived his early years on them, until he left to write his name in deathless letters on history's pages. Here the after-time empress Josephine was born, destined to greatness and sorrow. In those days the islands were very prosperous; planters and merchants made fortunes rapidly, and were always facing disaster in the shape of hurricane or plague or war; and life was gay and fervid and dangerous.

As far as the inhabitants were concerned, the most picturesque of all the islands were Guadeloupe and Martinique. In these French-speaking islands the negresses and the colored women of the people wore wonderful costumes. Their dresses were blue or red or orange or green or multicolored. Their gaudy turbans were starched stiff, and, on each island, tied in peculiar fashion. They carried heavy jewelry of beaten gold: bracelets, necklaces, brooches, earrings. They were Catholics, and shrines stood along the roads and in groves and grottos. The governors of Guadeloupe and Martinique were both of them soldiers who had

From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

Women coaling a ship at St. Lucia.

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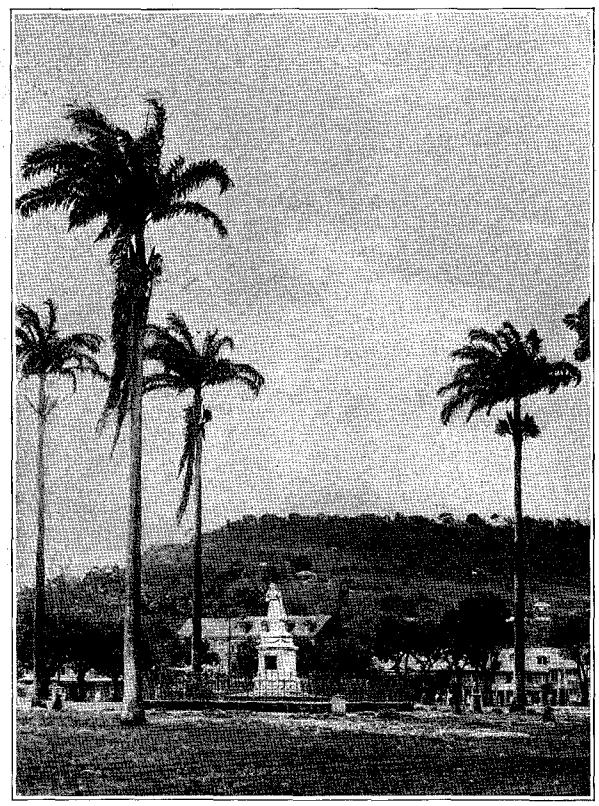
fought in the trenches in the present war, who before the war had seen many strange adventures in other lands. One had been governor of Senegal, on the edge of the desert, where dark-skinned Moslem nomads guide their camel caravans. The other had spent three years near Lake Chad, and knew the naked black heathen of the equatorial forest.

In Guadeloupe we drove out to an estate where all kinds of tropic crops were raised, from vanilla and oranges to sugar. We halted at village after village, to receive an address from the colored *maire* and notables, all with manners not merely courteous but polished. In the evening we were given a handsome formal public dinner at the capital, Pointe-à-Pitre. It was carnival time, and the city was in gala mood. At midnight, when we started for the ship, all the streets were lighted and all the people were in them, gay in their festival attire. A band, preceded by men bearing aloft colored lanterns on sticks, marched ahead of us, and our hosts of the dinner marched behind the band; the merry, jostling crowds thronged the sidewalks, and brightly dressed women danced on the pavement beside us, from time to time, as the music struck into some tune they liked. And so we were escorted down to the quay.



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Statue of Empress Josephine in the Esplanade, Fort de France, Martinique.

We reached Martinique before sunrise, and steamed in close to the ruins of St. Pierre, the awful monument of the devastating volcanic outburst of Mont Pelée. In the capital, Fort de France, the life that went on was at least as brilliantly picturesque and attractive as in any of those Mediterranean cities which tourists so eagerly visit, and it was astonishing to think how little our people knew of these near-by lands. We of the North dwell in a rather drab world, and on a holiday it is well to see such sights as those of Martinique: the gay dresses and good looks of the working women, the only less picturesque quality of their mates, the quaint, many-hued houses, the beauty of the landscape outside the city, and within the city the great park or savanna with its rows of noble trees, the taverns with their tables outside under the colonnades, the little shops, and all the queer mixture of what is French with what is utterly exotic. The market was a really bewildering place, because of the color—always the color—and the strangeness, not only of the buyers and the sellers, but of many of the wares bought and sold. Very impressive was the review of a couple of thousand new soldiers about to sail for the war zone. It took place shortly before sunset, on the savanna. The troops marched past with soldierly carriage, each platoon of recruits guided by some

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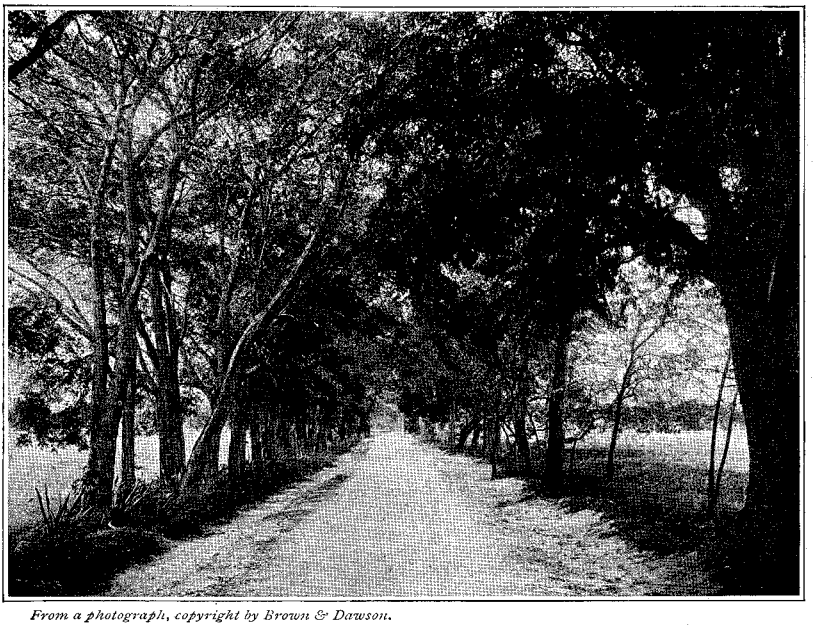
French veteran who was recovering from his wounds; the bands thrilled us with the "Marseillaise"—fierce and splendid martial music; and the twenty thousand onlookers made a blaze of every known color and combination of colors.

For the last hundred years life has gone on quietly in the West Indies. Slavery has been abolished. Peace and justice have been measurably attained in all the islands where the government has been steadied by outside help of the right kind, including especially those freed by our own little war of 1898. It is now only Hayti in which the bad old conditions obtain, among a people who have hitherto failed to show fitness for self-government. But there was nothing quiet about West Indian life during the three and a quarter centuries that followed the discovery by Columbus. For nearly a century the Spaniards were not interfered with by other Europeans; and they played the chief part in the extermination of the original Indians, who have practically disappeared, save that in places a little of their blood remains in the mixed population. Very early, however, negroes were introduced as slaves to supply the place of the vanishing Indians, and these soon far outnumbered the whites (and do so now, the people from Hindostan being the only ones that can stand the competition with them). In the days of Queen Elizabeth the English, and second to them the French and Dutch, burst into the hitherto closed seas, and waged stubborn and successful war with the Spaniards. Even when the three intruding nations were at nominal peace with Spain the reckless and lawless rovers who made up the bulk of their seafaring folk refused to be bound by the peace, banded themselves together into organizations of freebooters, and as buccaneers sacked Spanish cities and harried Spanish galleons. For over a century before the close of the Napoleonic struggles there was a continuous succession of wars waged between England and France. Huge fleets came to the West Indies and some of the memorable sea-fights of history took place in these waters. At the close our own frigates and privateers made their appearance and showed themselves formidable. Throughout the period these regular wars were supplemented by slave insurrections ashore and by piracy, often on a very large scale, afloat.



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

A lane of mahogany-trees in Barbados.

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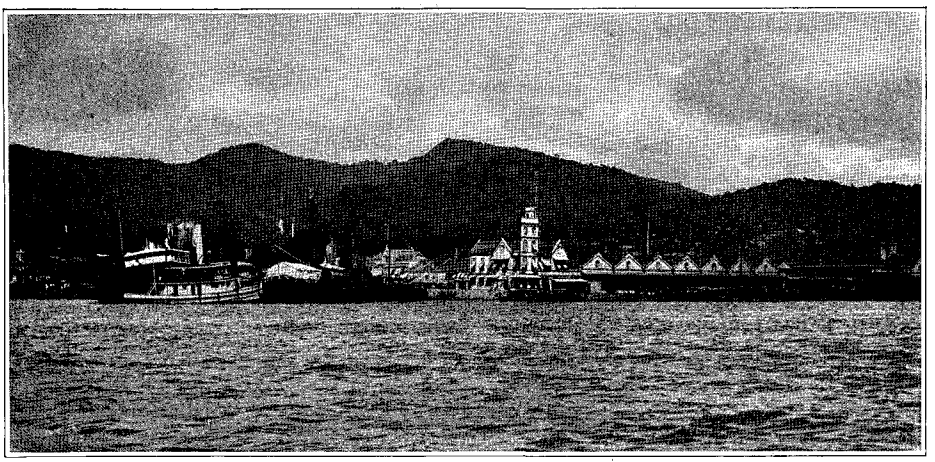

From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

The harbor and mountains of Port of Spain, Trinidad.

Under such conditions most of the islands changed masters, some of them again and again, and the population is everywhere ethnically mixed. Save in Cuba and Porto Rico the negroes almost everywhere immensely outnumber the whites, but are divided from one another linguistically just as are the whites, and in some places the flag and the tongue do not correspond. In the Danish islands the general language, except among the officials, is English. In Dominica and St. Lucia the English flag floats over people who for the most part speak French, and in Trinidad over people some of whom speak Spanish, others French, others English. I was told of one small island—I forget the name—which belongs to France but where half the people speak Dutch and the other half English. The most amusing case was that of the little mountain island of Saba. I was told about it by an American friend, a Harvard man, at whose cool and delightful house on his lime plantation in Dominica we took dinner. He had employed a crew of these islanders on his yacht and had visited their home. They are white men. They are the descendants of the old buccaneers who made the island their stronghold and, when times grew perilous, offered its sovereignty to the Dutch. It is Dutch now; but the postmaster is the only man who speaks Dutch, although one of the most numerous of the very few family names, Vanderpool, is obviously derived from a Dutch buccaneer. They all speak English, and they are a very honest, hard-working race, although not particularly intelligent. Exactly how these traits were produced in the offspring of the buccaneers is worth the serious study of masters of the sciences dealing with eugenics, heredity, and environment!

From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

A native woman of Fort de France, Martinique.

When we reached Demerara—British Guiana—we were on the South American mainland. The climate is not merely tropical but subequatorial, for Demerara is only a few degrees north of the line. The coast is low, and the flats adjoining the ocean, covered with rich

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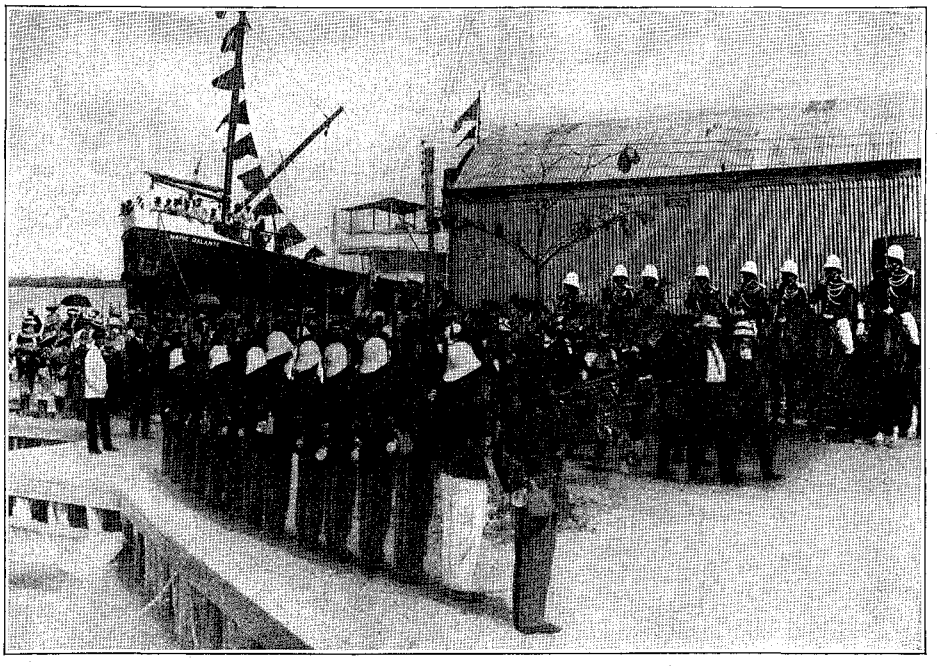

Landing at Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe.

sugar plantations, are actually below sea-level, and the waters are kept from overwhelming them by an extensive series of dikes. It is only in the back country that the landscape becomes as bold and beautiful as that of the West Indian Islands, with river scenery in addition.

Through leagues of muddy shoal water we steamed to the quay at Georgetown, the capital of the colony. As usual we were received with more than cordial hospitality; two of our kind new friends, the solicitor-general and his wife, actually turned over to us their comfortable rooms in the airy, pleasant hotel. It was a lovely city of the mid-tropics. The tree-bordered streets were broad and spacious. The attractive houses, all doors and windows and lattice-work, stood each by itself and bowered in brilliant flowers. The club was built so as to give entry to every breeze. There were few mosquitoes in the city itself, and although it was hot a pleasant breeze blew at night. We dined at the cool open house of the governor, and on another day went there to a garden-party, among the flowers and flowering bushes.

We drove through the botanical gardens, which are among the two or three finest in the world. Here, I am obliged to admit, the mosquitoes were rather a torment. But they could not interfere with our enjoyment. The stately trees were of many different kinds. On the waters of the numerous canals and ditches floated the immense leaves of the Victoria Regina lily, each as big as a tea-tray, the resemblance being heightened by the upturned rims. The great flowers were pink or white, and among them were other water-lilies with blue flowers. The jacanas, or lily-trotters, handsomely colored birds the size of a chicken, with very long, slender toes, ran over the lily-pads as if on dry land. When they flew their legs were stretched behind, like a tail. They were old African acquaintances. Herons of different kinds, but mainly the two species of white egret and the tricolor, were tame. In one lake were some manatees, which were feeding on water-plants and on grass which had been thrown in to them. The manatee, called "fish-ox" by the Brazilians, is a bulky, purely plant-eating water-mammal, eight or ten feet long, with smooth, thick skin, blunt snout, fore flippers, and tail. It is not amphibious

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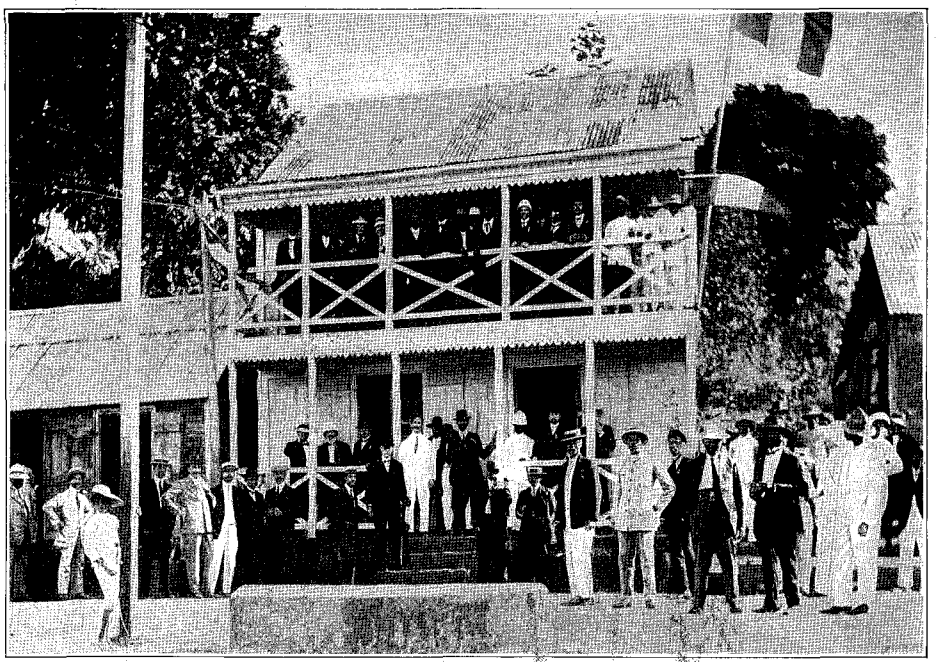

Reception by the mayor of a village in Guadeloupe.

any more than a whale or porpoise, and appears above water even less often; although on very rare occasions it may raise its head and neck on the mangrove-roots, or alongside a bank to graze or browse. Ordinarily it eats below water. As we watched them we would see the water-lily leaves twitch and be drawn under, or the floating plants sucked down. Continually we saw the nostrils thrust to the surface and opened, looking like the muzzle of an old-fashioned double-barrelled shot-gun. But this was literally all, except that once, for a moment, a patch of brown hide about a foot square appeared. It is a sluggish, slow-moving creature, preferring still water, and entirely harmless; and interesting because, except for its brother, the dugong, no other beast in any way resembles it. But it does not lend itself to spectacular attraction! I somewhat sympathized with a lady who remarked, anent the manatees having been placed in a lake which was once covered with water-lilies, that even if the water-lilies were less interesting than the manatees the former could be seen and the latter could not, and that now the manatees had eaten all the water-lilies, so that there was nothing whatever to be seen.

Demerara was once Dutch. A little Dutch blood remains among the whites; and a certain type of mixed blood, part Dutch and part Indian, persists in the back country. These half-breeds are known as "bovianders"—"up-yonders" or "above-yonders" in Dutch dialect—because they live on the rivers above the settlements and back of the beyond. Some Dutch names were retained: "stoop" is used as it is in New York, and a dock or landing-place is called a "stelling"; and many of the plantations are still called by their old Dutch names.

All men and women who when they travel wish to see something different from what they see at home, who care to visit pleasant, rather out-of-the-way places, a little off the beaten track of ordinary tourists, and who have no very long time for their holiday, should assuredly visit the West Indies, and should make the trip include Demerara. There are charming, cultivated, hospitable people; comfortable quarters; no more danger from fever or insects or snakes than in New York from automobiles or tubercu-

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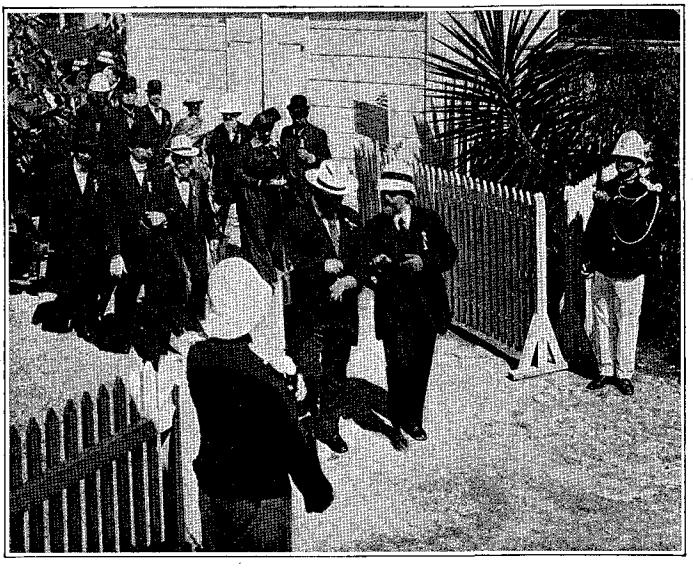
losis; and no place more typically tropical can be imagined. It is ablaze with light and vivid color. Of late years, perhaps by way of reaction against old-time exaggeration, there has been a tendency to depreciate tropical coloring. Such understatement is farther away from the truth than the original overstatement against which it protests. In the right season the brilliancy of the wet tropics is almost overwhelming. Of course, in the very high and dense forests everything near the ground is in such perpetual shadow and half-light that all the gorgeous coloring of bird, flower, and leaf is in the sun-bathed, shower-drenched country of the tree-tops overhead, and cannot be seen by the wanderer in the dank, vine-tangled gloom below. But where there is open forest, or where the forest is broken by glades, or where patches of forest, patches of bushes, and patches of treeless land come together, the coloring is unapproachable by anything seen in the North —save for one or two trembling days when the springtime fervor is most intense, or when in fall, here and there, the trees, in bravery of crimson and saffron, greet the glory of death. In the tropics the white flame of the sunlight brings out every detail of the incredible variety, in form and hue, of the bush leafage; the birds show every known tint in every combination; and multitudes of trees, bushes, vines, parasites, plants of all kinds bear flowers that challenge the eye by the delicacy or the bold splendor of their coloring.



Landing at Guadeloupe.

In Demerara the black and colored people are, as elsewhere in the West Indies, at least tenfold more numerous than the whites. Among the whites the Portuguese stand rather apart from the people of other European stocks. The native Indians are not prominent. There are wild but peaceful tribes in the interior, Caribs, Arrawacks, and others; there are occasional villages or small communities of civilized Indians, either by themselves or adjoining other settlements; and there is a strain of Indian blood both among the blacks and among the whites. But it is not important. Far otherwise is the case with the coolies from Hindostan. These were brought over, and are still brought over, to supply the demand for labor. They have been excellently treated, they have prospered, and are far better off than in India, and in the large majority of cases they continue to live in the colony after their term of indenture is over. They are mostly Hindoos, but there is a fair percentage of Moslems. They live in villages, or sections of villages, of their own, work on the land by preference, rear plenty of children, and already nearly equal in numbers the people of negro descent. In the second generation a number of them become Christians; but as yet there has not been much mingling of blood between them and the negroes. Their presence, and the peculiar costumes of the more recently arrived—the turbans, the white

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tunics, the scanty skirts, the smear of red paint as a caste-mark on the forehead—add a touch of almost fantastic interest to the shifting crowd of wayfarers, hucksters, and laborers. They are slender, rather good-looking people; the young women would be pretty if they did not disfigure themselves with nose-rings and with nose-buttons—metal buttons on the side of the nose. Northern Europeans, Portuguese, native Indians, Chinese, negroes, Hindoos—all are to be found; pure and in every stage of mixture and every social grade. A century hence what product will this melting-pot have produced?

As we landed on the Georgetown quay our friend Beebe, the naturalist, was there to greet us. Next day, in company with the attorney-general of the colony, he took us out to his natural-history station or laboratory, which I have described in the previous article. We started early in the morning. We first crossed the Demerara River, then motored for an hour to the Essequibo River, and ascended it for four or five hours in a little government steamer, which the governor, with characteristic thoughtfulness, had put at our disposal.

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A bamboo jungle of Trinidad.

On the way up we stopped at a river hamlet where stood the ruins of an old Dutch fort. Rusty cannon lay among the rank weeds, and the crumbling walls and bastions were made of small bricks; in Demerara these small bricks, wherever found, in arch or wall or walk, are the sure signs that once the land was held by the Hollanders. The old wharf remained. There were a few palm-thatched cabins and frail houses with unglazed windows; between them wet, black paths wound through the green vegetation. The local schoolmaster, a courteous colored man, showed us round. In one of the cabins dwelt a Carib family, the father and son being boatmen; the other people were blacks or mulattoes, with a Hindoo storekeeper, and a Chinese half-breed whose occupation I did not gather. It was Sunday, and in what had once been the Dutch government-house church was being held by a Congregationalist catechist. The congregation consisted of some twenty men and women, with a few children; all were dressed decently and were serious and devout. The catechist himself was a nearly full-blood Carib Indian, an intelligent, educated, self-restrained man, who was reading the lesson well. No one could witness the services without a cordial appreciation of the good that was being done, of the fight being waged to increase the area of real civilization.

At last we reached Three Rivers, the point which, near the junction of two affluents with the main stream of the Essequibo, Beebe had chosen for his laboratory. We stayed at the house of

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Mr. and Mrs. Withers, who own a large rubber-plantation and manage a large lime-plantation; and we shall not soon forget their warm-hearted hospitality; while our hearts went out to their small daughter, a dear little girl of eight. She had been brought up in the wilderness by her mother; and evidently it had been the best kind of education, for to the grace of unconscious refinement she added the charm of a quaint self-reliance in her solitary amusements and interests. The house stood on stone piles; the doors and windows were many; the wide hall went from end to end; in the veranda-living-room were easy chairs and tables with books and magazines. The little Boviander maid servant was neat and efficient. It was hot, of course, but not unpleasantly so. There were no mosquitoes or flies, although we had to sleep under mosquito-nettings, on account of the vampire bats. Tanagers and honey-creepers familiarly entered the veranda. A tame little parrot lived most of the time in the garden, but also climbed around the rooms and flew through the hall. The house was on a hilltop, and breezes blew over it. Beyond the clearing roundabout stood the high green wall of primeval woodland. Close beside ran the great river, shimmering in the sunshine, sometimes with glassy, unbroken surface, sometimes lashed into waves by tropic rain-squalls. Far to the south, across countless leagues of unbroken forest, lay the dim mountain ranges which held the sources of the river; northward it flowed to the sea.

We were at the southern limit of agricultural settlement. Seventy miles inland were gold-diggings. A couple of miles east of the house lay a road chopped through the forest and leading straight to the gold-fields. It was the gold-diggers' road. For seventy miles there was no house along it. Singly or in small parties the gold-seekers travel it on foot, going toward the mines; they are for the most part black or brown natives of the colony, with now and then an outsider. They carry their own scanty store of food, and camp wherever night overtakes them. If they fail at the diggings they struggle back along the road, the weaker and more dispirited dying by the way and being buried in shallow, nameless graves. If they succeed they hire a canoe, with Indian paddlers, and descend the Essequibo in triumph. We met one such party on the river. The canoe was crowded with men and one or two women. They were chanting and singing; they were clad in white clothes; and the blades of the ten paddlers glistened in the sun as in rhythmical union they rose from and dipped into the rippling water.

The rubber-trees were being tapped, tin cups holding the white fluid that flowed from the V-shaped grooves. Such a clean, wholesome-smelling business! And the work on the lime-plantation, which we visited, seemed equally attractive. The forest must, of course, be cleared for these orchards of limes and of rubber-trees.

From Demerara we sailed to Trinidad. Trinidad is of totally different formation from the other, purely insular, West Indian Islands; it is really a piece of the mainland, a broken-off bit of the closely adjoining, mountainous north coast of Venezuela. It is hard not to speak of it in superlatives; for it is like a little paradise. Our steamer skirted the north coast and at sunrise went through one of the bocas or channels separating the northeast corner of the island from certain mountainous islets. As we turned southward we saw on our starboard beam the blue outlines of the lofty Venezuelan shore. Rounding the point we passed by little rocky islands, on each of which stood one or more bungalows, whither the well-to-do citizens of Trinidad retired for week-ends. An hour later we had anchored off the chief city of the island, Port of Spain. Behind it as a background stood high mountains of bold outline, covered to their peaks with the rich tropical forest. To the south stretched flats of bright-green sugar-cane. The picturesque little city lay at the water's edge.

Port of Spain is a most attractive town. From the sea the many-colored houses and the palms stamp it with the familiar tropic look of the West Indies. The streets are clean and the sanitation excellent; the Panama Canal Zone set the example of what could be done amidst dense jungle and under torrid skies in the way of cleanliness and hygiene, and now Port of Spain can itself serve as a model. The

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A view in the Botanical Gardens in Georgetown.

houses in the older part of the town are deep-walled, with tall doors and windows, and entrance to the shops may be between the pillars of colonnades. Elsewhere the houses are of light and flimsy make, painted any hue from red to mauve. Sometimes they front directly on the street. Sometimes they are surrounded by open gardens, brilliant with crimson poinsettias and masses of purple Bougainvillea and other flowers, yellow, pink, or blue. Sometimes they are behind walls, and through gateways one gets a glimpse of a home life led in rooms darkened for coolness, in dim rooms lying behind jalousies, with broad verandas in front, also darkened. There are many churches. The Roman Catholic cathedral stands surrounded by old flowering trees. Around the Anglican cathedral rise noble palms, which contrast with the many-branched, many-leaved forest kings of more normal type, much as a Greek temple contrasts with a Gothic cathedral.

The pleasant, roomy, airy hotel, where the dining-room was really a big open veranda, fronted on the park, which is always called the savanna. There were no mosquitoes or flies, and the nights were not hot. All our surroundings were lovely. The savanna is nearly three miles round; it holds a race-course; and a trol-

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ley-line skirts it, just within its edge. In different corners there are open groves of large trees: the saman-trees, with wide-spreading branches, like giant pasture oaks, were among the handsomest; and many parasitic grasses and flowers grew on the rough places of the trunks, and extended in thick beds along the nearly level surfaces of the great limbs. Six handsome palms stood in a row by themselves out in the middle of the grassy plain. Apparently the savanna was a grazing common, too: herds of cattle, tame, rather friendly beasts, with much East Indian blood in them, lived there permanently, and showed no excitement except when suddenly assailed by some violent, although transient, rain-squall. We frequently walked round the savanna, after our early cup of coffee—for in Trinidad, as in Continental Europe, "breakfast" comes at about noon, and is what at home we would call lunch. Twice we visited the botanic gardens, on the opposite side of the savanna, beside the dignified and comfortable government-house. These gardens were not as handsome as those in the capital of Demerara, but they possessed one inestimable advantage—there were no mosquitoes, and so we could loiter through them, or sit at our ease on benches under strange trees of dense foliage or clusters of splendid, swaying bamboos.

Just outside the town we visited a most charming house, which seemed the ideal of what houses should be in these lands. Originally, over a hundred years ago, the place was Spanish, and the formal Spanish terrace and garden still remain. But the house was built by the father of the present owner in the first half of the last century, this present owner being an altogether charming French Creole lady of over eighty, than whom there could be no more delightful hostess. We reached the house at sunset. It stood back from the road. On one side a grass-grown avenue of noble palms showed where an old road ran—perhaps to the vanished house of the vanished Spanish grandee. The drive to the front door led under and round huge saman-trees. A wide flight of steps led gently up to the wide front door of the low house. This door was open and so was the equally wide door opposite, on the other side of the house, so that we could see through. Within, the silent, spacious rooms, already cool, were furnished in a dark mahogany, restful to the eye. Behind the house we walked on gravelled paths between flowering bushes, to the old stone terrace, with its worn balustrade, and seats under the trees. Below and immediately in front were the gardens, filled with flowers; some of them familiar roses and jasmine; some strange and of gorgeous hue, while orchids grew on the stems of the palms. Across the garden, through the rapidly waning tropic twilight, we looked up a beautiful valley to high mountains, clad from spur to sheer summit in the wonderful green of the mighty forest.

Twice we drove to waterfalls—one in the Blue Basin and one in the Caracas Valley. In each case we had to walk or rather climb the latter part of the way. Both were lovely. The Blue Basin was a clear pool in a recess of the mountain-side, so that the steep slopes almost surrounded it. The stream came foaming down from ledge to ledge before it sprang over the last into the pool, through a dense and tangled mass of lush vegetation, which choked the spaces among the trees. The wild banana sent its huge leaves upward among small palms, and in the dense shade of the forest, with the sun just over the mountain crest, it was cool and pleasant beside the water. It was a wild little spot; I had seen pools almost like it at the foot of Mount Kenia; it looked as if it ought to be the drinking-place of mighty beasts, as it would have been in Africa.

The Caracas fall was farther away from Port of Spain. The driver of our motor was a little uncertain as to the route. But he picked up a guide while we were still five miles off, a good-looking, pleasant-faced colored man who spoke in a soft French patois. He had innately good manners, and he was a man of taste, too; he picked some pretty flowers while we were walking back from the fall, and we supposed that he meant to give them to my companion at parting; but no, to our pleasure he evidently wished them for himself, and after, with much politeness, he had parted from us, he carried them off up the hillside to his own little house.

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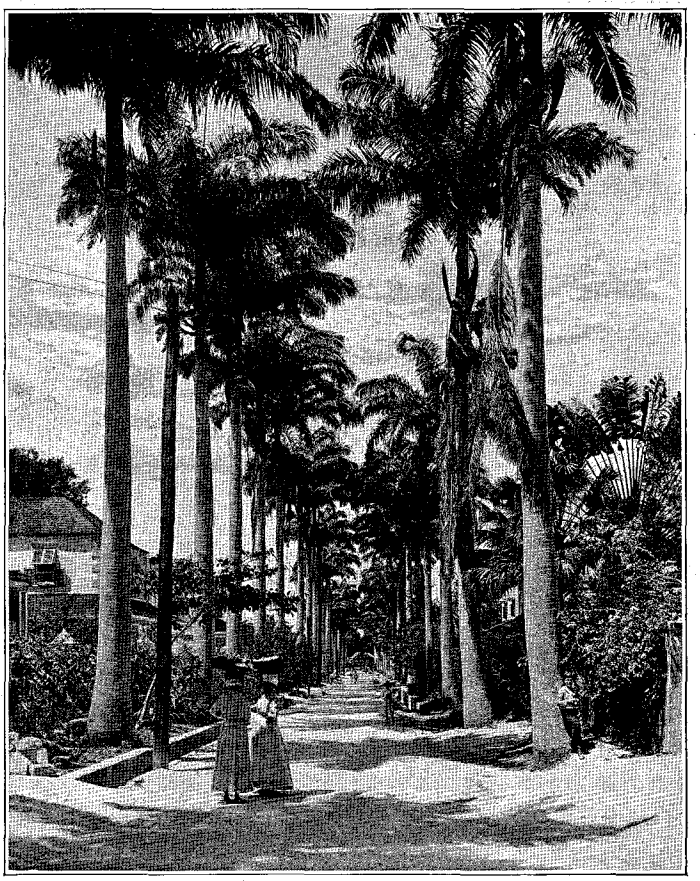
Under his guidance we drove, first along the main road to a little hamlet, and then along a cross-road as far as we could take the motor. We left it near two or three houses, where coolies dwelt; beyond there was a family or two of negroes. Then we walked up a rather steep, winding path for about a mile, while thrushes, tanagers, and orioles sang in the near-by trees. The fall was far higher than the other, the stream hurling itself over a great cliff, and reaching the bottom in sheets of filmy spray. Ferns and flowers crowded around the drenched rocks, and rainbows wavered in the little gusts of rain that, as we looked, alternated with bursts of white sunshine. As we descended the hill toward the motor, the green of the forest on which we looked down was broken in many places by streaks and patches of orange, where the great immortelle-trees lifted their flower-filled, nearly leafless branches. These immortelle-trees grow wild in the forest, in addition to being planted as nurse trees in the cocoa-plantations. Their flowers are bright orange, and where there are many of them they lie like an orange veil over the green of the forest. They do not show so boldly as the crimson flamboyant trees in their season.



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

One of the beautiful lanes in the residential section of Port of Spain.

Sometimes we drove through the crowded streets of the town, where all the foot passers-by seemed to prefer the middle of the road to the pavement. All was strange and foreign. In the big stores the proprietors might be either white or colored. But almost all the attendants

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The savanna (a place where the poor are allowed to pasture their cattle free), Trinidad.

were colored; and in addition to the strains of white and negro blood there would sometimes be obvious a mixture of Indian or the oblique eyes of the Chinese.

One morning we drove from Port of Spain north along the coast, and then across a promontory to a beautiful little bay, where the municipality has built a public bathing-beach. There were clean bath-houses, and a pleasant, dark-skinned bathing attendant who, when we had finished our bath, brought water in sections of hollow bamboo trunks to wash the sand from our feet. There was a beach of fine, white sand, with the surf beating gently in under the palms; and the swim in the clear, clean water was unalloyed delight. We had to duck our heads continually on account of the sun, but the water was so warm that we could stay in as long as we wished.

Once we drove entirely across the island to the east coast, where our host, a Scotch gentleman, the wealthiest man on the island, had a bungalow, mounted on stilts, to which he and his family and friends sometimes came for the week-ends. On our way thither we passed through village after village, sometimes of coolies, sometimes of colored folk.

At last we came out on the coast, and followed its bold curves for miles, watching the white surf beating on the rocks and beaches. A couple of miles beyond the house, near the mouth of a little river which was crossed by an old-fashioned hand-pulley ferry, we went for a swim.

On another day we visited the famous asphalt lake, as the guests of the American company that owns it. We went down on one of the company's steamers with a gay party of our new friends, who were doing everything that hospitable kindness could suggest for our pleasure. The lake, with the pools of water on the surface and the tree islands in the midst of it, was even more curious and interesting than we had supposed it would be; and so were the oil-wells. The men doing the work were for the most part Americans. Two of them wore the Panama medal, and all were vigorous, capable young fellows, of the not-too-proud-to-fight kind—the kind that won the West in pioneer days, and

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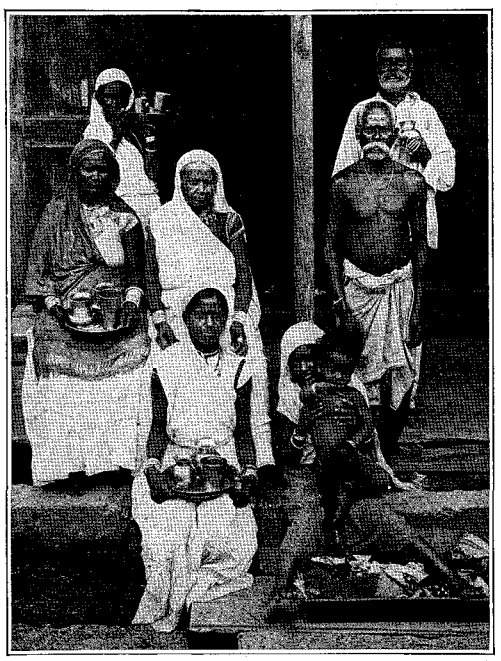
fought the Civil War to a finish, and on the preservation and development of which depends the future greatness of the republic.

One Sunday morning before church we drove to the market. This is held, as is generally the case in the larger West Indian towns, in and around a big, well-kept shed or open building provided by the municipality. Each man or woman pays a small sum to the clerk of the market for the space where his or her fish or meat or garden produce is exhibited. Coolies, negroes, mulattoes, of both sexes and all ages, in bright dresses and curious head-gear, compose the throng of buyers and sellers. The tropical fruits and vegetables are arranged by the venders in little piles, and on the top of each pile a brightly colored tomato or mango, or something else red or purple, is if possible so placed as to catch the eye. Besides beef, pork, mutton, and especially fowls, ragged brown hunters may have brought in agouti or small deer or paca—this last being, by the way, the very best meat I have ever eaten, wild or tame. The fish are of many kinds, and at some of the stalls slabs and portions of shark's flesh are sold, both to negroes and coolies. In the midst of the crowd we observed a tall, pretty mulattress with a little green-and-blue parrot on her shoulder; the little bird was obviously a familiar pet and now and then its mistress would lean her head toward it and rub it softly with her cheek, much to the little bird's satisfaction.



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

Coolie types of Trinidad.

When we arrived at Trinidad the carnival was about to begin. In old times this was the occasion for as wild street merriment among the upper classes as the lower. But at present the young men and girls of the upper classes only look on at what occurs out of doors, and confine their active participation to private dances; where, like true Creoles, they dance with ardor all the night long. The public carnival is left chiefly to the working people of the towns, and to the peasantry, who on that occasion flock into the towns and villages and patrol the roads between. The black police, under their white commanders, are very much on the alert and during the days and nights are never suffered to go out singly, keeping in squads so as to overawe the boisterous; for during the nights the excited gangs are apt to wage vigorous war on one another with stones and long sticks.

On the last afternoon of the carnival a friend took us in his dog-cart through the streets where the revel was at its height. Many carriages were out, with white, black, colored, or Hindoo occupants; and very pretty some of the dark Creole girls were. Few of these, however, took part in the revel. The people in costume were almost all on foot, moving slowly down and up the various streets, while the onlookers formed a dense mass on the sidewalks, standing or sitting, and filled the balconies and windows above. To my unaccustomed eyes the holiday costumes and general aspect of not a few of the spectators were almost as out-of-the-common and attractive as those of the pro-

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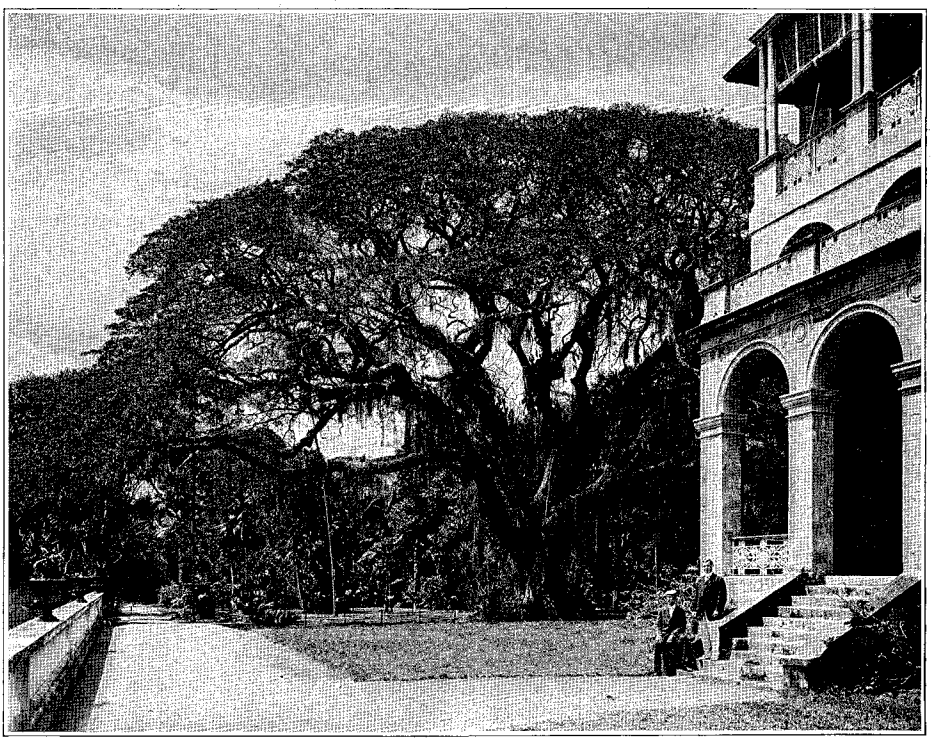
fessed holiday-makers in the centre of the street.

The coolies from India have been an addition of great value to the population of Trinidad and Demerara, and they have themselves immensely benefited by the change. One serious trouble has been the comparatively small number of women among the immigrants; but this, of course, tends to disappear as the generation born on the island grows up. Of this younger generation, born on the soil and educated in the schools, a considerable number become Christians, and some intermarry with representatives of all the other races —I have myself seen the offspring of such marriages with negroes, whites, mulattoes, Chinese, and native Indians; and, although most of them keep to their own in marrying, their intolerance of creed and caste diminishes, their use of English increases, and their assimilation goes on.

In a sketch like this it is not possible to discuss the complex, difficult, and absorbingly interesting topics of most importance to the ultimate future of the West Indies, such as the questions of race, of sex relations, and of industrial development. They are none of them simple; and they are well worth the most intelligent, dispassionate, and yet sympathetic study. The application of formulas and theories developed by well-meaning outsiders who dwell under radically different conditions works only harm. One thing is certain. No race ever so sacrificed the permanent welfare of the race to the profit of the individuals of two or three generations, no race ever for temporary ease and gain invited such nemesis of race destruction as the Northern white race—English, French, Dutch, and Danish—did by the introduction of black slavery in the West Indies. Whites can live and thrive in these lands; not only are the upper-class whites of Creole origin in the islands a handsome, vigorous, and fertile people, but the same thing is true of the few spots where white yeoman farmers or fishermen have permanently established themselves, as is notably true of Saba, but also in small iso-



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

Specimen of a grand saman-tree in the grounds of the Governor's palace, Trinidad.

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lated localities which I came across elsewhere. The white did not die out because he could not live and work. He died out because for his ease and profit he wickedly introduced negro slaves whose descendants elbowed his descendants from the land—the process going on at practically the same rate of speed before and after slavery was abolished. Numerically, except in the Spanish islands, the whites are now but an unimportant fraction of the population. They still form almost everywhere the bulk of the small upper class, and a small, but important, element in the much larger middle class; but even in the upper class the colored blood is slowly gaining ground. Nowhere is there a more sincere effort made to do justice, without regard to color, on the merits of each man, in all civil and industrial relations. Such justice can never be done, in the West Indies or anywhere else, unless each man is made to understand and to act on the theory that the full performance of duties should be the prerequisite to any claim for the enjoyment of rights; and that words and combinations of words which do not and are not made to represent facts result in well-nigh unadulterated mischief. For over a half-century in the West Indies the negro has done far better in the islands where the government has been, at least at the top, under predominantly white control than he has done in Hayti, whence the whites were expelled with fire and sword a century and a quarter ago. The whites of Hayti came to complete and utter destruction because their forefathers had introduced slavery, so that for generations they ate their bread at ease in the sweat of other men's brows; and then the blacks of Hayti avenged this crime by a crime of their own as monstrous and as short-sighted, and by so doing condemned their own descendants to lag behind or go backward, while their fellows in neighboring regions struggled painfully upward and onward.

I have made no attempt to give the names of our many kind hosts and friends or tell in detail of their hospitalities and friendly acts. Everywhere we were shown all possible kindness and courtesy; and most in Trinidad, simply because in Trinidad we stayed longest. Our Trinidad friends were some of British, some of French, others of Spanish, Corsican, German, or Portuguese blood, usually with several of these strains in their veins; and manlier men or more charming women are nowhere to be found. There was in them a note of fine gallantry; for they were indomitably gay and cheerful, carrying their heads high; and yet all had sent their sons and brothers to the war, for they are deeply loyal to the empire. I was much struck by the fact that the Catholics among them, of French, Spanish, or Portuguese extraction, had usually sent their children to Catholic academies in England for their higher education. All of them did everything in their power to make our stay on the island pleasant; and they all came down to bid us farewell on the quay or to accompany us out on the tender and wave us good-by as we leaned over the ship's side.

The morning after leaving Trinidad we were anchored in the beautiful land-locked harbor of Grenada. High hills, brilliant green with wonderful tropical vegetation, and one or two of them crowned with gray old forts, surrounded it on three sides. At the bottom of the bay the little town lay, seeming as if bowered in palm fronds, for everywhere the palms sprang erect and slender above the low white and pink and blue houses. Like so many of these low-built, palm-sheltered tropic towns, it was a real little "golden city of St. Mary's"; again and again these little tropic towns made us think of John Masefield.

After a delightful motor ride along the precipitous edge of the island, through scenery both wild and lovely, we took lunch at Government House. As elsewhere so here we were deeply impressed by the gallant bearing of our hosts; we trespassed on their courtesy only because they insisted; for of their nearest and dearest some had died at the front and the others, at the front, were facing life or death with equal hearts. The pleasant, roomy house stood open to the breezes; birds of bright hue flew freely through the rooms and one pair had made their nest in a spot made ready for them.

Grenada has travelled farthest along the road on which most of the West Indian

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islands are travelling. Her resident white population, non-official, has almost vanished. It is an island predominantly of black or colored peasant proprietors. They are doing well, thanks to the orderly justice maintained by the representatives of the British Government; they are loyal to the British flag, and in this war have sent nearly five hundred men to join the British army. It is well to face facts. As yet most of the independent states fronting the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea have failed to make even a beginning in the path of progress trodden by such South American commonwealths as Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile. In the lands under English, French, *and American* (United States) control the conditions of present life and the prospects for the future are immeasurably better, for the people as a whole, and especially for the poorer people, than in most—not all—of the neighboring so-called "independent" states.

AFTER ALL

By Elizabeth Herrick

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

"SHE'D be pretty, wouldn't she, if she were dolled up?" Farrell's darkly blue Irish eyes swept appraisingly, not over the girl ahead, but over the speaker. A modish hat with a fifty-dollar plume floating over a fluff of unnatural gold hair; a piquant face with the youthful color of skilful make-up—not the make-up of the theatre—the Bijou's leading woman was an artist—but of a society woman who must make the least of her forty years; a velvet coat-suit admirably tailored; correct and costly furs of blue fox; an elegant foot shod in made-to-measure shoes of approved fashion. Yet in the tout ensemble something lacked. Appreciation of what he missed sounded in Farrell's voice, the voice of the heavy man, deep and of a throaty richness, with a curious suggestion of nap in it, as of velvet.

"'Dolling up' wouldn't improve her!"

Edna Stapleton shrugged a shapely shoulder, and her over-red upper lip lifted. In both movements a childish petulance expressed itself, and there was something childish, too, in the resentful candor of the innocently blue eyes turned suddenly to his.

"Oh, if you admire her as much as that—" she began; then, as the girl ahead of them mounted Mrs. Berry's steps and stood an instant at the mercy of the jeering wind, futilely trying to repress her skirt with one shabbily gloved hand while the other struggled with the door, derision died on her tongue.

"Poor little *thing!*" she murmured.

The rough March wind had all the cruelty of an ill-timed jester. It whipped up the girl's coat to show a frayed lining and her skirt hem to display the worn, time-scalloped flounce of a silk petticoat no mending could improve. Mending was, in fact, hastening its demolition, the painstakingly cross-stitched slits serving only to break away the tender fabric in new places. Every whip and flirt of the serge skirt revealed fresh devastation above a pair of high-heeled, light-topped shoes, which, with the hat, a coquettish turban with a bit of fur around the crown and a rose of soft, quaint pink nestled in the fur, were the only touches of to-day in a costume otherwise obsolete. Yet, though the foot within the stylish shoe was slim and shapely, and the face, framed by the turban and a cloud of dusky hair, was daintily flushed with the rose of real youth and bewitchingly pretty, the efforts to smarten her appearance only emphasized its general shabbiness.

"*Poor* little thing!" the actress repeated with transferred stress.

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Farrell tossed his cigarette into the street.

"I'm not so sure of that," he remarked deliberately. "She has youth, beauty, innocence. She's not parted with any of them to the usurer!"

There was a blue glitter under the white, long-fringed lids. But the red curve of Miss Stapleton's lips broke into a smile of infinite dazzle. They were under Mrs. Berry's windows. With professional instinct the actress played to an invisible audience.

"—yet!" she said, between gleaming teeth. "Give her time, Willy!"

He made a gesture of distaste.

"Don't malign your sex, Edna!"

They were at the steps. She spoke hurriedly—an impetuous rush of words.

"Why do you say such things to me? When you *know!* You say she's young and beautiful and innocent. And you mean, so was I—once! And so I was! So I was!"

He turned on the top step and looked at her curiously. The tremor in the beautiful voice was very real. What had glittered in the childishly blue eyes trembled now on the lashes—real tears. Surprise and a certain quick emotion passed like a puff of rosy smoke across the man's face, veiling yet illumining it.

"You were, Edna!"—the even richness of the deep voice was troubled, broken—"all that! And to me—more!"

The woman quivered. He had opened the door for her, but, before passing it, she leaned against the door-frame and lifted brimming eyes, at once childish and maternal, wistful yet yearning.

"You *know!*" The words, just murmured as she passed him, were poignant as a cry. And the lips, over-red with the rouge of art, were curved with the tremulous sweetness of a hurt child's. There was instinctive gentleness, instinctive reassurance in the hand that touched her arm.

"I—know!" The significant emphasis, its suggestion of gentle strength, of a strong arm to lean on in trouble, came in with them and reached, like a helping hand, to the stricken figure in the hall. The "blue-serge girl," as they called her because, since she came among them six months before, she had been seen to wear nothing else, stood facing Mrs. Berry's closing door, her eyes fixed in dumb terror on the lessening slit through which came Mrs. Berry's voice, stiffened uncompromisingly.

"—till Sunday night, then—no longer. I've got my little girl to take care of."

Mrs. Berry's door and the outer door closed in unison; Mrs. Berry's with a decisive click, the outside door with an expressive bang which helped to drown the actor's heartfelt "Damn!"

Miss Stapleton's eyes, quite dry and tearless now, lifted to his in innocent solicitude.

"Oh! Did you pinch your fingers, Willy?"

He caught the cue quickly and shook a gloved hand.

"Not to hurt much," he said in his melodious Irish voice. He glanced over at the girl smilingly. "And little hurts never kill, you know. Good evening, Miss Copeland."

The warmth of color came back into the girl's face. The paralyzing terror left her eyes. They ceased to stare at the closed door, moved, and came to his, clinging with the instinct of self-preservation. Mr. Farrell had been speaking to his wife, but he had meant the words for her, had thrown them to her in her dire need as one throws a plank to a drowning person. She was temporarily buoyed. Whatever might happen to her now would not happen to her *alone*. In this cold, dreary, hurrying, heartless house she had found friends!

She pulled herself together, Mrs. Berry's bill twisting like a live thing between her reanimate fingers, and attempted to achieve a friendly bow and smile. But to the players' eyes the performance was pitifully overacted. She was too eager, too grateful. They looked after her as she went on up-stairs, the actress winking back sympathetic tears.

"She asked her for her room, Willy," she murmured in awed sotto voce.

Farrell answered with the puzzle of one contemplating an enigma.

"The devil!" he said toward Mrs. Berry's door.

His wife answered as enigmatically, with her characteristic little shrug.

"Oh, I don't know!"

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"You veer, Edna," he remarked as they mounted, "like a weather-vane."

"Well, there's Linda!"

The four-year-old was popular with the actor, who had no children of his own. He too shrugged slightly.

"Oh, well!" he conceded.

In her room the blue-serge girl cast Mrs. Berry's crumpled statement on the dresser. It was no longer the most tremendous thing in her life, the awful, unfaceable crisis, the sharp dividing line between life and death, but relegated, by that deep, rich, kindly Irish voice, to its proper place among the little hurts of life. "And little hurts," he had said, "never kill." She had until Sunday night! She would find a way. She might—such miracles do happen sometimes outside the pages of fiction—get a check for a story in the very nick of need. Or, if she didn't, these new friends of hers would help her. She had thought of the theatre before as a possible avenue out of the perplexed maze of the artist's existence—the actor's art and the author's are so near akin! She might succeed in the one, though she failed in the other. These new friends would help her to find something to do in the theatre. At least, Mr. Farrell would.

"He is good," she told herself, warming her heart with the remembered sound of his voice. "Mrs. Farrell may drink, as they say, but *he* is good. I know that he is good. He will help me. He is *good!*" She felt soothed and uplifted.

In the sitting-room of the Farrell apartment Edna Stapleton whirled to face her husband, those innocently blue eyes fastening to his in childish consternation.

"She has only until Sunday night!" she said dramatically and helplessly.

Farrell, divesting his shoulders of his overcoat, shook them uncertainly.

"I suppose we could pay her board for her?"

Instantly the actress's face changed. Alarm sapped its sympathy. They couldn't do that!

"It takes all of your salary to pay ours and buy your clothes. And I'm saving out of mine toward a ruby bracelet."

"Oh!" Farrell was brushing the coat he had taken off, with an actor's elaborate carefulness. The Thespian's wardrobe being his chief stock in trade, he is constant in conserving it.

"You couldn't offer her money, anyhow," she went on defensively. "She doesn't belong to us. She would resent it."

He lifted his heavy eyebrows over a patch of powder on the cloth. He had worn the overcoat in the last act, and the ingenue's forehead had rested confidingly on his shoulder.

"Possibly!"

It was agreement with reservation. What was unsaid nettled his wife more even than the calm overlook of his tone. She passed into her bedroom and sat down at the dressing-table, dawdling first with its gleaming ivory, then with her face.

"Of course you want to help her," she remarked, watching his perturbed brow in the mirror while she discreetly powdered her own, "because, you know, she thinks heaven smiles through your eyes."

Farrell dropped his brushes and picked them up, frowning.

"For the Lord's sake, Edna! You talk as if she were a matinée girl!"

Miss Stapleton, having critically surveyed her face, began subtly transforming it.

"Do you know she isn't?"

He ignored the question, putting one himself. "What did the girl do?"

Edna answered a trifle vaguely. She wrote stories and things. Which she sold when she could. Miss Stapleton was giving careful artistic attention to her lips, which left hiatuses in her conversation. Farrell gathered that the blue-serge girl had "appeared" in a standard magazine or two. "Hoped to" again.

"It's like with us," his wife paused to say clearly. "If she gets over with one house, she'll get over with another. A waiting game? Sure thing! Every star was once an ingenue, though! And if you keep on climbing, you're sure to get up in the sky some time."

"If you don't starve first," Farrell suggested grimly.

Edna laid down the hare's foot.

"Ingenues don't starve, Willy!" she said slowly. "Not even in August. They get on somehow or they go under. If they go under, they get on just the same —sometimes faster."

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"And lose everything!" There was sweeping condemnation in the words. Her restored face forgotten, Edna took it in the hollows of her hands and stared into her reflection with those wide, baby-blue eyes, whose dilated pupils had always a curious fixity, as if focussed on distance.

"'Youth, beauty, innocence,'" she recapitulated dreamily. "It sounds like everything, but I've an idea you've missed something, Willy. Never mind! It will come to me what. Or, if it doesn't, you'll never know what you've left out; so it's all one." She smiled whimsically, and, despite his frown, Farrell smiled with her. Flippant on the gravest subjects, there was yet a captivating charm in her flippancy. It had a holding power beyond most women's sincerity. He delighted in while he loathed it. But while they smiled together her mood veered. A tragic intentness came into the wide eyes. She rose and went to him, laying both hands on his breast.

"I had to get on," she said in a queer, appealing voice that vibrated and broke with thrilling sweetness. "Dad had been a good actor, but he was played out, worn out, broken. He couldn't take care of us —or himself. I *had* to get on, and to get on I had to have a lot more than myself. I had to have clothes, jewels, all those things that dazzle and draw the public more than good acting—you *know!* Well, I got them and—" her voice strengthened—and hardened: "I got on. And when I no longer needed to get on I—couldn't go back. I couldn't redeem—isn't that the word?—'youth, innocence, beauty.' They'd gone into the button-moulder's melting-pot, I guess. Ever see Cyril Maude's 'Peer Gynt,' Willy?—on the screen, of course. The last act made me cry. Peer had parted with 'youth, beauty, innocence'—everything, as you say, but there was still *something* that kept him out of the melting-pot!"

"The love and belief of a good woman!" said Farrell succinctly.

His wife flinched. A flood of color swept up under the art pink of her cheeks —a woman's burning blush! She turned her face aside.

"I said that you had missed something, Willy! Perhaps Ibsen missed it, too—I never read him. But Mr. Maude found it and put it in. What? Oh, I don't know—it's hard to name—a sort of a divine sense of shame, maybe."

There was a tap on the door. She looked at him quickly.

"You go, Will!" He went, a trifle disturbed, for again he had caught the glitter of tears on her cheeks. She brushed them off skilfully, listening to the outer room. How Willy's voice had softened from its rigid righteousness of a minute ago! Of course!—it was the blue-serge girl with all that she hadn't taken to the usurer's. Willy had asked her, and she was coming in. Miss Stapleton moved hastily to the door between the rooms, hesitated on the threshold, then went in smiling, a hot little demon in her heart, and offered a cordial hand.

The girl was direct almost to crudity. Since they knew, there was no need for subterfuge. She stated her plight frankly, first thanking Farrell for what he had said about little hurts not killing. She did not mean this should kill her. But to live, one must have some means of livelihood. If stories wouldn't sell—and just now they didn't—she must try something else. Meeting them to-night, she had thought of the theatre. Perhaps he —and Miss Stapleton—might know of an opening.

Farrell's handsome face was more than ever disturbed. He looked helplessly to Edna. But the hot little demon in her heart was mocking him out of her eyes. Her words came back. "Of course, you want to help her. . . . She thinks heaven smiles through your eyes."

"I am very sorry, Miss Copeland," he was beginning embarrassedly, when Edna cut in with the ease and sang-froid of the leading woman in a familiar part.

"Willy! Mr. Morley is putting on 'The Yankee Consul' week after next. He'll want a chorus. You," she bore daringly on the pronoun, still sweetly smiling, "could speak to him for Miss Copeland." She turned full to the latter, the smile become radiance. "Mr. Farrell will be delighted to do all that he can."

In the fulness of her relief the girl answered, as the actress intended that she should, with grateful sincerity.

"I knew that he would. Thank you,

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Mr. Farrell, very, very much. And you, Mrs. Farrell. You—" anxiety was again uppermost in the young voice—"you will see Mr. Morley to-night? I'll wait up."

To those eyes that knew it so well in all its sudden facile changes there was a swift relaxing in Edna Stapleton's face. It had been professionally sympathetic. It became womanly pitiful. She gave the promise as simply as the girl had spoken and walked with her to the door.

"Don't worry!" she said. "Eleven o'clock will come! And I'm sure it will be all right."

She closed the door, her back against it, and faced her husband with the arch delight of a mischievous child.

"She thinks *you* promised, Willy," she laughed softly.

Farrell's lips tightened.

"I have not the slightest intention of speaking to Morley," he said shortly.

His wife laughed again, a jarring note in the laugh's harmony.

"Not even to help 'youth, beauty, and innocence' hold on to itself?" she jeered.

He took a turn or two on the hearth, then came and stood before her, looking her squarely in the eyes.

"I'm not sure it would help her hold on," he said. "Are you? It might help her let go!"

So it was she who spoke to Morley that night. He was promptly interested.

"Looks?" he inquired, and, being satisfied on this all-important point, slurred over lesser accomplishments. She could dance? Sing? Or, if she couldn't, she could be taught. Mostly, they were taught, those good for anything. If she got over, why, later there might be a small part.

"Morley will take her on," the leading woman confided during the second act to the villain into whose brutal arms the business of the scene had thrown her.

The heavy added a few words of his own, with subdued violence, to the end of his lines—"Morley be damned!"

Virtue, helpless in the grasp of villainy, had time before the rescuing hero's entrance for an upward flash from under the meekly lowered lids.

"Don't anticipate, Willy!" she breathed. "He will be—by and by!"

At Mrs. Berry's the blue-serge girl, waiting up for her verdict, waited anxiously and long. "Eleven o'clock would come!" Did come. Passed. And twelve. And one. It was a member of the company's birthday. And he was celebrating by a supper after the performance. Farrell hated these after-theatre suppers with grim cause. His wife's spirits sparkled with the wine, frothed with the champagne. Her beauty dazzled. Her eyes were now diamonds, now sapphires; her lips rubies; her cheeks needed no rouge. Her very voice was transformed, its lucent silver changed to liquid gold. In her exhilarated mood she was the leading woman to her finger-tips. She pitched the scene. There was no letting down. As on stage all played up to her, even her husband. But while he smiled professionally over her repartee, there was a deepening ache in his eyes. Morley, the manager, watching her, frowned stormily.

"Better get her home, Farrell," he counselled. "She'll be good for nothing to-morrow. Good Lord, why can't she cut out the drinks? She'd go far!"

Farrell got her home. She laid her head on his shoulder in the taxicab and wept and laughed alternately—wept because her husband didn't approve of her, laughed in memory of the good time she had had.

Going up-stairs at Mrs. Berry's she sang in a sweet, clear voice of irresistible magnetism Rubinstein's "Du bist wie eine Blume," the pitiable breaks between the words lending them added satire.

> "Thou art so like a flower,
> So pure and fair and kind, . . ."

The blue-serge girl came into the hall as the actress finished the last verse:

> "It seems as though I must lay then
> My hand upon thy brow,
> Praying that God may preserve thee
> As pure and fair as now."

The question she had come out to ask trembled and died on Ruth Copeland's tongue before the high brilliance of the actress's face, the note of license in the uncontrolled, still graceful gestures.

"For you!" said Miss Stapleton graciously, in her beautiful voice even more than its wonted charm. "It doesn't

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quite fit me, does it, darling?" she appealed to her husband.

Farrell made no answer, but, opening their door, tried gently to guide her through it. On the threshold she rebelled against his arm and stood alone, supporting herself against the door-frame. She had remembered suddenly that the blue-serge girl was waiting up. Reaction was setting in: the unnatural light was dying out of her face, leaving a cloudy vagueness. But she was still mistress of herself enough to say, with a wicked little flicker of her eyes into his:

"Oh! W-Willy spoke to Mr. Morley. And he said—tell her what Morley said, Willy!"

The girl turned to Farrell eagerly. After a ceremonious bow he had apparently taken no notice of her, though poignantly conscious of the consternation in her face. The consternation had passed with the look of instinctive womanly repulsion that followed it. Her look was haggard now with the sharp hunger of anxiety. What did anything count but that she should earn bread?

As clearly as if he read her mind, the actor understood. He hesitated an instant, and in that instant his wife wavered and, with a foolish laugh, drooped her head drowsily against his shoulder. A shudder passed through him. He looked up, his own face suddenly haggard.

"There is no opening," he said deliberately. "Mr. Morley is full up," and helped his wife through the door. He turned back as he was closing it to add, with bitter emphasis: "Believe me, Miss Copeland, there's nothing in it!" Then flinched from the sick collapse in the girl's face.

"W-what'd you tell her that for?" his wife asked querulously as he put her to bed like a child, having dismissed her maid with his time-worn formula:

"Mrs. Farrell is ill. I'll attend to her myself."

And she repeated her question next day over the silent noon breakfast in their sitting-room. She asked it on a note of injury. Somehow it seemed to put her less in the wrong that Willy hadn't done right either. If she had drunk too much champagne, Willy had lied to the blue-serge girl!

"Why did you tell her that? Morley said he would take her on."

Farrell glanced from the newspaper he was reading. And the glance, swift, scathing, contemptuous, swept over her like a fire, missing nothing in its path, not a mark left by last night—and other nights—the flickering eyes, the loose, restless lips, the gray pasty pallor, the air of mingled deprecation and defiance. She felt her cheeks scorch. Some remnant in her of self-respect caught fire and flared.

"All right! Go on and save her!" she burst out furiously and rose from the table.

There was little talk between them on their way to the theatre, the barest commonplaces. She dined with the character woman; Farrell at the club. He walked home with her after the night performance, then returned to the Friars. Sunday morning he went for a walk, and again after dinner. It was bitter cold and snowing. She knew the walk for an excuse.

"Just to be away from me!" she thought, moving restlessly about the rooms. "I'm not his kind. He thinks the Copeland girl is. But how long would she be, I wonder, if—" Immediately the temptation came to tell her what Morley had said. The girl hadn't parted with her youth, her beauty, her innocence to the usurer—yet! But tomorrow? Her hand lifted to knock at Ruth Copeland's door. She would go in and tell the girl that Morley would take her on. Instantly the lights went up before her eyes; the overture crashed in her ears; she saw the chorus file from the wings; heard the curtain rise. The sound, the smell, the dear, hateful, sweet, bitter, insatiate *taste* of it all! She felt the old familiar shudder of overstimulated nerves that rebelled even while they cried out, like the drunkard's, for more—more—more *what?*

The hand lifted to knock dropped; a ray of sunlight slanting through the window at the hall-end set a diamond on it ablaze, lit the heart of a ruby. More diamonds? emeralds? rubies? "Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies." The words came to her ears in the voice of her grandfather reading from an old book she had

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half-forgotten. The price of a good woman is above rubies! And for rubies—*rubies!* she had parted with that good woman—parted *under price!* She crept back to her room, the hand that had been raised to knock crushed with its knuckles against her mouth to keep back the shamed moan. The hard facets of the gems cut her lips, but she was not conscious of pain. She knew only that this was what Willy had meant when he said that the blue-serge girl wasn't poor! And to help her keep her riches he had shut the theatre door in her face. But it wasn't the only door to the usurer's! It wasn't! And where did he think the girl was going from Mrs. Berry's? What did he think she was going to do?

She went over to a window and stood looking into the spring storm. A banshee wind drove the drifting snow blindly through the air. She thought dully that it would blow all night. And that she would have to go out in it—to that inevitable Sunday night dress-rehearsal that is the bane of stock companies. Willy was out in it now—walking! She wondered if he would get his feet wet.

"If he does, he'll have a cold, and it will hurt his voice. . . ." She had taken her hand from her mouth and was drumming idly with it on the pane. She saw suddenly little dark flecks on the glass—almost black against the white drift without, like spots on innocence. By and by, if she went on looking at them, would they seem to coalesce and make one big black spot to obscure all the whiteness, so that one would never guess it had once been white—looking through the pane? . . . "Through a glass darkly . . ." And these words, too, came to her in the old voice from the old book.

"I didn't know I knew so much Bible," she said to herself. "But it's all true. The price of a good woman *is* above rubies. Ruth Copeland is rich. I'm poor—*poor!* Though," her voice caught in a strangled laugh of awful bitterness, "I've got the rubies!—the *rubies!*"

"But Willy's wrong, too," she went on passionately, drawing a quick breath. "He sees through the glass darkly. I'm not all black!—not all bad! He sees from the wrong side, and all the little spots—there are so many of them!—seem to run together and blur the white, just like the spots on the pane!" Her lips quivered pitifully. She broke off, biting them for control. But thought ran on.

Yet he loved her! From a sort of habit, perhaps, the habit of a good man who has taken a woman for better, for worse. She caught her breath again, this time with a sob. It had been pretty much the worse for him! Still—she clung pitifully to the repetition—he loved her, though there was a strange new kind of hunger for his love in her heart. It wasn't enough that he should love her from habit. She wanted him to love her for something good in her—something he could respect. "But I don't suppose he ever will!" For the spots were there, after all! And while man is man, he will see "through a glass darkly" all the little spots very big and very black against a woman's innocence.

Her thought returned to the other woman—the girl he respected. "What will she do?" she asked herself again. And again she repeated drearily: "The theatre's not the only road to the usurer's! Willy thinks it is, because it's the one I took. Willy doesn't know. He's a man! Any woman could tell him. Any girl who is beautiful and friendless and alone, who is out of work and at the end of her money. Has the Copeland girl any friends, I wonder?—any friends but us? How she looked at Willy out of her big eyes the night we found her in the hall with Mrs. Berry's billet-doux in her hands, like a two weeks' notice—only hers was two days! After all, managers aren't the hardest-hearted people in the world! Berry turns her out; Morley takes her on—or would, if Willy'd let him." But if she wasn't taken on, what would she do? Perhaps she had found something. She hadn't, last night! And to-day was Sunday. And to-night was Sunday night—the time limit of Berry's notice!

"She's counting on us," thought Edna wearily. "She's counting on Willy! And Willy hasn't done anything, but do her out of the engagement I got for her. And he hasn't found her another. He'll be sorry—but she will be gone. And he'll forget her—like most men!" If she stays on here, the tempter insinuated softly, he won't forget her. "She's *got* to stay on here," said the woman in her.

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She left the window and, going to her desk, drew out a Bagdad wrist-bag. There were fifty dollars in the quaint oriental pocketbook with its pendent jewel—fifty dollars from last week's salary. She had saved them toward the myself. And I know. So I'd like to help her—without her knowing it."

Mrs. Berry took the money and counted it carefully, yet something other than cupidity glistened in her eyes when she raised them. She leaned forward across

"There is no opening," he said deliberately.—Page 193.

bracelet, a platinum circlet of rubies and diamonds. She took out the bills and crisped them over smoothly, glad that they were gold certificates. They gave a sense of value to her action. A grave sweetness, a look of purity almost virginal, came over the worn, beautiful face, obliterating, as paint had never done, its lines of physical and moral fag. She couldn't buy back her own womanhood for the price of rubies, but she could, perhaps, save the other woman's for her! She went swiftly out of her room and down the stairs to Mrs. Berry's.

"Let her stay on, Mrs. Berry! And when this money is gone, if she's not getting on, say nothing to her, just come to me for more. Her work will sell again by and by. Just now nothing sells, because she needs the money. That's always the way. I've been down and out

her capacious lap and grasped the actress's smooth, carefully manicured hand in her coarsened fingers.

"You're a good woman, Miss Stapleton," she said heartily, "whatever folks may say—and there's always harsh tongues, my dear! Some folks would think ill of me for giving her notice, but what could I do? Payin' guests are my livin' and Linda's. But you're a good woman! For what does the Good Book say? 'Insomuch as you've done it to the least of 'em, my children, you've done it to me.' And he didn't mean just children. He meant all the down and outers. You're a good woman, Miss Stapleton, and I'll let my little girl come up and see you any time you want her."

A good woman! If Willy had only heard! Yet he would merely concede with the sombre gravity of an arraign-

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ment, "You were all that—once!" The blood rushed from her contracting heart in a hot flood up over her face and into the unnatural gold of her carefully arranged hair. She found herself speaking Willy's words aloud, but speaking them with a curious touching simplicity.

"I was all that—once, Mrs. Berry!"

She rose hastily. The blood, ebbing from her face, left it white under the rouge. What had she said to this woman? But Mrs. Berry, largely generous, pushed back the words like change from an overpayment.

"Don't say no more! You're all that—now! And I'll send my little girl right up to you."

Impulsively the actress leaned forward and kissed the blowzed cheek.

"Thank you," she said. "I won't hurt her—dear Mrs. Berry!"

She went up-stairs with a springing step, her head high, her eyes shining. Quite unconsciously she began singing on the stairs. And the song was a favorite hymn of her grandfather's.

"Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer! Jesus is purer!
Who makes the woeful heart to sing."

The editor of *The Telegram* called through his half-opened door:

"From a new play, Miss Stapleton?"

She called back to him joyously:

"From a very old one—a miracle play, Mr. Markham!" And went on up, singing.

Little Linda Berry followed her shortly, resplendent in a big blue satin bow that nearly covered her bobbed hair. She cuddled down in Edna's arms and rubbed her round cheek in blissful content against the silk and lace that lightly masked the beautiful bosom.

She was singing softly to the child, whose dark eyes were closing sleepily, when Farrell came in. He paused an instant in the door, and she heard a quick, sharp breath, as if the lips between which it came had framed the words "My God!" But when her eyes, half-defiant, half-wistful, lifted to his, his lips had forced their usual gentle, courteous smile.

"Borrowed a baby?" he inquired, as he passed behind her.

"I've none of my own," she answered softly.

He was a long time in the wardrobe, hanging coat and hat. At last he came around and stood with his back to the fireplace, his hands behind him. The handsome face was very pale and the blue-gray eyes held a grave sadness; but the finely chiselled lips still smiled.

"It's coming on to blow. You won't go to-night, Edna?"

She looked up quickly.

"If *you* do!"

"Oh, I shall have to," he smiled, "being a man. But a woman——"

She smiled, too, but her lips quivered.

"Any kind of a woman?"

He looked faintly puzzled, but repeated the words.

"Any kind of a woman!" Then his eyes fell to brooding over her again with a still intentness.

"How long has this little girl been here?"

"Two hours, perhaps."

"And you've been holding and singing to her all the time?"

"Yes."

"And singing what you were just now singing?"

"What was I singing?"

"A sort of a hymn."

"Yes. Sorts of hymns!"

There was a long silence. Then:

"I didn't know you knew any."

She spoke almost humbly.

"I do. I know some Bible, too."

There was another silence. Out of it:

"Does it bother you—the singing?" she asked with a new shyness. They seemed to be feeling one another like strangers or like players opposed to each other in new rôles.

He made a courteous gesture of dissent.

"Oh, no! Not at all. I like it. Please go on."

The words of the hymn she had sung on the stairs after she had been called a good woman came to Edna's lips. She sang it now, *like* a good woman with her child on her breast. Yet strangely discordant thoughts were passing through her mind as she sang.

"Mrs. Berry called me a 'good woman.' What would Willy say? But I mustn't tell him. He must find it out for himself

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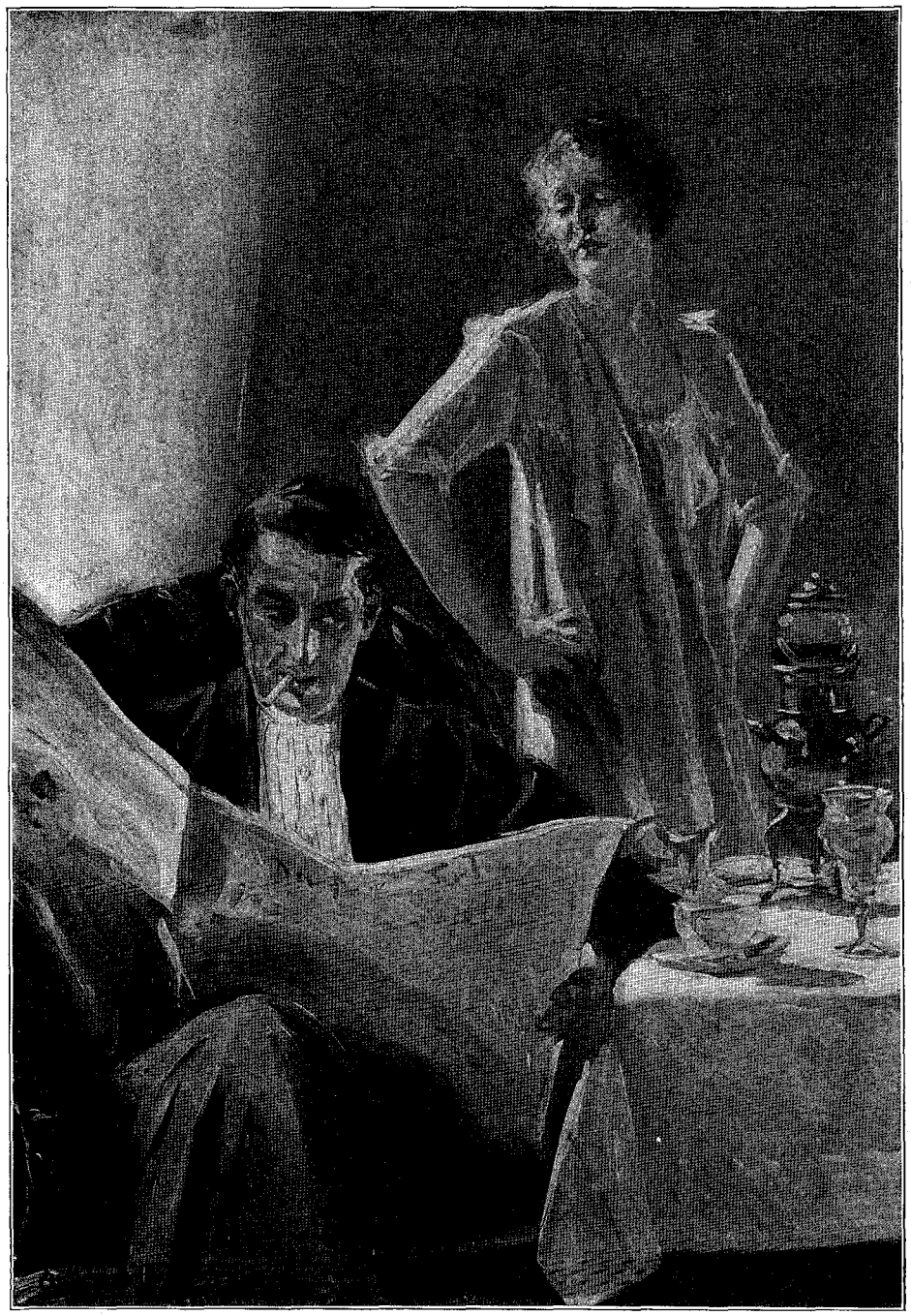

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"All right! Go on and save her!" she burst out furiously, and rose from the table.—Page 193.

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—that everybody doesn't think me as bad as he does. He thinks I'm acting now—playing to him. I can see his throat flicker above his collar.—Why *will* Willy wear turn-down collars? They're so unbecoming—I can see his throat flicker and his fingers work and that queer little quiver in his cheek. He looks as if he wanted to say something and couldn't quite find the words. Not that I'm a good woman, he wouldn't say that! But something kind and sort of intimate. He's going to say it now. No, he isn't. He hears Mrs. Berry coming. Oh, dear!"

Mrs. Berry entered on her knock at Farrell's bidding, garrulously apologetic for having let Linda bother Miss Stapleton so long. But she declared and called Farrell to witness if it wasn't a picture!

"It's very pretty," he admitted with a quiet sincerity that brought the true color into his wife's cheeks.

Mrs. Berry, however, was unsatisfied. It was more than pretty! It was like one of those Madonnas—Farrell's sensitive lips registered a voiceless protest—Father Flynn had in his study.

"You'd ought to have a child of your own, Miss Stapleton," she climaxed, detaching her daughter. "You're that fond of children!"

The rose under Edna's rouge became a flame. She put up her hands to hide it from Willy, under pretense of rearranging her tumbled hair.

"Oh, I adore children," she smiled successfully, "—other people's. But I don't want any."

There was an embarrassed silence. Once Willy would have said: "I do!" Now he said nothing. She lowered her burning cheeks over the child Mrs. Berry was lifting. Willy had said nothing! He no longer wanted children—her children! Because he didn't think her a good woman! But he needn't think——

"Her mother sent her up," she explained when Mrs. Berry had carried off her daughter, fast and happily asleep. "I *had* to be nice to her!" But her voice didn't ring true. She caught herself up on the false note sharply. Willy needn't think he was perfect himself.

"Willy! Have you done anything about that blue-serge girl—Miss Copeland, I mean? You know you promised."

"Er—what is that?" He seemed to come out of his abstraction wholly confused.

Edna Stapleton's delicately pencilled eyebrows lifted.

"About Ruth Copeland. You took her engagement away. How did you think she was going to live if you didn't find her something else? What did you think she was going to do? Where did you think she was going to stay? You wouldn't let her take what would at least have taken care of her. What did you think she was going to do?"

She was fiercely glad of the consternation in his face.

"I know. I meant to see if I couldn't find her something else, but——"

She said for him what hesitated on his lips, her own curling. They were overred with art, but the scorn on them cut. His eyes flinched.

"You *forgot!* Well, Mrs. Berry doesn't forget. She can't afford to. It's her living and her little girl's. She gave Miss Copeland until to-night—Sunday night. Because she must have the room to get ready for the new tenant Monday. Where could the girl go Sunday? What could she do? Willy, there are other roads than the theatre to the usurer's! Whose fault will it be if she takes one of them? Mrs. Berry's—or yours? But don't worry, Willy!" The beautiful lips laughed lightly in mock derision. "Some other man will see, as you did, that she hasn't parted with her youth, her beauty, her innocence—yet!—and he'll give her a job! Don't look so worried. She won't starve. Young and beautiful and innocent girls never *do!* I know, you see, because—" the mocking voice dragged slowly over the words with a heavy undertone of terrible significance—"I was all that—once, myself."

Farrell's face had whitened. There was a blue-white ring around his lips. She had meant only to punish him, not to start the old agony. She was almost frightened at what she had done. Without taking his eyes from hers, he had begun to move toward the door. She sprang after him, between it and him.

"Willy! Where are you going? What are you going to do?"

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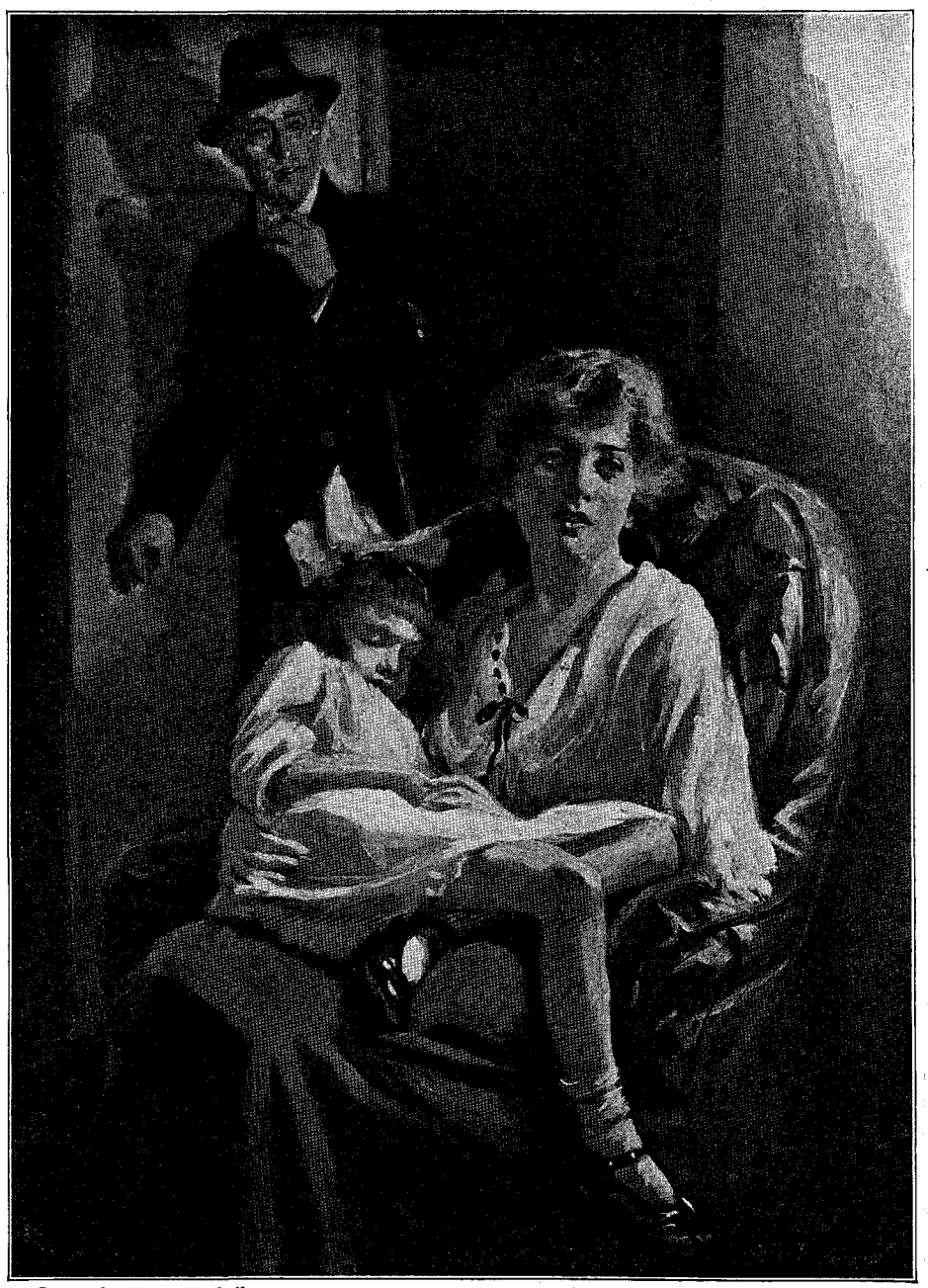

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

He paused an instant in the door.—Page 196.

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He put her aside gently, yet with decision.

"To see what I *can* do—at the eleventh hour!" he said gravely. "She's not gone yet?"

An idea came to her. "You can't offer her money! She's not one of *us*. She'd think you meant to insult her!"

He answered, still with that white unbroken gravity:

"I've not thought of offering her money. There is another way."

Standing where he left her, she heard him run down the stairs and knock at Mrs. Berry's door. Panic seized her. She ran into the hall. He mustn't do that! Mrs. Berry would tell him that she was a good woman!

"Willy! Stop!" she called over the balustrade. But Mrs. Berry's door closed in answer.

It was a long time before it opened and let Farrell out. And he was a long time coming up the stairs and getting from the upper hall into their sitting-room. A long time in closing the door. With the same slow deliberateness he crossed to the fireplace. Presently she caught the aroma of a cigarette. She had thrown herself into a chair and picked up a *Dramatic Mirror*, turning the pages idly. She did not look up, but she knew that he was moving restlessly about the room, lifting now this, now that from mantel and table and setting it down again with exaggerated carefulness.

"Willy's surprised," the blood pounded in her ears. "He didn't think it was in me!"

At last he paused in front of her with that quiet clearing of the throat peculiar to the actor. When his voice came, there was a new quality in its heavy richness—a curious sort of diffidence, or —her heart eased suddenly—was it deference?

"So," he said, "you've been playing the good Samaritan!"

Playing! She flashed him her mocking little smile.

"You wouldn't have thought of me for the rôle?"

"Perhaps not. But you've filled it capably."

She had "played" a new rôle and filled it "capably"! Actor's praise! But this wasn't all, evidently. He made the round of the room again and came back.

"I thought—what have you been doing to your hand?" he interrupted himself.

She tried to pull it from his suddenly solicitous fingers. Their touch thrilled her. She felt the blood surge under her rouge.

"Oh, that! I cut it—on glass, yes!"

"You had better take care of it, or it will give you trouble."

"It's all right," she said carelessly. "You thought——?"

"Oh, yes," he straightened, his eyes still holding hers, though, at her insistence, he had let her hand go. "I thought you were going to buy a ruby bracelet."

"And *I* thought the price of a good woman was above rubies." A curious smile, part wistful, part mocking, shone through the childishly blue eyes. "I told you I knew some Bible."

He was silent a while; then, in a voice strange to her ears in all the years they had lived together, though she had heard it sometimes on stage, when the heavy had played opposite a virtuous heroine:

"So that is why you did it!" he mused, as if speaking to himself.

She lifted brimming eyes, at once childish and maternal, wistful with timid appeal, yet yearning with unsatisfied womanhood.

"I hadn't parted with my heart to the usurer, Willy," she said with reproachful dignity.

He stooped suddenly, the blue spiral of smoke from the cigarette between his fingers wreathing her head like a halo, and, for the first time in many months, kissed her on the lips.

"You're a good sort, Edna," he said sincerely, "after all."

After all!

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THE WALLABY TRACK

A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

JULIE LECOUR came to the Frederick House River camp from the God-knows-where border-land of the North while the rush into the Porcupine mining district was flooding the country with adventurers from the wind's twelve corners. Beneath the gusty flame of yellow torch-lights pack-laden men were pouring down the embankment from the railroad to the tent city that sentinelled the watercourse to the gold towns when the girl with the banjo threaded her way through underbrush tangles to a log at the shore. Against the blackness of the forest the lights of the camp gleamed daringly before her until the moon of June, rising above the rim of the pines, limned the blackness of the unfinished railway bridge with etcher's art and dimmed the golden flare of the torches with encompassing radiance. The harsh noises of the camp died down from the raucous shrieks of phonographs and the hoarse shouts of maudlin men to a hush of silence through which came the purl of the northward-flowing river. Julie Lecour thrummed the preluding chords of the song that the North Country was to know for her own. Then, soft as the pine-odored air, rose the rich tone of her voice, pouring into the night a passionate cry of love and life, that song of Old France that the bush heard with the passing of the first voyageurs.

As she sang she saw Nora Grayne, standing at the door of one of the tents, looking out upon the night; and she saw Stephen Crews, who had been walking restlessly between the torches, come down the path past the woman in the doorway. Julie watched his coming, knowing that he halted close to her, but giving no sign of her knowledge until she had lingered over the ending of "A la claire Fontaine." Then she rose from the log, flinging her banjo over her shoulder by its broad ribbon, and laughed with a low, throaty sound that echoed the sob in the song. The man leaned forward, almost touching her. In the moonlight Julie Lecour saw how young, and fine, and fair he was. "Are you a ghost?" he asked, a little burr of accent softening his speech while his boyish voice trembled as if in terror of his daring. Julie Lecour laughed again. Something of his young eagerness flamed in a brand to light the fires of her venturing spirit. "Ghosts are of the past," she told him, "and I am of to-night. You're English?" He nodded. "And you seek the golden fleece?"

"I have just caught its gleam."

The girl shrugged, not pretending misunderstanding of the sudden blaze in his eyes, the sudden lowering of his voice. "You English!" she said. "You are the——"

"What?"

"The sentimentalists of the world. When did you come to this district?" Her manner changed swiftly as she looked past him toward the tent up the path where Nora Grayne stood, silhouetted against the yellow lights. A big man had paused there, lifting his broad-brimmed hat in apparent deference to the stranger. Julie Lecour watched the two above her as she listened to the Englishman's answer: "On to-day's train."

"Then you met her?" She nodded toward the tent.

"Miss Grayne? No. We came on the same liner out of Bristol, and on the same train from Montreal, but we didn't meet."

Julie Lecour's laughter held a note of bitterness. "And yet," she said, "you spoke to me?"

"I'm sorry," he responded quickly, "but I wanted to know you when I heard you sing."

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Drawn by W. M. Berger.

"It's a strange world, Julie, my dear," she said.—Page 203.

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"I'm not sure," she said, "that you'll ever know me."

"Is that a challenge?"

"A prophecy."

"I shall not let it come true."

Julie laughed. "What can you do?" she asked, leading his way up the path. As she passed the woman and the big man of the broad-brimmed hat she spoke to the latter. "We meet again?"

"Once more," the man said, his voice edged with the sharpness of defiant satire that whetted her own. The girl gave him a glance of petulant indignation as she passed him. Then she turned to Crews. "The Porcupine will be a real camp," she said, "since John Radleigh and I have come."

"Yes?"

"There hasn't been a camp in Canada for six years where we haven't met. He prospects for the Grosbeck syndicates. I'm a camp-follower, singer, dancer, entertainer. I've done my stunts in every camp from Cobalt to Cariboo. He's chased gold strikes all over the world. Every once in a while we cross paths."

"You're friends?"

"We understand each other, Radleigh and I. People who understand each other love or hate, I guess. We hate. Is this the first time you've been in the North?"

"The first time."

She leaned close to him, studying his frank blue eyes with an intentness that seemed the essence of coquetry; but her words were impersonal enough. "Men and women come to the North," she said, "for gold, for adventure, for love of the land. Take your choice, monsieur. You are at the gates." She swung out her arm toward river and forest. "Tomorrow we take the trail." She held out her hand to him. "I think I shall like you," she said.

"I know—" he began, but Julie halted him. "Make no promises," she bade him. "Friends do not need them and enemies do not keep them." She left him standing in the path, staring after her. Once she looked back over her shoulder. Radleigh was talking to Nora Grayne while Crews gazed out over the river. Julie hummed softly a gay little chanson of Provence, but she sighed as she came to its ending. "It's a strange world, Julie, my dear," she said.

She seemed to find it a gay world, however, on the next morning when she took her place in the big canoe at the landing for the journey toward the gold-fields. Crews had been waiting for her with a welcome that had been shadowed so slightly by Nora Grayne's coming with Radleigh that no one less keen than Julie could have noticed the change in his manner. A flickering smile went over the girl's mouth as she saw Nora Grayne's courteous half-acknowledgment of acquaintance with the Englishman. Her quick glance appraised the other woman's distinction of manner as swiftly as it noted her dowdiness of dress. There was about Nora Grayne that high quality of race that aureoles some of those women who come of the blood of kings. A supreme consciousness of established social position seemed to endow her with confidence to travel alone to the ends of the earth, condescending on the way to her fellow travellers. She was not old, perhaps but a year or two older than Crews or Julie Lecour, but the ages of a land of tradition had set their seal upon her spirit. Some consciousness of this woman's power, some realization that she was destined to do battle with her, roused Julie to summons of her own charms. She dropped down into the canoe with the grace of a wild thing. Poised like a bird of passage, her red hat vivid against the forest background, she blazed like some winged messenger of flame. She saw the kindling light in Stephen Crews's eyes as he smiled at her. She heard Nora Grayne's whisper to Radleigh, "A scarlet tanager," and shrugged at sight of the prospector's nod. She turned to give the other woman an audacious smile of blithe camaraderie. Then, as the Crees dipped their paddles and shot out the canoe from the shore where the gold-seekers bartered with other boatmen, she began to sing a merry verse that had rolled through the camp on the night before:

"Won't you take me there,
Won't you take me there,
Take me out to the Porcupine,
Where the boys and girls have a whale of a time?

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"Won't you take me there?
Lose me, I don't care,
Where the little brown girls have gold in their curls,
Won't you take me there?"

She winked daringly at Nora Grayne, who laughed at the sheer comedy of the girl's acting. Julie leaned backward toward her with the friendliness of a child, although her eyes glinted under the sombre watching of Radleigh. "You go to the Porcupine, yes?" she asked. "Prospecting?"

"I am going to be with my brother at the Wellston Mines."

"Oh!" A tiny cloud of doubt drifted over the sunshine of Julie's laughter. Women with husbands and brothers in the camps were not the friends of the Julie Lecours. Nora Grayne bent to the girl. "May I tell you how much I enjoyed your song last night?" she smiled in the manner Carmen Sylva might bestow upon a gypsy minstrel.

"*Merci*, madame. Mr. Crews, he also liked it. You know Mr. Crews?" Even Radleigh's gray eyes flashed in appreciation of how the gypsy had won a point by presenting a royal prince to a monarch with the nonchalance of perfect equality. Julie Lecour smiled at Crews as if to demand his admiration of her cleverness, but she lost the smile when she saw how wistful were his eyes. He was looking at Nora Grayne with the curious gaze of a man who, doubtful of himself, asks understanding from another. Nora Grayne's answering glance promised friendship. With quick prescience of mood the girl of the North Country felt herself set outside the door of a place of the soul where a hearth-fire had been kindled. A little twisting twitch moved her red lips, but her dark eyes twinkled with mocking mirth as she faced Radleigh.

"Mr. Radleigh and I," she said lightly, "should be old friends—and are not. He saved my life in Cobalt once, when the Camel's Back Mine took fire. He dragged me from under the timbers of the house and carried me to the hospital. But he never came to ask if I lived!" She laughed at the dull red glow that spread over Radleigh's bronzed face. "A little life—it is not much to be grateful for, is it?" Her smile went back to Crews. "But I am glad it is so, and are you not?"

She drowned his answer in the humming of the gay topical parody. As the canoe shot from the wide sweep of the Frederick House River into the lonely stillness of Nighthawk Lake, and back again into the dark narrows of Porcupine Creek, Julie Lecour's mood ran from gayety to mockery, from mockery to daring. Whether she flirted with Crews, gossiped with Nora Grayne, jibed at Radleigh, or sang to herself, she raised bright pinions of spirit. On the long walk over the trail from the creek to Golden City her blithe merriment shortened the wearisome road. On the boat from Golden City to the South Porcupine camp Julie's laughter made the voyage a Jason's journey with Colchis a bright land of promise. But it was Julie who fell into gloom as the four of them went from the shore of Porcupine Lake toward the tar-papered shack the camp called its hotel.

They were passing Captain Marshall's shack when the dark mood fell on the girl. On the veranda a half-dozen men and women were at tea. One of them shouted to Radleigh an invitation to join them. "I'll be back," he called. A sally of laughter followed him and jangled out of tune the bells of Julie's laughter. She was very quiet when she bade Nora Grayne good-by at the shack hotel ere the other woman went out on the trail to the Wellston Mines. Nora Grayne held out her hand with a graciousness that brought to Crews's face a gleam that found no mirroring in Julie's. "I am coming to see you some day very soon," she told the girl, "and I wish you would come out to see me—both of you."

"I thank you," Julie said, "for to-day. But to-day is to-morrow's yesterday." She saw Stephen Crews's eyes again seek the friendliness of Nora Grayne's. She saw Radleigh's unsmiling regard of her. She tossed him a glance of disdain as she entered the hotel. At the door Crews overtook her, halting her entrance.

"You don't mean," he said, his young eyes shining as they had shone when he had come to her in the moonlight, "that to-day's the only day you'll give me?"

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Julie Lecour looked around the lobby of the shack hotel, filled with mining men from the corners of the world, a lobby such as she had known through the years she had been meeting Radleigh. A dozen men of her acquaintance shouted greeting to her. The clerk, a sleek-haired boy she had known at Sixty-Six, waved his pen to her. She turned back from them to the boyish honesty of Stephen Crews's smile. "Let's be friends on the trail," she said to him, "to the cross-roads, monsieur." She gave him her hand in promise, then turned to the crowd in the lobby. From a place beside a table a man who had been reading a newspaper looked up, seeing the girl for the first time since her coming. "Why, it's the Redbird!" he cried. "Welcome to our city, Julie!" Julie Lecour gave to him the long, slow, level look that measures strength before it goes into combat. "My name," she said, "is Mademoiselle Lecour. You may call me that, if you speak to me at all!" Then, head up, shoulders back, she signed the register with a flourish. She turned from the desk to face Radleigh. "If you have any trouble with any of them," he said, his backward nod indicating the lobby crowd, "let me know."

For an instant Julie surveyed him. Then, "When the good God no longer lets me care for myself, I shall notify you," she told him.

The Porcupine camp gave to Julie Lecour a new stage for her talents. She sang, and danced, and played in the halls and cafés of the district, but she held herself aloof from the loungers as she had not always done in other camps. The men who knew her determination of purpose from their recollections of her in the days of Cobalt and Larder Lake left her in the place she chose for herself. If she played propriety, they reasoned, it was her game. Fear of her sharp tongue deterred any others from trying to break through the crust of hauteur that she had assumed. The women, all but Nora Grayne, ignored her presence. Therefore she flaunted before them the bondage in which she held Crews, knowing that the young Englishman was of the type whom they would have welcomed had he not been so flagrantly her slave. The knowledge that every hour she was spending with the boy from the Cotswolds set another log in the barrier between her and the other women of the mining district disturbed her less than did Nora Grayne's proffer of friendship.

When Nora Grayne called upon her a week after their coming into camp Julie set down the kindness to the other's ignorance of her reputation. But when Nora Grayne persistently sought her out, taking her out to the Wellston Mines for occasional luncheons, walking with her along the highway of the Wallaby Track, where they were the cynosure of many and hostile eyes, listening to her songs, drawing out her fancies, the girl decided that for some reason of her own Nora Grayne was espousing her friendship in the face of Porcupine's disapproval. She knew as well as any other that the mining district was to the woman from Galway only a point of passage, not a home as it was to the women of the camps. She knew that to a woman who held the place in London that Nora Grayne seemed to hold there was no wide gulf dividing Porcupine matrons and Porcupine singing girls. She was shrewd enough to divine, however, that Nora Grayne never made purposeless effort and never aroused needless antagonism unless she counted the end of more importance than the means. Being wise in the way of women, Julie reasoned that Nora sought her because of an interest in Stephen Crews. When Crews told her that he had called on the Graynes, finding that they knew many of his friends in England, Julie seasoned Nora's kindness with plenty of the salt of human suspicion.

Once, when she went with Crews to dinner at the Wellston, the girl puzzled a little over the curious bond that seemed to draw together the man from the Cotswolds and the woman from Galway. In the living-room, after dinner, Nora had played some charming old ballads with an exquisiteness of appreciation that aroused the artist in Julie to praise and that seemed to send Crews into a trance of enjoyment. He had gone to the piano, standing beside it while he talked with Nora. Their talk had been of places, of music, of art, of books, but it had been colored with the tenderness of a love of beauty held in common. Nora Grayne

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had led Stephen down primrose paths of remembrance into glades of loveliness hidden from the girl who heard murmurs of old streams through the course of their conversation. Julie listened to them with a strange ache in her heart. "Are you homesick?" she asked Crews as they went back to town. "No," he said shortly. "Why?" She gave no reason for the inquiry, but, as if knowing its cause, he did not go to the Wellston for a fortnight. Through that time he waded deeper and deeper into the stream of his passion for Julie.

That Crews loved the singer no one could doubt. An infatuation, swift and sweeping as a bush fire, had blazed over his life. He had come out of England a boy, with a boy's love of the far places, a boy's eager pursuit of the thrills of life. Julie Lecour, lovely and luring, had met him as priestess of the place of his pilgrimage. To her he gave the homage of his venturing heart, the throbs of his hot blood, the joy of his youth. If he kept from her the white flame of his questing soul, he gave no thought to the flickering light in that inner shrine. If Julie felt any lack in his love, she gave no sign of her apprehension. She sang for him gay songs of love and laughter while he paddled his canoe through the still waters of the northern lake. She let him tell her over and over again of his love; she smiled on him while he pleaded, and smiled away from him when he made plans for their future. She knew that for her he was neglecting the work he should be doing, the opportunities he should be seeking, but it was not until she plumbed his discouragement at his failure to attain any foothold in the camp that she even asked him: "Do you think I am good for you to love?" His quick answer, "You're the only good I have up here," seemed to settle the question for him, if not for her.

What Crews felt toward her was the talk of the camp; what Julie felt for Crews no one but she knew until the day when she met Radleigh on the Track. She had been walking alone to the goldfields and was coming back, singing, down the road, when Radleigh came out of the path from Yellow Creek. Julie laughed as he halted her. "I want to talk to you," he said.

"Of what?" She measured his strength of will and waited. "Of cabbages? Or kings?"

"Of Crews."

"Yes?"

"What are you going to do with him, Julie?"

"Why should you wish to know?"

"I may be sorry for him."

"You?" Her mockery flung out silver sparks. "I know your motive."

"What do you think it is?"

"Miss Nora Grayne has told you that I hypnotize the poor boy. I think that you love her. Therefore you chastise me. Is it not so?" She cocked her head to one side, waiting Radleigh's affirmation, for she believed in Radleigh's veracity. But Radleigh's denial surprised her. "That is not the reason," he said. "Miss Grayne has never mentioned Crews to me."

"She knows him—very well."

"She may."

"And cares for him?"

"I know nothing about that. Do you care for him?"

"What is it to you?" she demanded. Some fire in his eyes drove her to divert his answer. "If you were an outcast," she said, "spurned, and laughed at, and played with, and scorned, don't you believe you'd care for the man who gave you respect and affection?"

"Does Crews give you those? And if he did, what would it matter to you if you don't love him? If you love him, Julie, it's nothing to me." His eyes stared straight into her own. "If you care for him, and he cares for you, marry him, and I'll dance at your wedding. But, if you're playing him as you played me, back in the old Cobalt days, when I believed in women, I'll not stand by and watch you drive him and yourself to hell."

"It won't hurt him to care for me."

"I'm a better judge of that than you are."

"It didn't hurt you—if you ever cared."

"Didn't it?" He laughed sneeringly. "Well, perhaps it shouldn't have hurt me, but I believed in you, Julie, as Crews may believe in you now. Why don't you play a square game?"

"I play square."

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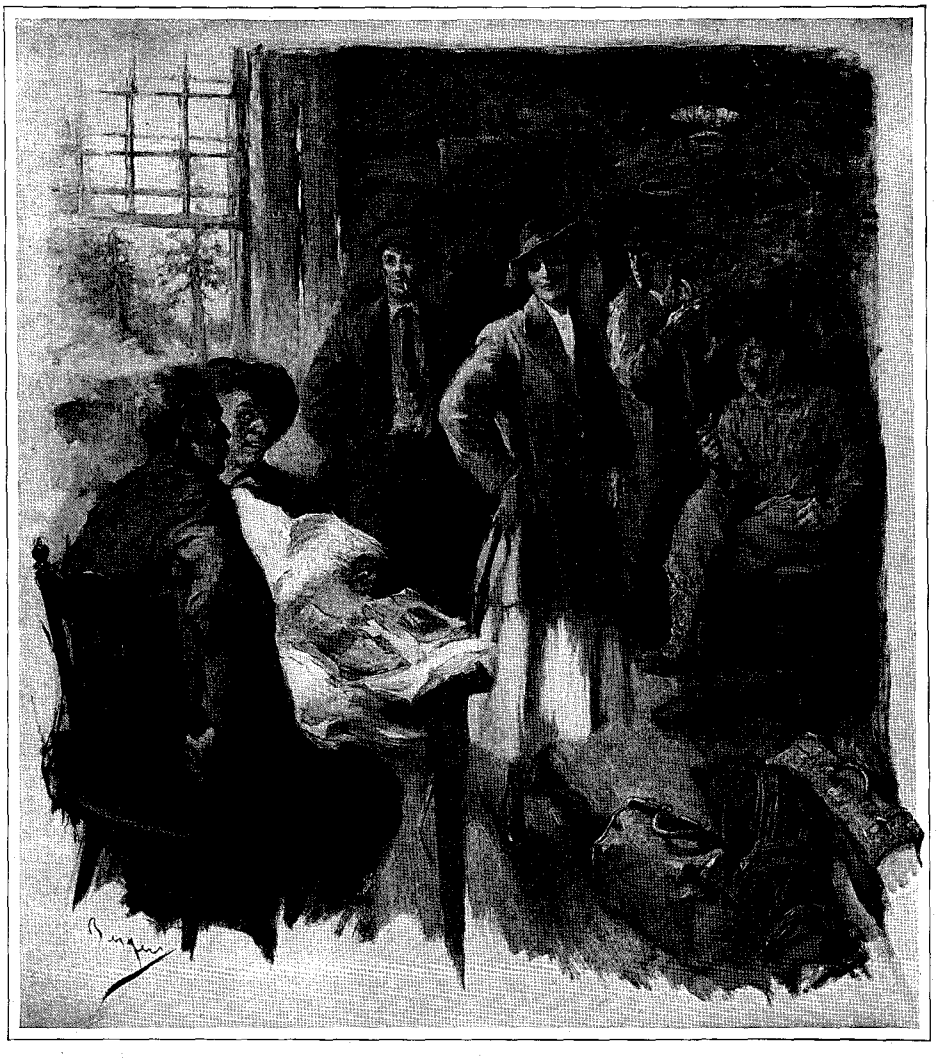

"My name," she said, "is Mademoiselle Lecour."—Page 205.

"Not to yourself. What'll the end be for you, Julie, if you go on this way?"

"If I'm hurt, I'm hurt." She frowned suddenly. "Why should you plead for Stephen?"

"I'm not pleading for him, nor for Nora Grayne, not for any one but yourself." His earnestness gripped her. "You're 'tophole,' Julie, in a man's game. If you owe, you pay. Don't you think you owe me a debt?"

"You took part of it," she said slowly, "when you kissed me the night you carried me out from the fire. That's why I've hated you so, John Radleigh. Men don't kiss the women they believe in as you kissed me. Oh, I know what I was, and I know what you were, two of a kind, one of us no better and no worse than the other. You say I played you? If you'd really believed in me, you know that I didn't. For I did love you then as I've hated you ever since. I loved you so much that I wanted you to care for me as men care for women they trust. I thought you did care that way. That night I knew you didn't. And I flung you out of my life—so! And now you come back with a demand that I shall fling away Stephen Crews, the boy who

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cares for me as you couldn't. *Voilà*, you are impudent, John Radleigh!"

"Crews doesn't love you any better than I did," Radleigh told her, "nor any differently. He's younger, that's all, and he'll marry you, if you'll let him, and he'll think he's happy till one day when a word from home will set him thinking of his own kind of women. Then he'll wake up to knowledge of what he's done with his life. He's a gentleman, and he won't leave you, but you'll be cheated all the same, Julie, and he'll be cheated worse than you. That's the truth. And what are you going to do?"

"Whatever the wind wills," she taunted him, laughing into his set face with its blazing eyes and taking up her song again as she swung down the corduroy. At a turn of the road she looked back, but Radleigh had gone from sight. She changed her tune to a whistle that rang out in the forest; but whistle and steps lagged as she went along the Track. So plunged in her thoughts was she that Nora Grayne had to call her thrice as she passed the Wellston. "Have tea with me," she bade her. "I'm alone, and you come like the sunshine to a dark place."

"I don't feel much like sunshine," Julie said listlessly. As she sank into one of the wicker chairs of the room that Nora Grayne had made into a haven of home in the wilderness, the girl studied intently the means she had used for the transformation of the place. Suddenly she spoke her thoughts aloud. "I wonder," she mused, "why some people have everything and others have nothing?"

Nora Grayne set down her teacup. "You don't really believe that, my dear?" she questioned. "Haven't you seen how the law of balance works out? Haven't you seen that those who have one gift lose another? Haven't you seen how those who seem to have the least of the world's gifts have the greatest of all—love and freedom?"

"You think that," said Julie, "because you're Irish. I've had love, of its kind, and I've had nothing but freedom. I'd give it up for almost anything else." She rose to walk restlessly across the room to the piano that Michael Grayne had caused to be packed over forty miles of trail that his sister might find it awaiting her. Julie scanned the sheets of music on the rack. Some of them she knew. One that she did not know she studied intently. "Do you sing these at home?" she asked.

"Sometimes," Nora Grayne said. With perception that the girl had a desire to hear of the older lands, and, perhaps, with the thought of the sharpness of the weapon by which she might strike, Nora Grayne began to talk of her life in Connaught. It was a pleasant picture that she painted, a background of soft beauty before which moved fine-souled men and lovely women, men like Stephen Crews, Julie translated them, and women like Nora Grayne. The girl listened in tranced attention while the soft voice ran on in recollections of the charm of home places and home people. "And the memory I love best of all," Nora Grayne ended, smiling at Julie over the silver tea-urn "is the thought of walking home sometimes in the dusk and seeing the soft lights of the lamps shining out through the windows. Isn't it sweet to remember?"

Julie Lecour arose from the piano. "The only home I ever had," she said, every word striking with the clang of a hammer on its anvil, "was an orphan asylum in Montreal. I was sent out to work from there. I starved for two years while I slaved at dressmaking. The last gown I made was a wedding-gown for the girl who married the man who'd been telling me he loved me. I went out on the road with a travelling show. I was in North Bay when the rush to Cobalt came through. I've been drifting around the North Country since then from one camp to another, singing and dancing. Home?" She laughed. "This is the only real home I've ever been in!"

She faced Nora Grayne defiantly, but Nora Grayne only smiled. "Well, my dear," she said, the princess patronizing the peasant, "you've had what many a woman might envy. You've had liberty and you've had love."

"Love!" the girl flamed.

"Love. For I know one man who loves you now." Some thrill in her voice told Julie Lecour that her wild guess had been right, that Nora Grayne loved Stephen Crews. Steadily she gazed at the other woman in the certain knowledge that beneath the surface of their lives they were

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fighting a world-old duel. To her, as to the people from whom Stephen Crews had come—to whom he would one day desire to return—Nora Grayne was the good woman of home and motherhood, ungraces to make life serene, all the charm to make life companionable. To herself, Julie of the asylum, of the travelling shows, of the camp revels, had been given but the power of the storm to rouse, to

"What are you going to do with him, Julie?"—Page 206.

touched even by her descent among the gardens of modern theories of womanhood. To her Nora Grayne was the girl whom Stephen Crews would have chosen had he not met Julie of the highroad, as the old Frenchmen of Ville Marie called her. To Nora Grayne had been given all the thrill, to sweep over, to blast the lives of men. From the depths of her knowledge she spoke to the other woman who loved the bright-eyed boy from the Cotswolds.

"All men aren't the same," she said, "but all men who love one woman love her in the same way. If I ever find a man

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who loves me as he'd love you, I'd—I'd die for him!"

"I believe," said Nora Grayne, "that you could find him—almost at hand." She moved around the teacups with long, slender, ring-laden fingers. "I wonder," she said, "if you and I mean the same emotion when we speak of love? When I say love, I mean that high spiritual relationship that must exalt men and women, that fire that must burn out all lesser thought. Love should be the sublimation of congeniality," she went on, not looking at the girl beside the piano; "something beyond friendship, something above passion. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Julie.

As she walked over the Track to the hotel she pondered Nora Grayne's words and Nora Grayne's motive in speaking them, wondering dully if they were truth. If they were true, Radleigh was right. She was cheating Stephen Crews, for she could never give to him the congeniality of heart, and mind, and soul that Nora Grayne declared the perfect love. The little lights of the houses clustered around the mines, tiny homes set in the forest, brought to her remembrance of the other woman's description of her own home in the twilight. So must Stephen Crews's home appear to those who came to it through the dusk. To that home his dreams would always return, taking him from her in some time to come. She fought back the tears that rushed to her eyes as she came in sight of town.

When she found Stephen waiting for her after she had ended her songs at the Little Nugget Dance Hall she greeted him with almost lethargic indifference. The boy, thinking to dispel her gloom of mood, tried to discover its motive in dissatisfaction with her way of life. "Marry me, Julie," he pleaded, "and we'll have a home."

"What sort of home would you choose if you could have everything you wanted?" she asked him.

The query flung him into the groove of old imaginings. As well as he might he drew for her another such picture as Nora Grayne had painted. "I thought so," she said when he had done. "I guess I'll stay at the hotel awhile."

The power of curiosity, however, impelled her to acceptance of the invitation that Nora Grayne brought to her the next morning. "I'm alone," she came to the hotel to say, "and my brother'll be gone a fortnight. Won't you come out to the mines with me?" Julie hesitated over the idea for a little while, then, possibly with the thought that association with the other woman might veneer her with the grace she wished to attain, went with Nora.

Crews came to see her that night. His hand-clasp thanked Nora for her kindness to Julie. His eyes smiled at Nora when she moved about the room. Little by little he drifted into talk with her till Julie was left outside the circle of their interests. The intimacy of their talk, the comradeship of their friendliness, turned a knife in the wound of Julie's sensitiveness. She went out on the veranda, leaving them alone in the lamplighted room. Through the doorway she watched them, fighting back her tears so well that she was humming the song of the voyageurs when they came outdoors.

Through that week Julie grew strangely silent while she watched the growing tree of that curious root of sympathy between the man she loved and the other woman who loved him. Her sharpened power of divination assured her that neither the man nor the woman realized how firm was the spiritual need that brought them together. With the uncanny witchery of her sixth sense Julie apprehended her lover's emotions even before he awakened to understanding of them. She had known, when she came, that Nora Grayne's kindness to her was a form of devotion to Stephen, and she came to dread the time when he would understand its motive, knowing that his understanding would give to Nora his gratitude even while it took from herself his admiration. Through seven nights of watching Julie saw that Nora Grayne was of Stephen's world as decisively as she herself was without it. One night she saw that Stephen had come to the inevitable and fatal point of comparison between the two of them. All through that night she kept remembering the way that Nora and Stephen had stood together beside the piano. Daylight found her tossing rest-

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lessly. "But he loves me!" she was saying over and over.

That night Stephen Crews renewed his pleading while they drifted on the still waters of the lake. "Marry me!" he urged her.

"When we're old, and lame, and blind," she said, swinging around her banjo, "I may marry you. To-night we're young, and strong, and we are not blind. Therefore let us laugh and sing." She smiled at his annoyance as she lifted the song of the voyageurs. All through "Chante, rossignol, chante" she laughed at him. But as the canoe drifted away from the town toward the dark edges of the encircling bush she ceased from song and laughter. "I wonder," she asked Stephen, "why you don't love me as I want to be loved?"

"But I do love you," he said, "and I've never loved another woman."

"Do you sing these at home?" she asked.—Page 208.

"Not yet," she said, "but one day you will. Do you know that you've never told me anything of yourself? Nothing of your home, or your childhood, or your ambitions, or your memories do I know. All I know of you is that you love me."

"Isn't that enough?"

"I used to think that it was," she said.

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"Now I am not sure." And, though he urged her with the burning words of a boy in love in the summer-time of the North Country, she shrugged him off and went back to her gay songs. For Julie Lecour of the highroad, Julie of the waifs, was fighting the battle of her soul, chanting as she went, as had the Crusaders out of the Old France of her people. In the course of her wild days she had loved many men, from the man of Montreal, who had stirred her womanhood, to Radleigh, whom she had loved so well that she spurned him for the dross in his desire. But she had loved none of them with the longing and the tenderness, the pride and the joy, that she gave to the boy from the Cotswolds, who was giving to her the love of his youth. Because she loved him as she had cared for no other, Julie Lecour climbed through the bracken of suffering to the peak of vision where she might look on the bright plain of his life. Seeing its quiet valleys, its peaceful rivers, its straight roads, she saw herself an alien there. Nora Grayne's teachings were bearing their fruit. For the first time in her life Julie Lecour saw herself as the world, that was Stephen Crews's world, saw her. Being Julie, she sang a pæan to the nightingale as she struggled through Gethsemane. Only Radleigh, passing the Wellston after she had said good night to Crews and seeing her alone on the veranda, guessed her secret.

"Why don't you marry him?" he asked her abruptly when he had come beside her.

"Who knows but what I shall? And you'll dance at my wedding, yes?"

He turned away with a look of pain that hurt the girl. For the next week she avoided him as well as Crews, losing herself day after day in long rambles along paths that ran from the Wallaby Track. Sometimes at night her song would lure Stephen out on some lonely way, but she herself evaded his chase. One night he went to the mines, not in the hope of finding Julie as much as in the desire for Nora's presence and the peace it brought to him. In the darkness of the veranda he almost stumbled over Julie. "I'm waiting for the moon to rise," she told him. He took his place on a chair beside her. In a little time Nora Grayne came out. The three of them stayed strangely silent as the great orb of the September moon gleamed through the trunks of the pines, lifting its silver splendor to the wide sky above the tree tops. When the moonlight was flooding the clearing with white radiance, a memory of the night when they had met at the Frederick House River camp roused Crews. "Sing the nightingale song, Julie," he urged her; "the one you sang that night in June." "Chante, rossignol, chante," he hummed for her leading. "I'll get the banjo."

"I don't want it," she said. "I'll sing another song of another nightingale." She flung back her dark head against the pillar of the porch, then began to sing softly on the insistent note of a minor key:

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long."

As she sang, her voice lifting slowly, splendidly to the moon, Julie Lecour saw the passion of homesickness sweep over Stephen Crews's face. All his love of the land he had left behind, that part of his life whose pages he had never opened for her reading, flashed over the boy's mobile countenance as she went on:

"In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song."

All the memories of home, all the sacred recollections of the youth he was leaving behind, all the little, beloved things of the heart, drifted the clouds of their passing over the light that had gleamed in Stephen's eyes. Julie Lecour, artist of the dance-halls, with no wealth in the world but God's golden gift of a voice, saw in the eyes of the man she loved all the barriers of race, of birth, of spirit, of soul that kept them apart. Knowing that every word she sang was driving into the man's mind the knowledge that she had held since she had come to Nora Grayne's, the certainty that their ways of life must lie apart if his life were to be what he would wish for it, she sent her voice soaring in Moore's immortal ballad:

"That bower and that music I never forget,
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,

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I think, Is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?"

She saw Stephen Crews's hand fold over Nora's. With the old sixth sense she knew that the inevitable had happened, that in his hurt, his loneliness of soul, he had sought the woman of his own people. Their land of home was by Bendemeer's stream, a quiet land, a land of roses. Some day they would return to it. Waiting that day, they would cherish the memory of it and the hope of it—together. A bitter laugh rose in Julie's throat at the thought that her song had revealed them to each other. Their hands had fallen apart, but the girl on the step below them knew that their souls had met on the road of her singing. A long time she stared at the rim of the pines beneath the September moon. Then, with no word, she went from them into the night.

Radleigh, going to a mine beyond Porcupine Lake, met her at dawn upon the dock. Her banjo was slung over her shoulder, her pack lay at her feet. "You're not going away?" he asked her. She flung back her red-capped head with the old audacity, but Radleigh saw that she was strangely weary.

"Why not?" she said. "Life's a road."

"Yes," he said slowly, wondering what circumstance had hastened upon her the decision of departure and the philosophy of living. "Life's a sort of Wallaby Track, I think, a road through the bush to the gold-fields."

A new sadness in his voice brought Julie's attention to him. She watched him consideringly a moment. Then, as he turned to face her in the gray of the early morning, they threw aside their armor. "Tell me," she said, "do you believe that, no matter how you stumble or go off the line, you'll come out right in the end, if you only keep on the Track?"

"I believe just that, Julie," he said.

"I want you to know," she said, "that I'm keeping on the road—as straight as I can."

"I've always known that," he said humbly. "I made only one mistake about you, my dear. I'll never make it again."

She stepped down into the gasolene-launch that the greasy boatman had made ready. "I suppose," she said whimsically, "that we're only saying *au revoir?* You and I will be in the next gold rush, wherever it'll be, but the others who came with us won't be there. They'll be back in the old country, back home, they call it. You see," she said, holding out her hand, "that I didn't care for him?"

"I see," said Radleigh.

He lifted his broad-brimmed hat in farewell to her as the boat shot out from the dock, cleaving the dark waters toward Golden City. As he stepped into his own canoe he saw a scarlet tanager dart against the blackness of the bush. He watched it till it flew over the town toward the Track. Then he turned his gaze toward the little boat where the flash of Julie's cap blazed. "God made you both," he thought, "to be just as you are." For a long time the only man who loved Julie Lecour in the way that she wished to be loved watched the tiny speck of scarlet. Then, with the sunrise in his eyes, he went to his work of the day.

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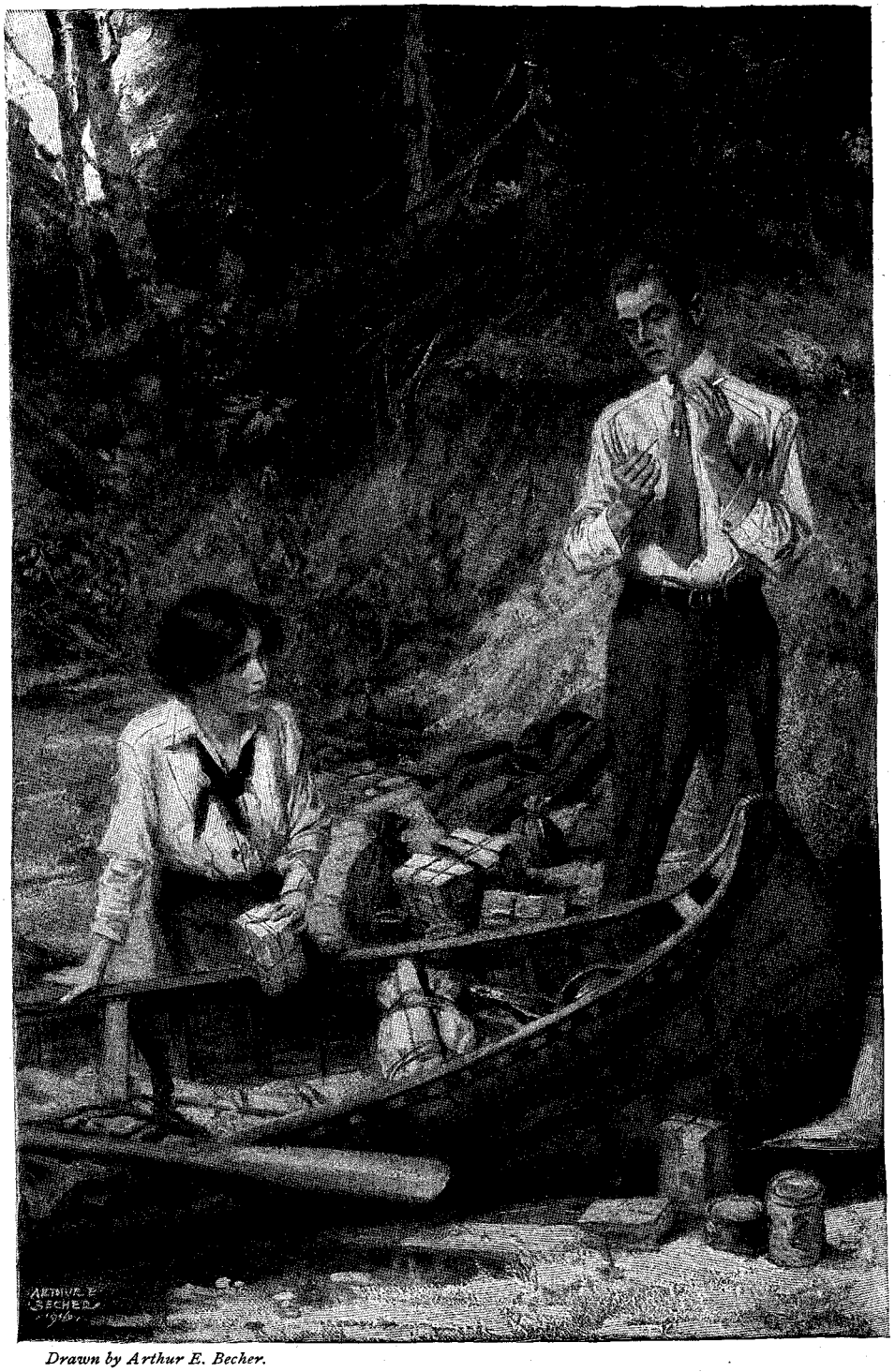

Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

"Is it good?" she asked, when he had inhaled the first deep breath.—Page 217.

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STRANDED IN ARCADY

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

V

A SECRET FOR ONE

PRIME awoke unrefreshed at the moment when the morning sun was beginning to gild the tops of the highest trees, to find his campmate up and busying herself housewifely over the breakfast fire.

"You looked so utterly tired and worn out I thought I'd let you sleep as long as you could," she offered. "Are you feeling any better this morning?"

"I'm not sick," he protested, wincing a little in spite of himself in deference to the stiffened thews and sinews.

"You mustn't be," she argued cheerfully. "To-day is the day when we must go back a few thousand years and become Stone-Age people."

"Meaning that the provisions will be gone?"

"Yes."

"There are rabbits," he asserted. "I saw two of them yesterday. Does the domestic-science course include the cooking of rabbits *au voyageur?*"

"It is going to include the cooking of anything we can find to cook. Does the literary course include the catching of rabbits with one's bare hands?"

"It includes an imagination which is better than the possession of many traps and weapons," he jested. "I feel it in my bones that we are not going to starve."

"Let us be thankful to your bones," she returned gayly, and at this Prime felt the grisly night and its horrors withdrawing a little way.

There was more of the cheerful badinage to enliven the scanty breakfast, but there was pathos in the air when Prime felt for his cigarette-papers and mechanically opened his empty tobacco-pouch.

"You poor man!" she cooed, pitying him. "What will you do now?"

Prime had a thought which was only partly regretful. He might have searched in the pockets of the dead men for more tobacco, but it had not occurred to him at the time. He dismissed the thought and came back to the playing of his part in the secret for one.

"The lack of tobacco is a small consideration, when there is so much else at stake," he maintained. "If the Grider guess is the right one, it is evident that something has turned up to tangle it. Unscrupulous as he is in the matter of idiotic jokes, I know him well enough to be sure that he wouldn't leave us here to famish. He is only an amateur aviator, and it is quite within the possibilities that he has wrecked himself somewhere. It seems to me that we ought to take this river for a guide and push on for ourselves. Doesn't it appeal that way to you?"

"If we only had a boat of some kind," she sighed. "But even then we couldn't push very far without something to eat."

It was time to usher in the glad surprise, and Prime began to gather up the breakfast leavings. "We'll go over and have a look at the river, anyway," he suggested, and a few minutes later he had led the way across the point of land, and had heard the young woman's cry of delight and relief when she discovered the stranded canoe.

"You knew about this all the time," was her reproachful accusation. "You were over here last night. That is why you had the prophetic bones a little while ago. Why didn't you tell me before?"

He grinned. "At the moment you seemed cheerful enough without the addition of the good news. Do you know what is in that canoe?"

"No."

"Things to eat," he avouched solemnly; "lots of them! More than we could eat in a month."

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "Stranded in Arcady" appears on page 5 of the Advertising pages.

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"But they are not ours," she objected.

"No matter; we are going to eat them just the same."

"You mean that we can hire the owners to take us out of this wilderness? Have you any money?"

"Plenty of it," he boasted, chinking the buckskin bag in his pocket, the finding of which he had, up to this moment, entirely forgotten.

"But where are the owners? I don't see any camp."

"That is one reason why I didn't tell you last night. I found the canoe, but I didn't find anything that looked—er—like a camp."

"Then we shall have to sit down patiently and wait until they come back. They wouldn't go very far away and leave a loaded canoe alone like this, would they?"

Prime gave a furtive side glance at the shadowy pool in the eddy. Truly the canoe-owners had not gone very far, but it was quite far enough. If he could have framed any reasonable excuse for it, he would have urged the immediate borrowing of the canoe, and an equally immediate departure from the spot of grisly associations. Indeed, he did go so far as to suggest it, and was brought up standing, as he more than half-expected to be, against Miss Millington's conscience.

"Why, certainly we couldn't do anything like that!" she protested. "It would be highway robbery! We must wait until they return. Surely they won't be gone very long."

There was no help for it except in telling her the shocking truth, and Prime was not equal to that. So he reconciled himself as best he could to the enforced delay, hoping that the tender conscience would not demand too much time.

Almost at once the owner of the conscience suggested that they make a round through the adjoining forest in an attempt to discover the camp of the missing men. Prime acceded cheerfully enough, though he was impatient to examine the canoe-load, in which he was hoping there might prove to be a supply of tobacco. For the better part of the forenoon they quartered the forest around and about between the river and the lake in widening circles, missing nothing but the glade of horrors, which Prime took good care to avoid. At noon they came back to the canoe landing and made a frugal meal on the remains of their own store of food.

"We are too punctiliously foolish," Prime declared when the second meal without its tobacco aftermath had been endured. "You say we are obliged to wait, and in that case we shall have to borrow, sooner or later. I don't see any reason why we shouldn't begin it now. We can explain everything, you know; and, besides, I have money with which to pay for what we take."

"But your money isn't Canadian money," was the ready objection voiced by the tender conscience.

Prime's laugh did not ring quite true. "That is where you are mistaken," he retorted. "It is good English gold, in sovereigns."

If the young woman were surprised to learn that a man who had expected to motor out of Canada in a day or two at the most had supplied himself with a stock of English sovereigns, she did not question the fact. But for fear she might, Prime went on hastily.

"I always like to be prepared for all kinds of emergencies when I leave home, and this time I wasn't sure just where I was going to bring up, you know—after Grider had changed his mind as to our starting-point."

The evasion served its purpose, and the young woman assented to an immediate examination of the canoe-load. Prime helped her down the steep bank, and they began to rummage, spreading their findings out on the little beach. As Prime had intimated, there was a liberal stock of provisions—jerked deer-meat, smoke-cured bacon, flour, meal, salt, baking-powder, tea, and sugar, but no coffee, a few tins of vegetables, a small sack of potatoes, and, last but not least, a canvas-covered mass of something which they decided was pemmican.

Rummaging further, the precious tobacco came to light—two huge twists of it hidden in the centre of one of the two remaining blanket rolls. Prime stopped right where he was, crumbled a bit of the dried leaf in his hands, and made a ciga-

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rette, his companion looking on with a little lip-curl which might have been of derision or merely of amusement.

"Is it good?" she asked, when he had inhaled the first deep breath.

"It's vile!" he returned. "At the same time, it is so much better than nothing that I could do a Highland fling for pure joy. Take my advice, Miss Millington, and never become a slave to the tobacco habit."

"'Miss Millington,'" she repeated, half musingly. "Doesn't that strike you as being a trifle absurd at this distance from a drawing-room?"

"It surely does," he admitted frankly; "and so, for that matter, does 'Mr. Prime.'"

She looked up at him with a charming little grimace.

"I'll concede the 'Lucetta' if you will concede the 'Donald.'"

"It's a go," he laughed. "It is the last of the conventions, and we'll tell it good-by without a whimper." With the goodly array of foodstuff spread out upon the sand, and with his back carefully turned upon the pool of dread, he felt that he could afford to be light-hearted.

There was only a little more of the rummaging to be done. A canvas-covered roll unlashed from its place beneath a canoe-stay proved to be a square of duck large enough to make a small sleeping-tent. Inside of this roll there was an ample stock of cartridges for the two repeating rifles lying cased in their canvas covers in the bottom of the boat, and an Indian-tanned deer-skin used as a wrapping for the ammunition. With the guns there was a serviceable woodsman's axe. In the bow, where Prime had dropped the two savage-looking hunting-knives, there were a few utensils: a tea-pot, a camper's skillet large enough to be worth while, tin cup and plates, an empty whiskey bottle, and a basin—the latter presumably for the dough-mixing.

After they had their findings lying on the sand the tender conscience came in play again, and nothing would do but everything must be put back just as they had found it, Prime drawing the line, however, at a portion of the tobacco and enough of the food to serve for supper and breakfast. During the remainder of the afternoon they left the canoe-load undisturbed, but when evening came Prime borrowed the basin, the cups, plates, and the larger skillet. Farther along he borrowed the canvas roll and the axe and set up the tiny sleeping-tent, placing it so that Lucetta, if she were so minded, could see the fire.

Just before she retired the young woman made a generous protest.

"You mustn't do all the borrowing for me," she insisted. "Go right down there and get one of those blanket rolls for yourself. I shan't sleep a wink if you don't."

The next morning there were more speculations, on the young woman's part, as to the whereabouts of the canoe-owners, with much wonderment at their protracted absence and the singular abandonment of their entire outfit, even to the weapons. Whereat Prime invented all sorts of theories to account for this curious state of affairs, all of them much more ingenious than plausible.

For himself, the mystery was scarcely less unexplainable. Why two men, evidently outfitted for a long journey, should stop by the way, build five fires that were plainly not camp-fires, and then fall to and fight each other to death over a bag of English sovereigns, were puzzles that he did not attempt to solve in his own behalf. It was enough that the facts had befallen, and that the net result for a pair of helpless castaways was a well-stocked canoe which Lucetta's acid-proof honesty was still preventing them from appropriating.

After a breakfast served with the garnishings afforded by the Heaven-sent supplies, Prime uncased the two rifles and looked them over. They were United States products of an early edition, but were apparently serviceable and in good order. In the canvas case of one of the guns there was a packet of fish lines and hooks. At Lucetta's suggestion a few shots were fired as a signal for the lost canoe-owners. Nothing coming of this, they tried a little target practice, selecting the largest tree in sight for a mark, and both missing it with monotonous regularity. Later in the day Prime brought the talk around by degrees to the expediencies. How much of the present good

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weather must they waste in waiting for the hypothetical return of the absentees? Perhaps some accident had happened; perhaps the absentees would never turn up. Who could tell?

Domestic Science, with gymnasium-teaching on the side, fought the suggestion to which all this pointed. They had no manner of right to take the canoe and its belongings without the consent of the owners. What was the hurry? By waiting they would be sure to obtain the help they were needing, and another day or two must certainly end the suspense.

Prime went as far as he could without telling the shocking truth. With the dead men's pool so near at hand he was shudderingly anxious to be gone, but the young woman's logic was unanswerable and the delay was extended. A single small advance marked this second day. Along toward evening Prime unloaded the canoe, and together they made a few heroic attempts to acquire the art of paddling. It was apparently a lost art so far as they were concerned. The big birch-bark, lightened of its load, did everything but what it was expected to do, yawing and careening under the unskilful handling in a most disconcerting manner.

"If I could only rig up some way to row the thing!" Prime exclaimed, when they had contrived to drift and seesaw half a mile or more down the almost currentless first reach of the stream.

"You couldn't," asserted the more practical young woman. "The sides are as thin as paper, and they wouldn't hold rowlocks if you could make them. Besides, who ever heard of rowing a birch-bark canoe?"

"Somebody will hear of it, if I ever live to work this vacation trip of ours into a story— No, no; paddle the other way! We want to turn around and go back!"

They got the hang of it a little better after a while, the young woman catching the knack first; and after much labor they won back to their camping-place on the small peninsula. Over the evening fire Prime unwrapped the deerskin they had found in the canvas roll.

"We shall have to have moccasins of some sort," he announced. "That flimsy boat isn't going to stand for shoes with heels on them. Does domestic science include a semester in shoemaking? I can assure you in advance that literature doesn't."

Lucetta took the leather and sat for a time regarding it thoughtfully. "No needle, no thread, no pattern," she mused. "And if we cut it and spoil it there won't be enough left for two pairs."

"If you have an idea, try it; I'll stand the expense of the leather," chuckled Prime, with large liberality.

But now the young woman was hesitating on another score.

"This leather belongs to the owners of the canoe; I don't know that we have any right to cut it," she objected.

Prime was tempted to say things objurgatory of these phantom owners who would not down, but he didn't. Every fresh reference to the two dead men gave him an impulse to glance over his shoulder at the silent pool in the eddy, and the longer the thing went on the less able he was to control the prompting.

"You forget that we are able to pay for all damages," was what he really did say, and at that the young woman removed a shoe, placed a neatly stockinged foot on the skin and marked around it with a bit of charcoal taken from the fire, leaving a generous margin. Borrowing Prime's pocket-knife she cut to the line, made tiny buttonholes all around the piece, and threaded them with a drawing-string made of the soft leather.

"You've got it!" exclaimed the unskilled one in open-eyed admiration, after the one-piece slipper was fashioned and tried on. "You are a wonder! I shouldn't have thought of that in a month of Sundays. It's capital!"

There was enough material in the single skin to make the two pairs, with something left over, and Prime put his on at once with a sigh of relief born of the grateful chance to get rid of the civilized shoes. Past that there was more talk about the ever-thickening mysteries, and again Lucetta refused to accept the Grider explanation, while Prime clung to it simply because he could not invent any other. Yet it was borne in upon him that the mystery was edging away from the Grider hypothesis in spite of all he could do.

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There was nothing to connect the two canoe men, fighting over the purse of gold, with Grider, or with the abduction of a school-teacher and a writer of stories; yet there were pointings here, too, if one might read them. Why were the five fires lighted in the glade unless it were for a signal of some sort? Prime wished from the bottom of his heart that he could set the keen mentality of his companion at work on this latest phase of the mystery, but with the dead men lying stiff and still at the bottom of their pool less than a stone's throw away his courage failed him and his lips were sealed.

VI

CANOEDLINGS

On the fifth morning—their third at the peninsula camp—Prime registered a solemn vow to make this the last day of the entirely unnecessary delay. More and more he was tormented by the fear that the dead men might escape from their weightings and rise to become a menace to Lucetta's sanity or his own; and, though he had been given the best possible proof that his companion was above reproach in the matter of calm courage and freedom from hysteria, he meant to take no chances—for her or for himself.

At his suggestion they began the day by making another essay at the paddling, embarking in the emptied canoe shortly after breakfast. Gaining a little facility after an hour or so, they headed the birch-bark down-stream past the point which they had reached the previous afternoon, and soon found themselves in a quickening current. Prime, kneeling in the bow, gave the word, and Lucetta obeyed it.

"We'll try the quick water," he flung back to her. "We'll have to have the experience, and we had better get it with the empty canoe, rather than with the load."

This seemed logical, but it led to results. In a short time the shores grew rocky and there was no safe place to land. Moreover, the little river was now running so swiftly that they were afraid to try to turn around. Rapid after rapid was passed in vain struggles to stop the triumphal progress, and if the canoe's lading had been aboard, Prime would have been entirely happy, since every rapid they shot was taking them farther away from the scene of the tragedy. But the lading was not aboard.

"We've got to do something to head off this runaway!" the bowman shouted back over his shoulder in one of the quieter raceways. "We're leaving our commissary behind."

"Anything you say," chimed in the steerswoman from the stern of the dancing runaway. "My knees are getting awfully tired, but I can stand it as long as you can."

"That is the trouble," Prime called back. "We're staying with it too long. The next pool we come to, you paddle like mad, all on one side, and I'll do the same. We've simply *got* to turn around!"

The manœuvre worked like a charm. A succession of the eddy-pools came rushing up from down-stream, and in the third of them they contrived to get the birch-bark reversed and pointed up-stream. Then it suddenly occurred to the young woman that they had had their trouble for nothing; that the same end might have been gained if they had merely turned themselves around and faced the other way. Her shriek of laughter made Prime stop paddling for the moment.

"I need a guardian—we both need guardians!" he snorted, when she told him what she was laughing at, and then they dug their paddles in a frantic effort to stem the swift current.

It was no go—less than no go. In spite of all they could do the birch-bark refused to be driven up-stream. What was worse, it began to drift backward, slowly at first, but presently at a pace which made them quickly turn to face the other way lest they be smashed in a rapid. A mile or more fled to the rear before they could take breath, and two more rapids were passed, up which Prime knew they could never force the canoe with any skill they possessed or were likely to acquire.

Taking advantage of the next lull in the unmanageable flight, he shouted again.

"We'll have to go ashore! We are getting so far away now that we shall

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never get back. You're steering: try it in the next quiet place we come to, and I'll do all I can to help."

The "next quiet place" proved to be a full half-mile farther along, and they had a dozen hair-breadth escapes in more of the quick stretches before they reached it. Prime lived years in moments in the swifter rushes. Knowing his own helplessness in the water, he was in deadly fear of a capsize, not from any unmanly dread of death but because he had a vivid and unnerving picture of Lucetta's predicament if she should escape and be left alone and helpless in the heart of the forest wilderness. He drew his first good breath after the runaway canoe had been safely beached on the shore of an eddy and they had tottered carefully out of it to drag it still higher upon the shelving bank.

"My heavens!" he panted, throwing himself down to gasp at leisure. "I wouldn't go through that again for a farm in Paradise! Weren't you scared stiff?"

"I certainly was," was the frank admission. The young woman had taken her characteristic attitude, sitting down with her chin propped in her hands.

"But, just the same, you didn't forget to paddle!" Prime exulted. "You are a comrade, right, Lucetta! It's a thousand pities you aren't a man!"

"Isn't it?" she murmured, without turning her head.

"Do you know—I was simply paralyzed at the thought of what would happen if we should upset—not so much at the thought of what would be certain to happen to me, but on your account."

"The protective instinct," she remarked; "it is like a good many other things which we have outgrown—or are outgrowing—quite useless, but stubbornly persistent."

"You mean that you don't need it?"

"I haven't needed it yet, have I?"

"No," he admitted soberly. "So far, you have had the nerve, and more than your share of the physique."

"I have had better training, perhaps," she offered, as if willing to make it easier for him. "A little farther along you will begin to develop, while I shall stand still."

But Prime would not let it rest at that. "I have always maintained that most women have a finer nerve, and finer courage, than most men; I am speaking now of the civilized average. You are proving my theory, and I owe you something. But to get back to things present; doesn't it occur to you that we have gotten ourselves into a rather awkward mess?"

"It does, indeed. We must be miles from anything to eat, and if you know of any way to take this canoe up-stream I wish you would tell me; I don't."

"It will be by main strength and awkwardness, as the Irishman played the cornet, if we do it at all," Prime decided.

"And if, in the meantime, the owners come back and find it gone——"

Prime got up stiffly. "I have a feeling that they haven't come back yet, and it is growing fast into a feeling that they are not going to come back at all. Shall we try a towing stunt?"

They tried it, though they had no tow-line and were reduced to the necessity of dragging the canoe along in the shallows, each with a hand on the gunwale. This did not answer very well, and after fighting for a half-hour in the first of the rapids and getting thoroughly wet and bedraggled they had to give it up and reverse the process, letting the birch-bark drift down to the safe dockage again.

While they were resting from their labors, and the hampered half of the towing squad was wringing the water from her skirts, Prime looked at his watch.

"Heavens and earth!" he exclaimed. "It is noon already! I thought I was beginning to feel that way inside. Why didn't we have sense enough to take a bite along with us when we left camp this morning?"

"Oh, if you are going into the whys, why didn't we have sense enough to know that we couldn't handle the canoe? How far have we come?"

Prime shook his head. "You couldn't prove it by me. A part of the time it seemed to me that we were bettering a mile a minute." He got up and hobbled back and forth on the little beach to work the canoe-cramp out of his knees. "It looks to me as if we are up against it good and hard; the canoe is here, and the dunnage is up yonder. Which do we do: carry the canoe to the dunnage, or the dunnage to the canoe? It's a heav-

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enly choice either way around. What do you say?"

Lucetta voted at once for the canoe-carrying, if it were at all possible. So much, she said, they owed to the owners, who had every right to expect to find their property where they had left it. Again Prime was tempted to say hard things about the ghosts which so stubbornly refused to be laid, and again he denied himself.

"The canoe it is," he responded grimly, but by the time they had dragged the light but unwieldy craft out of the water and part way up the bank they were convinced that the other alternative was the only one. A short portage they might have made, or possibly a long one, if they had known enough to turn the birch-bark bottom-side up and carry it on their heads *voyageur*-fashion. But they still had this to learn.

"It's a frost," was Prime's decision after they had tugged and stumbled a little way with the clumsy burden knocking at their legs. "The mountain won't go to Mohammed—that much is perfectly plain. Are you game for a long portage with the camp outfit? It seems to be the only thing there is left for us to do."

The young woman was game, and since they were on the wrong side of the river they put the canoe into the water again and paddled to the other side, leaving the birch-bark drawn out upon the bank of the eddy-pool. From that they went on, hunger urging them and the water-softened moccasins holding them back and making them pick their way like children in the first few days of the bare-foot season. The distance proved to be about three miles and they made it in something over an hour. The embers of their morning fire were still alive, and the belated midday meal was quickly cooked and despatched.

"Now for the hard part of it," Prime announced, as he began to pack the camp outfit. "You sit right still and rest, and I'll get things ready for the tote."

"Then you have determined to ride rough-shod over the rights of the people who own the things?" the young woman asked.

Prime turned his back deliberately upon the pool of dread.

"Necessity knows no law, and we can't stay here forever waiting for something to turn up. Somebody has given us a strong-hand deal, for what reason God only knows, and we've got to fight out of it the best way we can. We'll take these things, and we are willing to pay for them if anybody should ask us to; but in any event we are going to take them, because it is a matter of life and death to us. I'll shoulder all the responsibility, moral and otherwise."

She laughed a little at this. "More of the protective instinct? I can't allow that—my conscience is my own. But I suppose you are right. There doesn't seem to be anything else to do. And you needn't fit all of those packs to your own back; I propose to carry my share."

He protested at that, and learned one more thing about Lucetta Millington: up to a certain point she was as docile and leadable as the woman of the Stone Age is supposed to have been, and beyond that she was adamant.

"You said a little while ago it was a pity I wasn't a man: it is the woman's part nowadays to ask no odds. Will you try to remember that?"

Here was a hint of a brand-new Lucetta, and Prime wondered how he had contrived to live twenty-eight years in a world of women only to be brought in contact for the first time with the real, simon-pure article in the heart of a Canadian wilderness. Nevertheless he took her at her word and made a small pack for her, with a carrying-strap cut from the remains of the deerskin. At the very best the portage promised to demand three trips, which was appalling.

It was well past the middle of the afternoon when they reached the canoe at the end of the first carry. The three-mile trudge had been made in silence, neither of the amateur carriers having breath to spare for talk. Since they had the tent and one of the blanket-rolls and sufficient food, Prime was for putting off the remaining double carry to another day, but again Lucetta was adamant.

"If we do that we shall lose all day to-morrow," was the form her protest took; "and now that we have started we had better keep on going."

"Oh, what is the frantic hurry?"

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Prime cut in. "You said your school didn't begin until September. Haven't we the entire, unspoiled summer ahead of us?"

"Clothes," she remarked briefly. "Yours may last all summer, but mine won't—not if we have to go on tramping through the woods every day."

Prime's laugh was a shout. "We'll be blanket Indians, both of us, before we get out of this. I feel that in my bones, too. But about the second carry; we'll make it if you say so. It will at least give us a good appetite for supper."

They made it, reaching the end of the six-mile doubling a short while before the late sunset. Prime was all in, down, and out, but he would not admit it until after the supper had been eaten and the shelter-tent set up over its bed of spruce-tips. Then he let go with both hands.

"I'm dog-tired, and I am not ashamed to admit it," he confessed. "But you—you look as fresh as a daisy. What are you made of—spring steel?"

"Not by any manner of means; but I wasn't going to be the first to say anything. I feel as if I were slowly ossifying. I wouldn't walk another mile to-night for a fortune."

Prime stretched himself lazily before the fire with his hands under his head. "Luckily, you don't have to. You had better turn in and get all the sleep that is coming to you. I'm going to hit the blankets after I smoke another pinch of this horrible tobacco."

As he sat up to roll the pinch a rising wind began to swish through the tree-tops. A little later there was a fitful play of lightning followed by a muttering of distant thunder.

"That means rain, and you are going to get wet," said the young woman, as she was preparing to creep under her canvas. An instant later a gusty blast came down the river, threatening to scatter the fire. Prime sprang up at once and began to take the necessary precautions against a conflagration. In the midst of the haste-making he heard his companion say: "We might drag the canoe up here and turn it over so that you could have it for a shelter."

With the fire safely banked they went together to the river's edge to carry out her suggestion. By this time the precursor blast of the shower was lashing the little river into foam, and the spray from the rapid just above them wet their faces. One glance, lightning assisted, at the little beach where they had drawn up the canoe was enough. The birch-bark was gone.

The young woman was the first to find speech. At another lightning-flash she cried out quickly:

"There it is! Don't you see it?—going down the river! The wind is blowing it away!"

Immediately they dashed off in pursuit, stumbling through the forest in darkness which, between the lightning-flashes, was like a blanketing of invisibility. The race was a short one. One flash showed them the canoe dancing down the raceway of a lower rapid, and at the next it had disappeared.

VII

ROULANT MA BOULE

At the disappearance of the canoe Prime called the halt which the black darkness was insisting upon, and they made their way back in the teeth of the storm to the camp-fire. In a few minutes the summer squall had blown itself out, with scarcely enough rain to make a drip from the trees. Weary as he was, Prime took the axe, searched until he found a pine stump, and from it hewed the material for a couple of torches. With these for light they set out doggedly down the stream in search of their lost hope.

Happily, since they were both fagged enough to drop in their tracks, the birch-bark was discovered stranded on their side of the river a hundred yards below the lower rapid. This time they ran no risks, and, though it cost them a half-hour of stumbling toil, they did not rest until they had carried the canoe around the rapid to place it high and dry in the little glade where they had made their camp.

The next morning found them plentifully stiff and sore from their strenuous exertions of the day before, but there was good cheer in the thought that thus far

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they had triumphed stoutly over difficulty and disaster.

"I feel as if I couldn't put one foot before the other, and I am sure you must be in the same condition," Prime groaned, over the second helping of fried potatoes and bacon, served in Domestic Science's best style. "Just the same, I mean to take a dose of the hair of the dog that bit me and go up after the remainder of our loot. While I am doing it you must stay here and watch the canoe, to see that it doesn't run away again. I wouldn't trust it a single minute, even on dry land."

"No," was the firm rejoinder. "You must get the sex idea out of your head once for all, Donald. It will be time enough for you to make it easy for me when I need it worse than I do now."

"Yesterday I said you were a wonder, Lucetta; to-day I rise to remark that you are two wonders, and mighty plucky ones at that."

"And to-morrow I shall be three wonders, and the next day four, and so on to infinity, I suppose," she said, laughing. "By the way, speaking of days, what day is this?"

Prime drew a notched twig from his pocket.

"Don't ever say after this that I am not the original Robinson Crusoe," he grinned. "I cut this twig the second day, just before we began the hike for the river." Then he counted up: "According to my almanac, this ought to be Monday—wash-day."

"Then yesterday was Sunday, which is why we had all our bad luck. We ought to have stayed at home and gone to church. Is it possible that we were both in Quebec no longer ago than last Tuesday night? It seems as if months had elapsed since then—months, I said, but I ought to have said ages."

"Are things changing for you so radically, then?" he asked.

"They are, indeed. And for you?"

"Yes; I guess so. For one thing I have discovered the habitat of about a million muscles that I didn't know I had; and for another——"

"Well?" she challenged, "why don't you say it?"

"I will say it. For another I have discovered the most remarkable woman that ever lived."

She laughed joyously. "See what a few days of unavoidable propinquity will do! But you are mistaken—I'm not especially remarkable. You are only doing what Mr. Grider said you ought to do—studying the female of the species at short range."

"Grider was an ass!" was the impatient rejoinder. "If I had him here I'd duck him in the river in spite of his fifty pounds excess. But this isn't getting the remainder of the dunnage. Are you quite sure you want to go along?"

"Quite sure," she returned, and once more they took the river-side trail to the stream-head.

The third carry was lighter than the others had been, and the six-mile tramp was the best possible panacea for stiffened joints and lamed muscles. By the time they had reassembled themselves and their belongings in the little glade between the rapids they were both in fine fettle, and ready to begin the real journey.

The loading of the canoe was a new thing, but in this they gave common sense a free rein. The camp stuff and provisions were made into packages with the blankets and the tent canvas for wrappings, and each package was securely lashed beneath the brace-bars of the birch-bark, so that in case of a capsize there would still be some chance for salvage. Prime's final precaution was worthy of a real woodsman. Drying the empty whiskey bottle carefully with a wisp of grass, he filled it with matches, corked it tightly, and skewered it in an inside pocket of his coat.

"You are learning," Lucetta observed; and then: "Did you get that out of a story?"

"No, indeed; I dug it up whole out of my literary imagination. If I should tumble overboard you want to be sure to save the pieces, if you ever hope to see a fire again. Are we all ready?"

Five minutes later they had taken their lives in their hands and were shooting the rapids. With the laden canoe the paddling was an entirely different proposition. Mile after mile the quick water held, with only the shortest of reaches between Scylla and Charybdis for the

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breath-catching. At first the keen strain of it keyed nerve and muscle to the snapping-point; but after a time the fine wine of peril had its due and exhilarating effect, and they shouted and laughed, calling to each other above the turmoil of the waters, gasping joyously when the spray from the white-fanged boulders slapped them in the face, and having the luck of the innocent or the drunken, since disaster held aloof and they escaped with nothing more serious than the spray wettings.

Though light-heartedness thus sat in the saddle—or knelt on the paddling-mat—prudence was not wholly banished. At noon, when they pulled out at the foot of a quiet reach to make a pot of tea, they found that they were at the head of a rapid too swift and tortuous to offer anything but certain catastrophe. While the tea water was heating Prime went ahead to reconnoitre.

"Too many chances," he reported on his return. "And, besides, the carry is only a few hundred yards. It means more hard work, but we can't afford to run the risk."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed the young woman in mock despair; "have we got to unload that canoe piece by piece, and then carry and load it all over again?"

"We shall doubtless have to do it so many times that we shall count that day lost when we are denied the opportunity," Prime laughed. "But, heaven helping us, we shall make no more three-mile portages, as we did yesterday."

The task did not seem quite so formidable after they had broken their fast. Moreover, in the repeated packings and unpackings, they were gaining facility. With the dunnage transported they were ready to attack the birch-bark, and Lucetta had an inspiration.

"Haven't I seen a picture somewhere of the old *voyageurs* carrying their canoes on their heads?" she asked.

"Why, of course!" said Prime. "Why didn't we think of that last night? I believe I could carry it that way alone. Now, then, over she goes and up she goes; you set the pace, and for pity's sake don't stumble."

Nobody stumbled, and in due time the canoe was launched below the rapids, was reloaded, and the paddling was resumed. This day, which ended in a snug camp at the foot of a stretch of slow water which had kept them paddling all the afternoon, was a fair sample of their days through the remainder of the week. Night after night, after they had been shooting rapids or making long carries, or paddling steadily through stretches where the current did not go fast enough for them, Prime found Lucetta's prophecy as to his growth coming true. Day by day he was finding himself anew, advancing by leaps and bounds, as it seemed, into a stronger and fresher and simpler manhood.

And as for the young woman—there were times when the realization that in a few hours of a single mysterious night she had passed from the world of the commonplace into a world hitherto unpictured even in her wildest imaginings, was graspable, but these moments were rare. Adaptable, even under the fetterings of the conventions, Lucetta Millington was finding herself fairly gifted now that the fetterings were removed. From childhood she had longed for an opportunity to explore the undiscovered regions of her own individuality, and now the opportunity had come. It pleased her prodigiously to find that Prime seemed not to be even remotely touched by their unchaperoned condition. From the first he had been merely the loyal comrade, and she tried consistently to meet him always upon his own ground—tried and succeeded.

On the Saturday night they found themselves at the head of a long portage, still in the heart of the wilderness, and having yet to see the first sign of any human predecessor along the pathway traced through the great forest by their little river.

"I can't understand it," Prime said that night over the camp-fire. "We have covered a good many miles since last Monday, and still we don't seem to be getting anywhere. Another thing I don't fancy is the way the river has changed its course. Have you noticed that for the last three days it has been flowing mainly northward?"

The young woman became interested at once. "I hadn't noticed it," she ad-

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mitted, and then—"Why don't you like it?"

"Because it seems a bit ominous. It may mean that we were carted clear over to the northern side of the big watershed, though that doesn't seem possible. If we were, we are going painstakingly away from civilization instead of toward it. That would account at once for the fact that we haven't come across any timber-cuttings. The northern rivers all flow into Hudson Bay."

Lucetta's gaze became abstracted. "Besides that, we are still groping in the blind alleys of the mysteries," she put in. "Have you given up the Mr. Grider idea?"

"I can't give it up wholly and save my sanity," Prime averred. "Think a minute; if we throw that away, what have we to fall back upon? Nothing, absolutely nothing! Nature abhors a vacuum, and so does the sane mind. Don't mistake me; I haven't the slightest idea that Grider let us in for any such experience as this, meaning to. But he took a chance, as every practical joker does, and the result in our case has spelled disaster. I am only hoping that it has spelled disaster for him, too, confound him!"

She smiled sweetly.

"Are you calling it disaster now? Only yesterday you said you were enjoying it. Have you changed your mind?"

"I have, and I haven't. From a purely selfish point of view, I'm having the finest kind of a vacation, and enjoying every blessed minute of it. More than that, the raggeder I grow the better I feel. It's perfectly barbarous, I know; but it is the truth. My compunctions are all vicarious. I shouldn't have had half so much fun if I had gone motoring through New England."

The young woman smiled again. "You needn't waste any of the vicarious compunctions on me. Honestly, Donald, I—I'm having the time of my life. It is the call of the wild, I suppose. I shall go back home, if I ever reach home, a perfect savage, no doubt, but the life of the humdrum will never be able to lay hold of me again, in the sense that it will possess me, as it used to."

Prime's grin was an expression of the purely primitive.

"It is a reversion to type," he asserted, getting up to arrange Lucetta's sleeping-tent. "It makes one wonder if all humanity isn't built that way; if it wouldn't go back at a gallop if it were given half a chance."

"I don't call it going back," was the quiet reply. "I feel as if I had merely dropped a large number of utterly useless hamperings. Life has never seemed so free and completely desirable before, and yet, when we have been running some of the most terrifying rapids I have felt that I could give it up without a murmur if I shouldn't prove big enough to keep it in spite of the danger. At such times I have felt that I could go out with only one big regret—the thought that I wasn't going to live long enough to find out *why* I had to be drowned in the heart of a Canadian forest."

(To be continued.)

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ARTEMIS ON LATMOS

By Amelia Josephine Burr

I CALLED him to the mountain and he came.
The valley drew him—ah, could I not see
How slowly and reluctantly at first
His feet were turned from the familiar ways?
Until I stooped to him and put aside
The dimness of his sight that hid my face;
Then he came gladly, but with arms outstretched,
Hasting with quickened breath and burning eyes,
As man to woman, but I led him still
A pace ahead, always a pace ahead
And out of reach—and so he followed me.
Now he is mine; his body lies asleep,
With every slender limb in perfect peace
Lax as a child's, and on the boyish cheek
The lashes lie unmoving; but his soul—
His soul stands up as one who puts aside
His garments at the games, to run his course
In naked beauty of unhampered strength.
So do I love thee best, Endymion!
Clad in these cast-off weeds, however fair,
Thy kisses would have made of Artemis
Only a woman. Now thou art a god,
To breathe new life upon the needy world
And look with clear, all-comprehending eyes
Through every cloud that men have made themselves,
Crying "This way!" with calm authority
And making darkness bright—even as I
Among the stars, on earth Endymion.
Ours is the commerce of immortal love—
Hearts lifted and assuaged—the hand of wrong
Palsied in act to strike—healing of pain
And quickening of poverty to hope—
Mercy in souls that knew it not, and joy
In the dulled eyes of weepers; by these things
Thou godlike dost attest thy love for me,
A goddess, and thou feelest in thy strength
My tenderness, and knowest me thine own.
Yet thou wert born a man and not a god.
Strange—had I left thee in the valley there
Thou wouldst have stayed a shepherd, rising slow
With yawns and stretchings of unwilling limbs,
And eyes too heavy to behold the dawn;
Until the fervid touch of eager noon
Kindled thy blood to human passion—nay,
How had I borne to see thee dancing then

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Among the herd-girls, thrilled by sudden sight
Of swaying arms and soft young bosoms, dazed
By some warm gust of unexpected curls
Across thine eyes? Or else, when all the world
Lay swooned in summer trance, amid the shade
Dappled with shifting splendor, heralded
By shrill sonorous music of the wood,
Pursuing the flushed ivory of some fair
Not all-elusive dryad? Squandering
Thy strength and youth and beauty, in the arms
Of what is of the earth and can endure
No longer than the earth? To watch thee grow
Heavy of foot and gnarled of hand, a churl
Deep drinking with the rest at harvest-home,
Taking to bed and board a docile mate
To give thee food and children at the will
Of thy gross thoughtless body, and at last
To see thee die, worn out, yet clinging still
To that uncomely garment stained with use
And shapeless grown with age and careless wear—
That garment men would call Endymion?
Across the starry spaces comes to me
My liberated lover's cry of joy:
"This is the better way, my love!"—and yet
That red mouth moves as to a woman's kiss,
The arm goes tensely out as if to draw
To the strong breast quick-shaken with a sigh
The dryad's yielding laughter, and the hand
Curves as about a little hand that steals
Home to its palm—a little clinging hand.
Sleep, body, sleep! Art thou Endymion?
Endymion is a god and far away.
Insensate thing, what right is thine to dream
Dreams of the valley when thy soul is gone?
Hast thou indeed a life that is thine own?
Nay, hast thou rights as well?—I pity thee.
For my Endymion shall not taste of death;
The measureless eternities are his
Wherein to spend his ever-crescent strength.
His beauty grows forever with the still
Immortal growth of the unhastening gods,
Who smile to see the worlds drop into dust,
Knowing what is to come. But what of thee,
Endymion the mortal? Thou must grow
Less beautiful, not more, as year by year
Binds leaden sandals on thy dragging feet.
The vision that beholds what men call Time
A little dancing mote which quivers down
Among a thousand others through a beam
Of light supernal, to be lost in dark—
That vision is the god's, and without end

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His time for loving, as his power for love
Without a limit. Ah, but what of thee,
Endymion the mortal? Thou canst love
Only a little, and a little while,
And in one little unexpanding way.
Earth bounds thee, as it holds thee at the last,
And if thou go unfruitful to the dust,
That is thine end. There trembles on my lips
The smile that is the weeping of the gods
To think how I have cheated thee, poor thing
Of clay; how eagerly thy hands went out
To clasp me—Artemis—a pace ahead,
Always a pace ahead and out of reach.
Poor fool, can mortal arms take Artemis?
Thou shouldst have followed Aphrodite—nay,
Flesh as thou art, thine was a nobler choice;
Thou wouldst not seek a wanton, though divine—
Thy stammering lips would woo no less than hers
Who is a virgin even to the gods.
Haply didst even think to have of me
The comfort of the hearth and hear my voice
From lips like thine cry "Father" at thy knees—
And lo, I give thee nothing but long sleep
Disquieted with dreams.

The world is still—
The heavens wheel above me where I stand
Poised between earth and sky. From far away
It seems that I can hear the sleepless hearts
Of all the cheated dreamers of the world.
The hearts that found the perfect love too late
To clasp and hold it close—those sadder hearts
Who thought to realize transcendently
Body and soul—to prison Artemis
A bride—and fared as thou, Endymion
The mortal. Bitter waste of dreams and tears!
O Father Zeus, why didst thou fashion men
Of body and of spirit if the twain
Must torture each the other evermore?
Zeus does not answer—and the skies wheel on.
Their eyes are calm with seeing overmuch,
Those stars—but I, since I am of the gods,
I grieve in vision for the pains of men.
Such waste of dreams and tears—and yet—and yet
Is it all waste? Blessed indeed is he
Who deems that he has seen God face to face.
Whether the dream be very truth or not,
Blessed is he if it be truth for him.
The heart that found the perfect love too late,
Perchance, had love been free to clasp and hold,
It had proved less than perfect. Now that heart

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Goes glorious, having seen divinity
Unveiled, a hallowed creature through the years.
And thou, my sleeper—yea, I call thee mine
Although thy dreams have never known my face.
What shall I do—shall I awaken thee
Or shall I hold thee here with poppies bound
Shut from thine earth, thine only heritage,
And leave my lover free to range the stars?

Standest thou here, Endymion the god,
With sad, sweet eyes upon me? Thou didst hear
My thought while still I locked it in my heart,
Reluctant to release it. O my love,
Zeus is our father—where he giveth life
Shall we give death? Take unto thee again
Thy cast-off garment—stooping from the god,
Endue thee with thy body. Go once more
Into the valley, to the flocks and herds,
The rustic festival, the hearth at night.
Go clothed among mankind, Endymion,
Thou who hast walked with Artemis free-limbed
Upon the heights of heaven. Thou shalt fulfil
The simple tale of thy mortality,
Thou who hast been divine. Live out thy life—
The things of earth cannot ignobly come
Ever again, my lover, unto thee.
And for the sake of her, the child of Zeus
Who gave thee godhead, thou shalt tenderly
Cherish and reverence her whom thou dost choose
To be thy wife—and thou shalt carry forth
Thy children to behold me pass on high
And teach them little songs of Artemis.
Thine earthly vesture shall conform itself
To thy true body's beauty, till at last
It fall from thee—thou hardly knowest how
Nor carest—and thou face me once again
Upon these heights, my lover and my god—
The truer god because the truer man.

I bid thee no farewell, Endymion.

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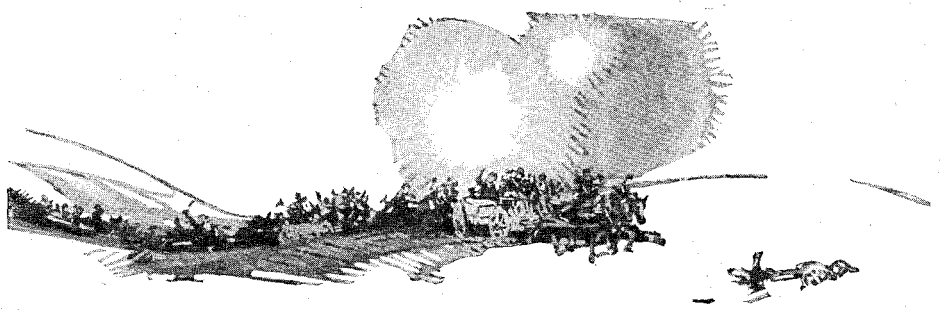

JIM

By Jay Campbell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY TOWNSEND

WHENEVER there was any excitement in chase Jim Stilton always brought forth most practical ideas. They were probably born in him; but then, too, I suppose, a man can't try his hand at every game of life, including gold-mining, banking, and laying railroad tracks in Siberia, without learning a lot about human nature and climbing out of holes. At any rate, he got it somehow.

Once he even travelled over Europe with Barnum's circus. Maybe that was where he began his French; for he spoke it, not like most Americans, who pronounce "S'il vous plaît" as if they are referring to table furniture, but clear and snappy, with all the pretty little turnings, just like a Parisian. Every now and then he would drop back into his soft drawl, and with his broad, sunny grin, his comical windmill arms and dangling legs, Jim was well-nigh irresistible for anybody.

He ought to have been rich; for everything that he touched at once began to glow with the rosy-tinted dawn of success. But Jim would always leave during the monotonous waiting for the sun to rise. He knew too well that there were good jobs waiting for him everywhere, and a comfortable little legacy from his uncle tided him over the resting-periods, which were many.

If he had a specialty, it was speeding motor-cars; but he would compromise on anything likely to produce a thrill, and it usually did, with him to stir it. Yet, in the world of excitement in which he lived, each time that anything happened he was more surprised and delighted than anybody.

I met him first one night in Boston, sitting on a bollard of the docks and scraping the mud from his smelly longshoreman's boots with an oyster-shell, while he whistled an air from "Mignon."

A year afterward he was managing a coffee plantation in Brazil.

I thought that he was settled when I discovered him later in Mexico City; for he had a fine position with an oil company and employed his leisure time making violent love to a pretty Spanish señorita, whose parents already enfolded him with such glances of possession that I thought even Jim powerless to ever wriggle out of.

As I was leaving I asked him when he was coming back to New York.

"Never!" he replied. "Never! Going to stay here rest of my life. Kindest people in the world . . . and no worries!"

Imagine my surprise when, on my arrival in Paris, during the summer of 1914,

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the very first man that I saw was Jim, legs coiled round one of the iron tables in front of the Café de la Paix, drinking some infernal grenadine mixture and looking as contented as a puppy on a fur rug.

He spied me almost as soon as I did him, and waved his arm.

"Hello!" I cried. "You still wandering? When are you coming back to God's country?"

He slowly shook his head.

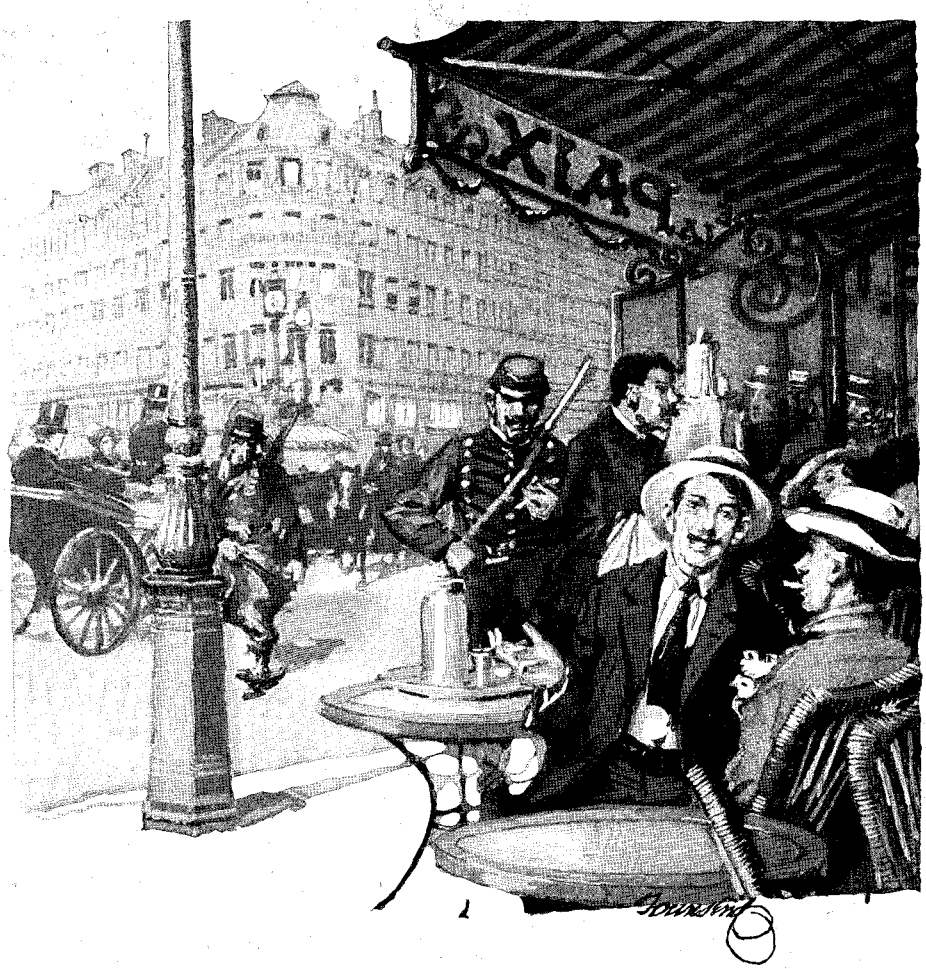
"It's here," he drawled. "Going to stay here rest of my life. Kindest people in the world . . . and no worries."

"But that's what you said about Mexico!"

"Yes, Mexico's a fine place, and it's mighty restful to put off everything till mañana; but here it's so much better. . . . Motto is: 'All right, that's what we'll do to-night!'"

Soon after the war broke out Jim disappeared, and we heard only occasional tales of his crazy antics in Belgium, where he divided his time between writing unpublishable vivid despatches for American newspapers and assisting in the escape of refugees. Once he even found time to play a practical joke on a German officer. The officer, not possessing a sense of humor, promptly had him locked up in jail for his pains, and it required the best efforts of the American minister to fish him out.

When the Germans were uncomfort-



On my arrival in Paris the very first man that I saw was Jim.—Page 230.

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And there was Jim.

ably close to Paris and every one was scrambling to get away to safety, who should bob up again there but Jim.

"What you going to do now?" I asked him.

"Same as you other brutes: feast my morbid curiosity on the sufferings of these poor people. I'm ashamed of it, though!"

It was only a day or two after his return before news came of the victory of the Marne, and everybody lined up at the Prefecture of Police armed with a long list of friends and relatives and a thousand other fictitious reasons for obtaining automobile passes, which would take him over the battle-fields.

Jim was there with us the first day; the second he turned up missing, till I, suspecting him of having found something better, left Henry Stiles to look after our interests (which he did most unsuccessfully) and gave up hunting passes to hunt for Jim.

His white-haired concierge knew nothing.

"Je ne sais pas!" she said with a despairing flaunt of her hand. "Monsieur est parti, comme toujours!"

He had not been to Henry's, and that night, after I had finished the round of all his curious haunts on the Rive Gauche, he was still missing.

Missing he remained till two nights later.

I was sitting in my room, cursing the good luck that I knew he was having, with a good many oaths directed at unconvincible police officials who had interfered with my own, when I heard a terrible commotion on the stairs.

It stamped its way up to my landing, the door banged open, and there was Jim.

His arms stuck through the sleeves of a bob-tailed tunic of the Foreign Legion, that part near the tails (or rather the lack of them) being occupied mostly by air. His red trousers and hob-nailed shoes fit him as well as anybody. His cap, too small, was perched jauntily on the side of his head. The inevitable overcoat was on his arm.

The appearance of the angel Gabriel might have affected me nearly as much.

"Damn!" I gasped.

"Damn, yourself!" grinned Jim. "Ain't I a fine-looking soldier?"

"With a foot less arms and a yard more stomach, you might fit your clothes, if that's what you mean . . . but what the . . . ?"

"No insults! Remember, I'm a soldier, and, what's more, a dangerous soldier. I'm the proud commander of a machine gun."

"Of a . . . ?"

"Machine gun! The answer to your next is Mexico. As I was about to tell

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you that I expect to be a corporal in a few days, and want to spare you any more exhausting questions, I may have forgotten to mention that I was once a colonel of Huerta's. Always have regretted leaving him too soon. If we'd held out a little longer, there might have been another ally. He never did like Germans.

"About my friends, they-'re interesting. . . . Unlimited opportunities for languages. . . . Govorite vi po russky? . . . On one side of me stands a big black negro from Madagascar; on the other a sharp-nosed Sicilian. . . . Best friend's a Russian Jew. . . . That reminds me, that low-down rascal borrowed my last sou; so please lend me two hundred francs." As, stupefied, I handed him the money, he continued:

"Other thing I came to tell you is that you are to keep a trunk for me. . . . Got to go now. . . . See the others. . . . Must be back in barracks by ten. . . . Thanks for the money. . . . See you soon."

"Trunk's with your concierge!" he yelled from the door; and a moment later I heard him clatter down the stairs.

In a week he reappeared, this time in a uniform that fit and, sure enough, with his corporal's chevrons.

A month later he departed, leaving an address, "Secteur Postal 41," and a memory which at once began to show itself in inquiries after his well-being from half the population of Paris, till I envied him more than ever.

At first I tried to write,

"I will have prisoners, mon lieutenant."—Page 235.

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"Quel farceur, que

but the fiend took such delight in sending me those printed military post-cards on which one scratches out all except his choice that finally I gave up in disgust:

NOTHING is to be written on this side except the date and signature of the sender. Sentences not required may be erased. If anything else is added the post card will be destroyed.

I am quite well.

I have been admitted into hospital.

{ *sick* / *wounded* } *and am going on well.* / *and hope to be discharged soon.*

I am being sent down to the base.

I have received your { *letter dated*_____ / *telegram* „ _____ / *parcel* „ _____ }

Letter follows at first opportunity.

I have received no letter from you { *lately.* / *for a long time.* }

Signature only. }

*Date*_____

[Postage must be prepaid on any letter or post card addressed to the sender of this card.]

After that I heard nothing.

One cold November day I was walking down the Boulevard des Italiens when I spied a fierce-looking lieutenant from the first Foreign Legion.

Somehow I always associate fierce-looking lieutenants with the Foreign Legion, which I greatly admire, and this fact, coupled with the possibility of obtaining news of Jim, proved too great a temptation.

"Pardon, monsieur," I stopped him, "but can you give me news of Corporal Stilton?"

"Caporal Stilton!" he beamed, in an attempt at English. "You are a friend of Caporal Stilton? Ah! He is magnificent, monsieur. He is in my company. But he is no longer a caporal. He was a sergeant. Now he is a sous-lieutenant. . . . But do me the honor to have a small glass with me, monsieur, in the little restaurant en face. I will tell you about Jacques Stilton."

We crossed the street, entered the restaurant, and, gasping our way through the heavy, smoke-laden atmosphere, settled down at one of the little marble-topped tables.

The waiter was sent for Italian ver-

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Jacques Stilton!"—Page 236.

mouth—"To do honor to our future allies!" said my friend prophetically. Then he tilted his chair comfortably back and reopened the subject:

"Ah, he is magnifique, Jacques Stilton! He is not one man, he is forty!"

"What has he been doing now?"

"Ah, you have it, monsieur! You have it! What has he been doing now, Jacques Stilton? Each morning we ask what has he been doing now, Jacques Stilton. And always it is something new. One day it is two prisoners. Another day it is four. And always there is a story.

"'Jacques Stilton has discovered a new germ for making boches,' say the company, 'and he has improved on nature. He makes them with their uniforms on.'

"'But why do you not make them clean, Jacques Stilton?' they ask him. 'They take too much water. Better make Frenchmen instead.'

"At first, it was so strange that I almost believed it myself, till I began to watch him.

"One day, when our trenches were very close to the Germans, less than ten meters, I saw him, who threw sandwiches into their trenches.

"'What do you?' I asked angrily, for I suspected him.

"'You can trust me, mon lieutenant,' he answered. 'I must have prisoners, and before three days I will have them.'

"The next day I saw him, who held up on a pole a loaf of bread, a loaf so beautiful that it made me hungry. He was shouting in German, which I do not understand.

"'What do you?' I asked again.

"'I will have prisoners, mon lieutenant. They are hungry.'

"That night they waked me.

"'Jacques Stilton has five new prisoners.'

"I hurried to see.

"Yes, before Jacques Stilton were five starved-looking Germans. My men were crowding around, laughing.

"'How did you get them?' I asked.

"'They were hungry, mon lieutenant.'

"'That is true,' said one of the prisoners in French. 'We were hungry. He let us taste good food. He tempted us with bread from your trenches. To-night, when we were still more hungry, he said to us: "Your supper is waiting!" It was too much. Now we have had our supper. We are content.'"

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I returned home to find myself for once anxiously awaited. —Page 237.

He paused while the waiter poured out our drinks; then, lifting his glass—

"To Jacques Stilton!" he proposed. "May he capture many more boches!"

"To Jacques Stilton!" I repeated, and to myself I added: "May he come back safe!"

When we were readjusted, and the lieutenant was wreathed in smiles and smoke caused by one of my cigars, I ventured to become inquisitive.

"What else is he doing?"

"I do not know how to answer your question, monsieur. He does so much. Always he does something, and always it is something new. I will tell you another story about him.

"One day when I was inspecting my trenches I saw Jacques Stilton, with four soldiers, entering the tunnel leading to our poste d'écoute. All had spades.

"'What is it, mes braves?' I asked.

"'We will a joke play on the boches,' answered Jacques Stilton.

"'Be careful that it shall be on the boches,' I cautioned.

"That night they brought me three prisoners, one after the other. The third was a captain—and a very furious captain.

"'I do not so much mind being captured,' he said, 'as I mind that a soldier shall drag me by the neck. You must punish him.'

"I learned that Jacques Stilton, with his spades, had dug a tunnel, and within a meter of the German poste d'écoute, had made his own. When it grew dark and the German poste was manned, each time that a sentry stuck up his head Jacques Stilton covered it with a bag, and with his long arms on the neck, dragged the sentry up, then down again into his tunnel.

"But funniest of all was one night when our trenches were in a wood.

"Jacques Stilton went out with one soldier to patrol. They came back with five prisoners. Our men had all the rifles. Jacques Stilton had also his revolver.

"'Where did you find them?' I asked Jacques Stilton.

"'They also were patrolling.'

"'How did you capture so many?'

"'I am a ventriloquist.'

"'Why did they not run away?'

"'Regard them, mon lieutenant.'

"They were all holding up their pantalon, for their belts and suspenders had been cut, also their shoe-laces.

"What would I not give to have been there! Even the boches smiled.

"Now every one cuts the suspenders and laces, even the boches, so that it is no longer amusing."

"Quel farceur, que Jacques Stilton!" he chuckled reminiscently.

Again he raised his glass. Again we drank to our absent friend, with a gravity

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that to an onlooker must have seemed strange.

As he set down his glass he started as if he had forgotten something, and jerked out his watch.

"You will excuse me, monsieur. I should like to tell more stories of Jacques Stilton, for there are many. But at four o'clock I must be at the Ministère of War, and I shall have to hurry. To-night I go back to the front.

"I will take a message to Jacques Stilton?"

"Tell him I hate him."

"Pardon, monsieur, I do not understand. Will you write it on your carte de visite?"

He stared at it a full minute before he looked up, bewildered.

"Yet I do not understand. You cannot hate him. He is too brave. Also he would smile at you; then you must love him, like all the world."

Fall turned into winter, and winter into spring, bringing no more news than a paragraph in the newspapers which stated that Sous-Lieutenant Jacques Stilton du Premier Étranger had been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for conspicuous bravery in action.

One sunny afternoon in May I returned home to find myself for once anxiously awaited. No sooner had I set foot in the entryway than the door of the concierge's lodge popped open and was immediately replaced by the bulk of the concierge, reinforced by his plump little wife and numerous budding concierges in a staring row behind him.

"Monsieur!" he stammered excitedly; "monsieur! It is already two times that one has telephoned from the Ambulance Américaine that monsieur should come there at once. I have tried to find monsieur by telephone at the restaurants, and even now the petit Jules searches!"

I knew that hospital too well to be much disturbed. All their calls were as-soon-as-possible ones. Nevertheless, I set out at once on the long trip to Neuilly, wondering whether I was to help with the new ward or whether some one of the staff was ill, so that I would be required for another siege at the sterilizer.

I had left the street-car and was negotiating the two long blocks which still separated me from the hospital, when I passed my old tailor, headed in the opposite direction, hobbling blindly along, a prey to violent grief. I wanted to call him, but, realizing the embarrassment and the impossibility of consolation, I kept on.

Farther along my surprise was further increased on passing the sobbing, voluminous figure of my tobacco merchant. She had closed her shop during the busiest part of the day!

Inside the gate I came upon the fourteen-year-old daughter of Jim's concierge, arms filled with a bunch of roses that must have cost her savings of many a day.

"Oh, monsieur! Is it not terrible!" she burst out tearfully. I knew then.

"They will not let me see him, monsieur," she sobbed, "not even for one little minute. I was afraid to cry there, and I ran away so quickly that I forgot my flowers. Will you take them to him? I will wait here to know."

His nurse slipped out of his room and closed the door behind her.

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"He's been asking for you ever since this morning, when he regained consciousness. But please don't stay longer than two minutes. There isn't much left," she concluded sadly, "yet he may have the misfortune to live."

Tucked up among the pillows there met my eyes three medals and Jim's smile.

"You old devil!" he exclaimed, feebly holding out his left arm. The stump of the right one twitched convulsively.

"You old devil!" he repeated, as fiercely as his weakened voice would permit. "Look what a job you've got! . . . Got to trundle me around rest of your life! . . . The beggars clipped my spine! . . .

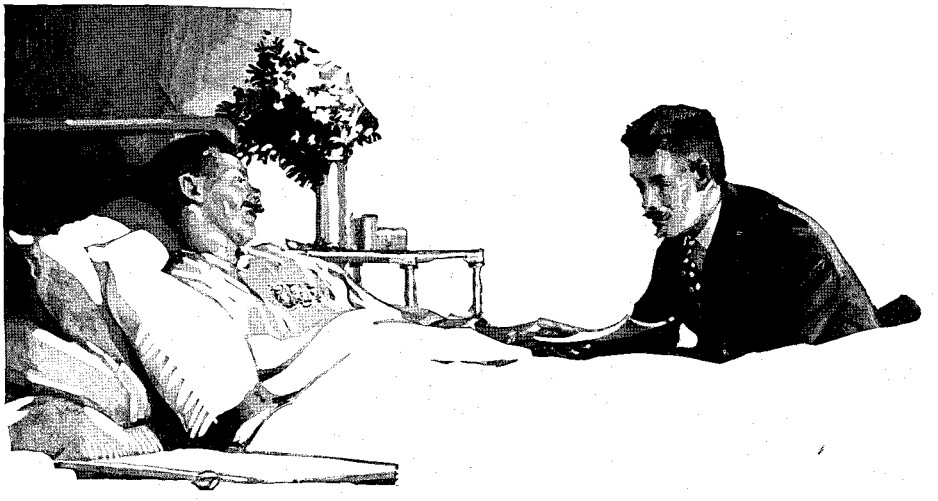
"Couldn't take these, though! (He glanced lovingly down at his medals, the full triumvirate: Croix de Guerre, Médaille Militaire, and Légion d'Honneur.) . . . But Miss Hempstead gave me only one minute. . . . Here's a check. (It was for fifty thousand francs.) . . . Had a deuce of a time signing it. . . . See, Miss Hempstead was witness! . . . Soldiering's good for the finances. . . . Give half to suffering people of our quarter. . . . Must be a lot of them by now . . . other half to orphans at Etretât. . . . Saw some on way there. . . . Haunted me ever since. . . . All papers in trunk. . . . Thank the little girl for flowers!"

He paused for a moment, gasping, then slowly held out his hand as once more he smiled up into my eyes.

"Good-by!" he said tremulously.

"Good-by!" I choked, and stumbled out of the room.

Before morning he was dead.



Three medals and Jim's smile.

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Any game creature which moves is beautiful to me when viewed along a gun-barrel.

THE GAME-BIRD OF THE FUTURE

By Henry Wysham Lanier

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

SOMETHING (I fancy it was a sonnet in sweet potatoes by black Maître Robert) had caused a momentary pause in that daily, pitiful evening occupation of trying to figure out just how that overeducated fissiparous covey by the "Big Back Swamp" had managed to get away unharmed—and why they couldn't do it again next day. My mind strayed to other aspects of the sport which had so engrossed me.

I turned to the pink-cheeked youth of eighty beside me. (He has a habit, which can only be described as "devilish," of coming home to lunch with the limit—while I am still floundering about in the "bays," forgetting the bull-briers twined lovingly around my neck and legs in an intense determination to get, somehow, the other half of that dozen birds, which I had visualized at starting as the least bag becoming a sportsman of my age and ardor.)

"How is it," I asked, "that a man like you, who hunts the whole season, can concentrate so on quail, to the exclusion of all other shooting?"

The p. c. y. fixed upon me the same expression with which he regards a late-hatched, cheeping, half-feathered interloper in a covey of hurtling January birds.

"There isn't any other kind of shooting," he remarked.

I haven't reached that pinnacle yet. Heine notes the curious fact that "of course, no woman is ugly"—and it's equally true that any game creature which moves is beautiful to me when viewed along a gun-barrel. The feel of a stock against your cheek—but analogies that start from Heine are perilous: suffice it to say that I am one of those born slaves of the magician's hollow steel wand to whom happiness consists in hearing a gun go off—with a chance of seeing something drop ahead. Yet if those superior persons who deplore the barbarism of sport,

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if these were in charge of the world, and were about to abolish all kinds of game-shooting save one, certain it is that my vote would let everything else go—yes, from caribou to jack-snipe—to save Bob-white for the sportsman.

There are a number of excellent reasons for this preference—though your true quail specialist would no more descend to them than would Falstaff. Before articulating these bones of fact, let me invoke the aid of whatever "winged words" our prose affords, to give you who are sceptical some faint sense of what Carolina quail-shooting means.

Buggies, from which peer anxious dogs, are grouped under the tall pines. —Page 241.

You are lying in that luxurious state between sleeping and waking, just conscious enough to be pervaded with the pleasant knowledge—first, that outside the open door the earth lies chill beneath a heavy rime of frost, while you relax snugly under three blankets and a comfort; and, secondly, that the world of duties and business and scurry is blotted out, while there unrolls before you a vision of thirty ecstatic days in the happy hunting-grounds.

Before this realization has lost the least of its roseate hues, a heavy tread sounds on the porch outside the bedroom; there is the thump of a log on the boards; and in the doorway appears the cheerful blackness of Uncle Isham's countenance above a huge armful of "fat" wood and pine logs.

"Mawnin', sah. Yessah, col' foh sho'," says he. "Had to brek ice to wateh de mule dis mawnin'."

He kneels before the fireplace, piles up four-foot logs on the andirons, with plenty of lightwood knots and splinters beneath, strikes a match—and in a moment the room is full of glare and resinous odor.

"Breakfas' at eight o'clock, sah," remarks Isham, departing to perform his fire rites in the other bedrooms of the bungalow.

Eight o'clock is an hour away. The flickering light and ocean-like roar from the old fireplace are hypnotizing: there is a refinement of sybaritism in lolling there and wondering if a cat-nap, while the room is warming, might not give an extra flavor to the anticipation which is going to tauten the nerves presently. But then gun and shells and shooting-clothes are to be unpacked. Still, there's no hurry—. And presently your nerves string tight, and your brain clears with a click, and you leap out of bed into a realization that you have just twenty minutes in which to get ready.

The morning sun is blazing through the vine-covered marten-box in front of the house, and the fire is so hot that you throw open a window—to lose a few more minutes in listening to a mocking-bird in the glossy green mock-orange-tree, who sings as if his name must be Franz Schubert.

On the hearth stands a great brown earthenware jug filled with water, which is now actually boiling from its nearness to that fiery furnace of pine: even shaving is a luxury under such circumstances.

The last part of the toilet, and the unpacking of gun and ammunition, are hurried by the sound of the gong for

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breakfast, served at a long table in the living-room that runs right through the bungalow. This is a light repast of fruit, broiled quail and woodcock, bacon and eggs, kidney stew, frizzled beef, hominy, corn fritters, corn bread, hot rolls, and other similar trifles, always topping the edifice with half a dozen or more buckwheat cakes and syrup, which means a third cup of the ambrosia Robert dispenses under the title of coffee.

Outside, the brilliant sun has already melted all the frost except in the shadows; guides and buggies, from which peer anxious dogs, are grouped under the tall pines back of the bungalow; everything becomes intent but unhurried preparation for the day's work. Lunch, water-bottles, gun, and shells are stowed away in the wagon; a heavy ulster goes on over canvas shooting-coat; little Di, on the floor of the buggy, is coiled up somehow so as to make room for two pairs of feet; the after-breakfast pipe sends a thread of smoke up into the still air; "Giddap, Kitty mule," says Frank; and we are off.

His tail has a ludicrous downward twist; . . . that crook brings back vividly his grandfather, "the finest hunting-dog that ever was."—Page 242.

Frozen to marble, eyes strained and eager.—Page 242.

Though we are starting on a three-pipe drive, the second dog, old Lookout, runs beside the wagon: a ten-mile jaunt is hardly sufficient to get his eagerness down to the manageable point. He trots along, every muscle showing the strain of repression; one wary eye glances back at us as he draws ahead almost imperceptibly; then, just as he is about to make a wild dash off into a corn-field, a stern "Heel!" brings him reluctantly back—until in five minutes the inner steam-pressure becomes too great, and it's all gone through with again.

On we drive, through the silent pine-woods, with straight, tall columns between which shafts of sunshine strike the red-

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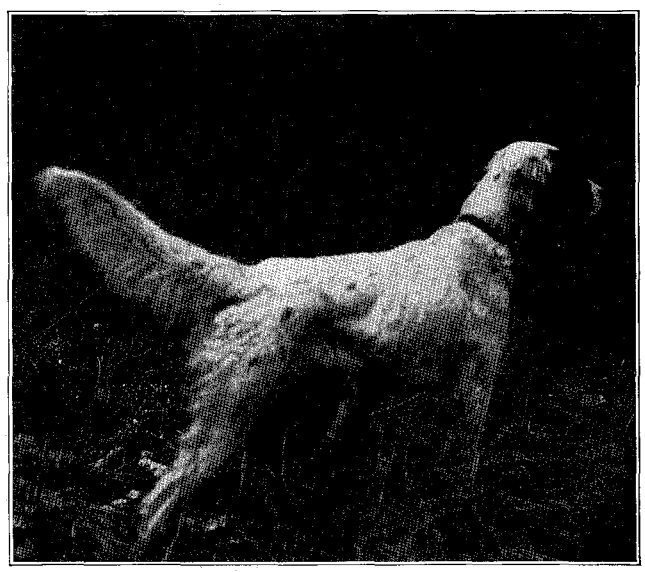
brown of the carpet of needles; across wide swamps of green bay, live-oak, holly, and high reeds, the water coming into the buggy in some of the fords; past wide, flat fields of cotton and corn, with negro cabins and a "big" house in each clearing; the front yards of the houses are bare except for a few euonymus and other broad-leafed evergreens, and the paths and little flower-beds are marked out by rows of greenish or purplish bottles stuck into the earth (it is a favorite mode of decoration: a new grave in a roadside burying-ground has the same pathetic ornamenting, with the addition of broken pieces of mirrors, bits of bright-colored china, artificial flowers); a pretty girl in a red dress is feeding a flock of geese: she runs into the house looking startlingly like the cardinal bird which just flashed across the road and disappeared behind a long-leaf pine; a group of negro women and children are picking the last of the cotton in the field beyond, and their crooning song and bright-colored dresses are pleasant to ear and eye; up to their knees in mud and water, several men are ditching beside the road; before the "open-work," rickety cabin, whose broken window is stuffed with sacks, half a dozen pickaninnies watch us and the dog in awed silence, then begin to dance madly round and round; and far above, surveying all this easy busyness, a black turkey-buzzard sails calmly across the sky. Everything has a peculiar fascination in the exhilarating morning air, and the even more exhilarating knowledge that every mile brings us nearer the country we're going to hunt, beyond Saddle-tree, where Frank says he found a dozen coveys one day the week before.



Di . . . suddenly stops dead, tail and head high, the rippling muscles on her thin sides turned to bronze.—Page 243.

Lookout, taking advantage of the "divarting of attintion" caused by redbirds, feathered and otherwise, has managed to edge into the woods ten feet from the road.

"Lookout, *heel!*"

"But, instead of returning, he stops, frozen to marble, eyes strained and eager, jaw working slightly.

"Wait a minute, Frank, it looks as if the old rascal had birds."

In a jiffy you are walking up behind him, gun loaded and ready, nerves strung to concert pitch. His tail has a ludicrous downward twist, unlike the typical Llewellyn setter's stand, for all his famous pedigree; and the sight of that crook brings back vividly his grandfather of the same name, "the finest hunting-dog that ever was," long since departed to the place where all good dogs go, whose tail used to settle into just that hebraic curve. You realize afresh what a place the relation with his dogs plays in the quail-shooter's pleasure.

Lookout moves ahead as you pass him, drawing and standing as if in catalepsy. Then he works on and on. Still no birds. Something in his manner arouses suspicion, which quickly becomes certainty: the old rascal hadn't smelt quail at all, but, having decided it was long past time to begin hunting, has taken the one sure means to stop the buggy and get down to the se-

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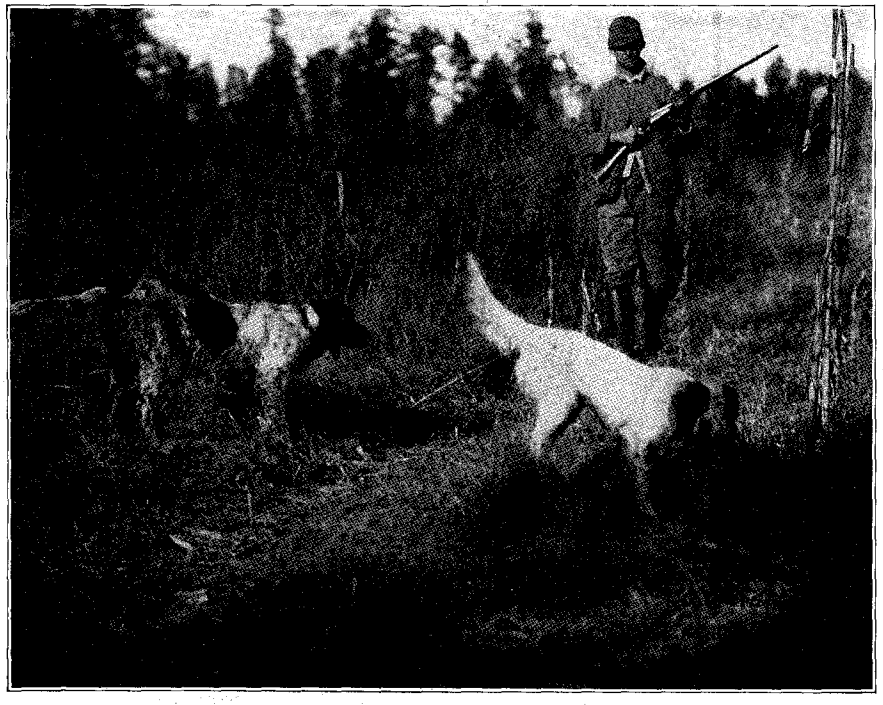
rious business of life! He takes his scolding shamefacedly and resumes his place behind the wagon.

At last Saddletree Swamp is reached and forded; you stop in a grove of young oaks; little Di, whimpering with eagerness leaps out; the mule is unharnessed and hitched, overcoats are discarded, lunch and shells stowed away in capacious pockets, and you set off at a brisk pace along the edge of a corn-and-pea-field.

The dogs are far ahead: Di is quartering across the field; Lookout's first rush has carried him out of sight. The morning air bites just enough to make the action of one's muscles a conscious pleasure; every sense is on the alert as you push through wet sedge and bushes, one eye upon Diana, the other exploring, first woods, then open, for any sign of the vanished Look. In spite of this concentration, one becomes inevitably aware of the crisp holly-trees with their red berries, the scarlet rose-haws and brilliant black-alder clusters in the swamp, the green briers and climbing "bamboo" in the bay to the left, the orange yellow of the patches of sedge, the lively *chewink* from the trim black and red bird scuttling about in the bushes, the great cypress-trees over in the big swamp, their tassels outlined against the dead blue of the sky. It is a pleasant sight, the Carolina woods in December—with the knowledge pulsing through one's veins that any instant something may happen.

And presently the anticipated moment arrives. Di swings out of the corn-field where it dips to the edge of the swamp—and suddenly stops dead, tail and head high, the rippling muscles on her thin sides turned to bronze.

"Whoa-a, girl!" you admonish her as you hasten forward, for she is creeping ahead, and her only fault is a youthful overeagerness that sometimes makes her edge in too close to a covey. Before half the distance is covered, Lookout appears from nowhere and gallops toward his pointing mate. *"Lookout!"* But he has seen her as you speak, and halts in his tracks, "backing" the stand. You are conscious what a picture they make, but your whole mind is right ahead of Di's nose in the bushes there, and you are



By the edge of a long corn-field, you come upon both dogs on a dead stand.—Page 244.

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figuring out just how quick a snap-shot it's going to be, and that the rise will be the last chance at the covey, since the swamp beyond is impenetrable.

Ready for action, you tramp into the

The little dog crouches and slips to and fro like a hunting-cat.

low bushes ahead of Di. Nothing happens. She draws up cautiously, and Lookout follows. Together they trail warily along the edge, through the bull-briers, into the swamp, out again, while, every muscle tense, you follow on the firm ground. For two hundred yards they keep this up; then the scent leads right into the swamp. Running forward to where a slashway has been cut into the "bay," you hear a roar of wings, and that wise covey gets up fifty yards in front of the dogs and entirely out of gunshot.

That episode is ended; calling the dogs, you set out to look for some less educated birds.

Quarter of a mile away, by the edge of a long corn-field, you come upon both dogs on a dead stand. The cover is light, and when you are still twenty yards away a fine covey of at least fifteen birds roars up. The first shot is too quick, but one drops at the second barrel; the rest vanish into the woods. Di retrieves in rapture. Bringing the eager dogs to heel, you follow the line Frank has marked, into the deep pine forest.

"They're right ahead," whispers Frank.

"Go on, Di. Careful; careful now, madam."

The little dog crouches and slips to and fro like a hunting-cat. Presently she stops, her quivering nose toward a tall patch of gall-berry bushes.

Birds ahead! Di "pussy-catting" as she draws close to a covey.

As you enter, a quail rises behind you, with that roar of wings so disconcerting even to a seasoned shot. Wheeling swiftly to the left, you get a glimpse of

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him, through the bushes, high up among the trees and *scooting* for safety. Somehow the gun jumps on him, swings with him a fraction of a second; and at the report you have the heart-satisfying experience of seeing him crumble and drop.

"Good shot!" cries Frank. "I didn't dream you'd get that one."

Reloading quickly, you take the dogs toward the spot. In the midst of the thicket another gets up: there is just one instant to shoot, before the gun-stock is fairly against your shoulder; and when the dogs bring in the two red-brown birds, one a handsome cock with black cap and white throat, life doesn't seem to offer any more satisfying moment.

She stops, her quivering nose toward a tall patch of gall-berry bushes.—Page 244.

Half an hour's thrashing through bushes . . . fails to raise any more singlers.

Half an hour's thrashing through bushes and scouring of the whole neighborhood fails to raise any more singlers; but as you give it up and start back, one dashes out of a grass tuft at your feet. It's a clear straightaway chance, with plenty of time—the hardest kind when you're tuned up to snap-shots—but you drop him twenty-five yards away, and I fear there's a bit of a swagger to your walk as you emerge and start for the next field.

A long search follows. At last, as Lookout is galloping along the edge of a cotton-field, he drops to earth as if he had been clubbed, his nose pointing to a fringe of young oaks still covered with dry leaves.

The covey rises as you start in, but you see a bird drop to right and left as you fire, and you decide you have solved the quail problem once for all.

"Mark them, Frank; mark."

The two plump beauties go into a pocket that begins to be substantial.

"Did you get them down, Frank?"

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Old Lookout . . . disappears on affairs of his own.—Page 247.

A proceeding so unusual that she is not rebuked for grabbing it and fetching before she is given the word.—Page 248.

"Right to the ground. Now we'll get some shooting."

Indeed, it looks so, for the country ahead is open, cleared woodland, with low sprouts, a little wire-grass, and a small patch of marsh to one side. In your mind the half-dozen birds bagged is already doubled, and you set out at double-quick for the next scene of action only a hundred yards away.

But when you have covered the spot where the covey "broke down," not a bird has been found.

"I think they swung to the left as they settled down," says the puzzled Frank, feeling his responsibility. To the left you go, urging the dogs here and there, swinging in wider circles, following the line back to the woods quarter of a mile away, work-

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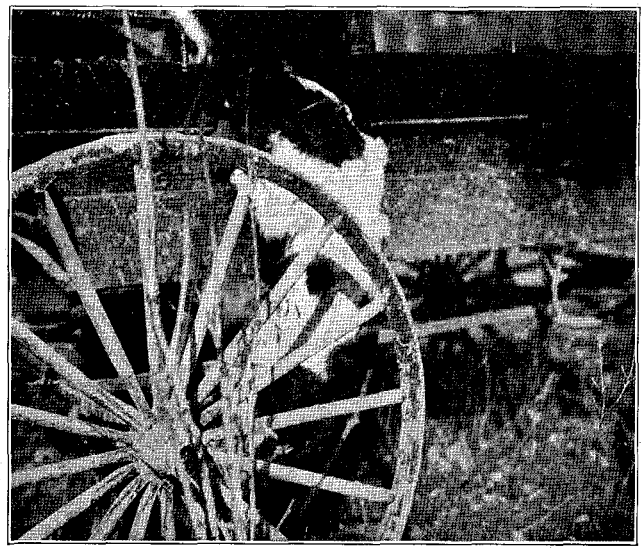
It is half past twelve, and lunch time.—Page 248.

ing the ground over and over, wondering but determined.

For quarter of an hour this keeps up, for half an hour, for three quarters.

"They must be here!" you exclaim for the tenth time. Yet where?

Old Lookout becomes disgusted with this fruitless, monotonous quest and disappears on affairs of his own. After a ten-minute search you round him up and get a little satisfaction from the deserved thrashing you administer. But you know you are wasting precious time now; so finally your obstinate resolve capitulates. Returning past the spot where the covey vanished, you happen to swing out fifty feet more to the right, through isolated grass tussocks standing in the water.



They can barely crawl up the side of the wagon.—Page 249.

Suddenly, without warning, a quail gets up in front of the dog, not ten yards from

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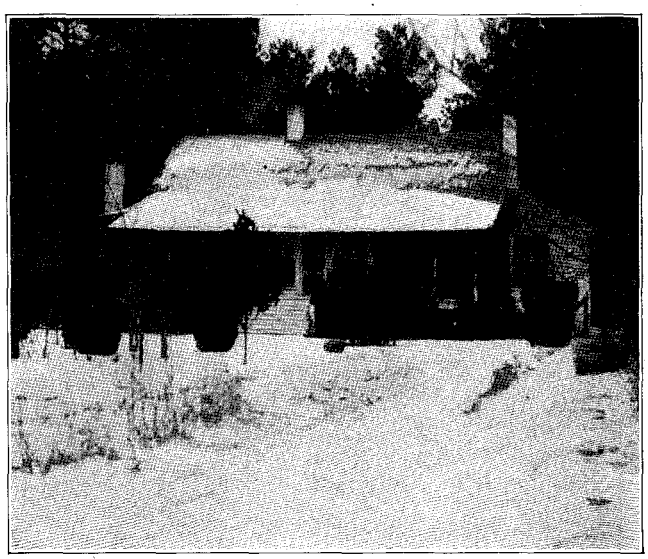
where you had looked so often. You miss him with both barrels, and this completes the upset of nerves already frayed. As you step forward, another bustles out from the tuft you're stepping on—and goes away unscathed. And, to complete your discomfiture, eight or ten get up all around you at the report and look for another hiding-place. The rascals have played you a baffling trick, running sideways, in the opposite direction from their flight, as soon as they lit, and then lying close in the marsh.



A tall column of smoke from your chimney shows that Isham has been getting ready for your return.—Page 249.

The next covey is out in the open field; the dogs stand it, one from the north, the other from the south; it gets up wild when you are nearly forty yards away, and you manage with a lucky long shot to get one bird which drops right in front of Di—a proceeding so unusual that she is not rebuked for grabbing it and fetching before she is given the word. The singlers from this bunch prove so elusive that only one is flushed, in an unshootable thicket.

It is half past twelve, and lunch time. You find a shady spot (for the midday sun is actually hot), with a log for a back, the brown-paper parcels come out, and you review the morning over sandwiches, quail, cake, and apples. The dogs are stretched out in the grass, glad of a rest, but they come to life suddenly when a quail carcass drops beside them, and their eyes plead so for more that no one could resist a half-and-half division of the eatables.

"Four coveys and six birds in pocket! Frank, they're playing with us."

The reflection rankles so that pipes are scarcely lighted when you are off again, to the huge satisfaction of the dogs, who start out as if there had been no morning hunt at all.

As you tramp along the sandy road, Di suddenly stops right in the track. You work cautiously into the young sprouts: a huge covey *whirs* up, bunched nicely. As the gun sounds, your doubting eyes see two birds drop to each barrel, but it takes Frank's confirmation to credit this phenomenon. In spite of urging, and "Dead bird—dead—find dead," repeated till your throat is tired, only three come to light; so you follow up the line of flight hoping to run across the "cripler" as well as to reduce the covey further.

Nothing happens for a hundred yards or more; then Lookout comes to a point at a big, rotten, moss-covered log.

"That's that wounded bird: I told you we'd find him," exclaims Frank.

Both dogs are fixed.

"Fetch him here, Lookout."

The big dog starts forward, noses eagerly along the log, leaps over, tests the other side.

"Fetch him out, sir."

With a whine of impatience, Look begins to scratch.

"He's there, sure. Fetch him."

Wild scratches and yelps of ardor from Lookout, whose head is now buried under the log.

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Still urging him, Frank tears at the rotten log with his fingers, and scoops out the dirt on the opposite side, in an effort to see under. In a moment his fingers meet Lookout's excavation; the excited dog sees something move, grabs it with his sharp teeth—and there is a human yell mingled with the canine noises.

"Bit me to the bone," mumbles Frank, and proceeds to show that if the parson, as his fellows call him, does not ordinarily "cuss," it's not because he doesn't know how.

Lookout pays not the least attention to Frank's remarks upon his ancestry or to your laughter; digging as if his life depended on it, whining, yelping, he presently makes a quick snap and drags out by the neck—a big, fat 'possum, who grins and shams death. Even Frank forgets his finger for a moment in the excitement; and an old darky, who has been cutting wood near by, hastens up at the magic word "'Possum!" and grins wider than the animal when it is presented to him.

You get back to business; find half a dozen singlers and kill two; find another covey among close oak saplings which gets away untouched; and then get a dozen birds nicely broken down in the open woods and separated enough to flush by ones and twos. And here, where you should get your limit of fifteen without half trying, your shooting nerves go amuck: you score eight misses in five minutes—and start back for the wagon in a chastened frame of mind, only slightly relieved by jumping a big woodcock on the way and dropping him neatly.

The two dogs are tired out by the time we reach Kitty mule, and no wonder, for they have covered probably fifty to seventy-five miles, much of it at top speed. They can barely crawl up the side of the wagon, and need a helping hand to reach the inside, where they curl up in utter exhaustion.

With overcoats buttoned tight, lap-robes, and a dog upon each wet foot providing "animal heat," you traverse the long stretch homeward.

Homeward bound.

The sun sinks to the horizon and disappears in a glorious blaze of orange red. The pine-trees turn black and melt together, the taller ones standing silhouetted against the flaming sunset. The night cold creeps through all the wraps and feet become numb and blocky. And when through the dusk the bungalow lights shine out and a tall column of smoke from your chimney shows that Isham has been getting ready for your return, there was never a sight more welcome.

Then the sensuous joy of a bath before the blaze, and clean, light clothes and a well-earned drop of the "crather," and the ability to follow Chef Robert's wildest flights of culinary imagination. After which you relax into an easy chair before the living-room fire or join the bridge enthusiasts—with the satisfying consciousness that to-morrow is still another day.

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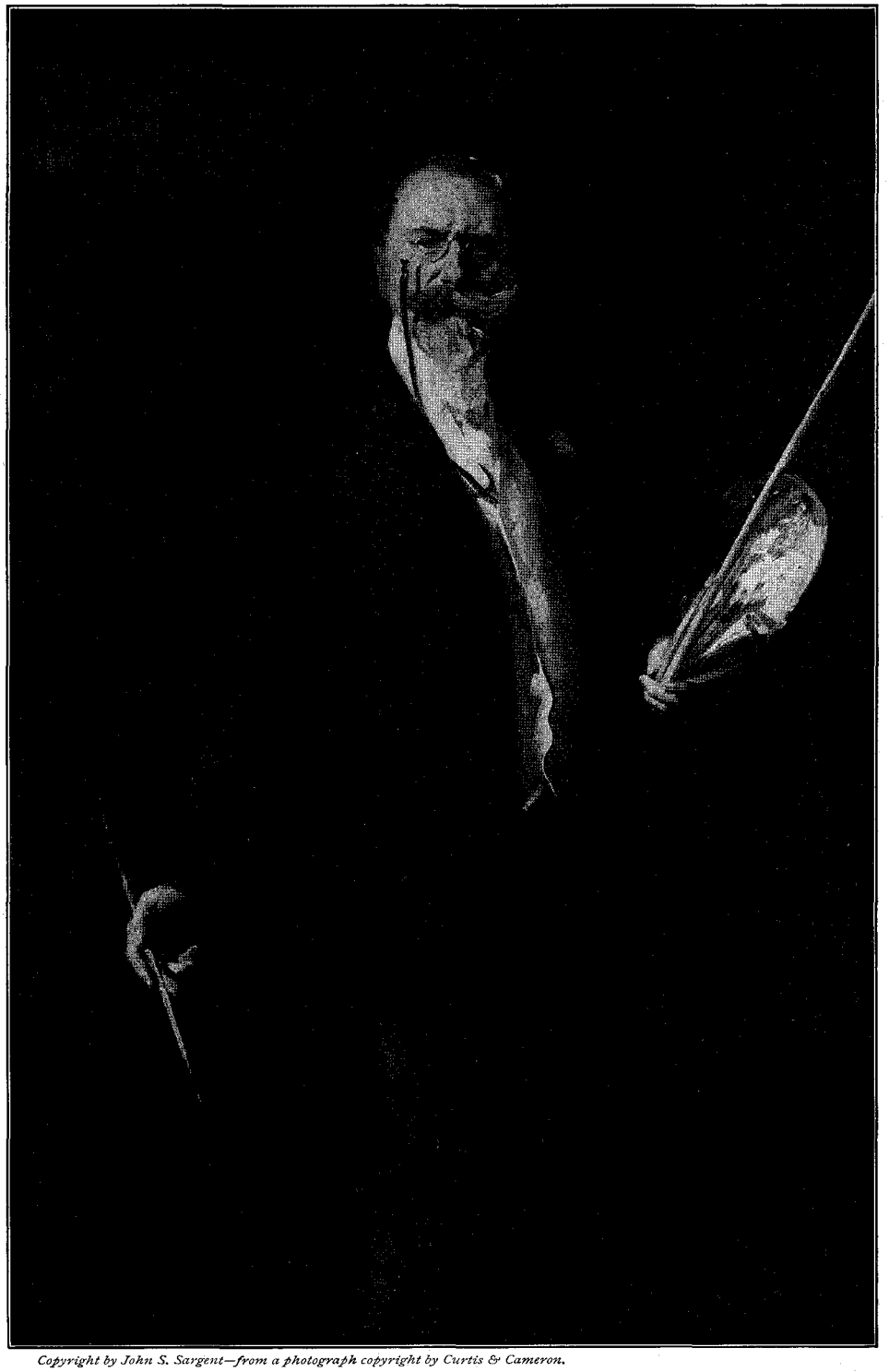

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William Merritt Chase.

From the painting by Sargent, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

—See "The Field of Art," page 255.

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A Little Excursion in a Hymn-Book

IN the protests aroused by a recent attempt to remodel old hymns, one finds matter for wistful amusement, when one considers the nature of the protesters and the nature of hymns. Confidently adult, confidently agnostic, why should we care if some man tampers with our ancient songs of sanctuary? Why should we not regard as laudably scientific and logical this effort to renovate the hymn-book? But that is just the trouble, for hymns are not scientific and logical, and neither are we. It may have been decades since we have sung or heard a hymn, but we like to think that somewhere people are singing the old familiar words of our childhood. In pouring new terms into old tunes Professor Patton has not perceived the vital fact that a hymn to be a hymn must be a little obsolete.

The old hymns are the landmarks of our infancy, gracious and glamourous with memories. We do not wish old haunted rooms torn down to make place for socialist sanitation; we do not wish hoary trees clipped of excrescent but wonder-working imagery. To open the hymn-book and wander there at will is to evoke, as nothing else can do, the mystic mood of our childhood's faith. We have not forgotten the geography of that gentle land whence all the paths led skyward. It was there, rapt by its majesty, we watched Imperial Salem rise; there, breathing the incense of spiced breezes, we sailed to India's coral strand; there that our boisterous feet grew soft in stepping "by cool Siloam's shady rill," and our awed hearts were storm-swept by a vision of "cross-crowned Calvary." In that haunted domain was drama to quicken the pulse:

> "Christian, dost thou see them
> On the holy ground?
> How the troops of Midian
> Prowl and prowl around?"

In that "sweet and blessed country," made mystical with music, heard melodies were sweet, but those unheard were sweeter. Can any power of poet or artist paint for us such a vision of singing hosts as:

> "Ten thousand times ten thousand,"

or:

> "What rush of alleluias
> Fills all the earth and sky!
> What ringing of a thousand harps
> Bespeaks the triumph nigh!"

Where save in that blessed Bethlehem of our childhood's possession can we listen with the old throbbing Christmas joy when the herald angels sing? No, in that fair old land, we will allow no one to remove one stone of association builded out of the beauty of old words.

As a child would be careless of forgotten architects, so we are indifferent to the authorship of hymns. We attach certain names to the making of sacred song—Watts and Wesley, Heber and Havergal—but rarely examine with critical attention the characteristics of the groups belonging to each. Holy and humble men and women of God have composed our praises for us, and in the power of their words over our imaginations their personalities have been obliterated. An examination of the index of authors shows no name of literary reputation. Only one great poet ever contributed songs to the liturgy of worship, and that was David. One stops to ponder the reason, for it is not that our famous singers have been without faith. The authors of "Saul" and of "In Memoriam" were men of fervor as intense as that of Watts, yet neither Browning nor Tennyson ever wrote a hymn. A comparison of "Saul" with "The Son of God goes forth to war" might assist toward the explanation. The first expresses the religion of an adult, the second that of a child. Both types of religious expression are equally true and vital, they are merely different. Milton's "Hymn of the Nativity" and Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" are great religious poems; they address themselves to adult intelligence, adult emotion, adult æsthetic sense. They differ in quality from hymns as poets differ from hymn-makers in their

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intense intellectuality. The test of a great hymn is that it shall not be beyond the intelligence, the emotion, and the imagination of a child of ten. This is why we resent any retouching of our old canticles that destroys their sacred simplicity, their flashing pictures, their vivid personal God. Our brains may have substituted the words "creative energy" for "Lord God almighty" in our view of the universe, but we allow no one to do so in the hymns of our childhood.

The trouble with remaking ancient song to fit present convictions is that such effort must necessarily reflect only the personal creed, while a hymn must both express and address universal emotion and conviction. Socialism and pacifism have not yet so leavened the lump that there is an instant response to their appeal either in a liturgy or out of it. The theorists are always the grown-ups of their generation, the last people to be chosen to write hymns for the rest, who both in principles and practices have not yet put away childish things. Hymns are the voice of the heart, and most of us are old-fashioned in our hearts however new-fangled in our heads. There are few instances when a modern hymn has been able to stir emotions so that they react to new words with all the instancy with which they throb to those hallowed by long usage. Two notable examples are "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and Kipling's "Recessional."

The adequacy of appeal in these two great lyrics by no means disproves the inadequacy of most attempts to write hymns for one's contemporaries, and by no means excuses the greater sacrilege of rewriting. We smile at the charge of inconsistency in our lusty singing of "Jerusalem the golden," and of

> "O Paradise, O Paradise,
> Who doth not long for rest?"

—we who frankly doubt a paradise, or certainly doubt whether we'll find rest there. Our misty conceptions of a life to come are as alien to the plea,

> "Rescue me from fires undying,"

as they are to the thought of:

> "Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see."

Yet we should resent the removal of "Dies iræ" from our ritual, no matter how far we have removed its theology from our creed. We may be triple-armored pacifists, but we have no intention of depriving the child element in our imagination of its "Onward Christian soldiers," or of "We march, we march to victory."

To delete from our hymnology all allusions to "war, depravity, and woe," as Professor Patton desires, is completely to destroy the emotional cogency of our hymns. We readily admit that words and theology have become antiquated, but we are not inconsistent in retaining both, for the incongruity is purely superficial. Not the matter but the mood is what makes a hymn. Consistency is the concern of the intellect, but even our intellect may approve our spirit's reverence for the form of our consecrated songs, for they are tested not by the thoughts they express but by the feelings they arouse.

Perhaps what makes a hymn precious is our homesickness for the days when its meaning was as convincing to us as its mood is even yet compelling. That is why even the most rational of us resent any desecration of those years when our faith was that of children. There is in "Clayhanger" a telling scene where Edwin and Hilda, he alien and condemnatory, she alien but sympathetic, are attending the Sunday-school centenary and listening to the hymns that rock through those phalanxed squares of worshippers.

The multitude is singing:

> "When I survey the wondrous cross
> On which the Prince of Glory died,
> My richest gain I count but loss,
> And pour contempt on all my pride."

Hilda shook her head.

"What's the matter?" he asked, leaning toward her from his barrel.

"That's the most splendid religious verse ever written!" she cried passionately. "You can say what you like. It's worth while believing anything, if you can sing words like that and mean them!"

She had an air of restrained fury.

But fancy her exciting herself over a hymn!

Edwin's surprise is analogous to ours when we read the protests called forth by the retouching of sacred songs. Fancy our exciting ourselves over a hymn! It is because we know that we have right, if not reason, on our side. No one shall profane

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the gentle old ways where we walked with God once long ago. Our reverence for our hymns is our reverence for the imperishable child soul within us. It reveals the unconscious conviction that after all somewhere there is a kingdom of heaven, and that somewhere within sight and sound of it lies our childhood's holy land, the kingdom of hymns.

Central Park

LIKE the immense majority of the inhabitants of New York I did not enjoy the inestimable privilege of being born on Manhattan Island. But I have lived on that island for now very nearly sixty years, and I have seen the extraordinary expansion of the last half-century. I have been a witness of the many and mighty changes which transformed the Empire City into a city truly imperial. When I knew it first it was rather straggling, more or less slouchy, badly paved, and very badly cleaned. Those were the dark ages of American architecture; yet New Yorkers were more than satisfied with Fifth Avenue, lined on both sides from Washington Square to 40th Street with monotonous brown-stone dwellings, devoid of all approach to style. Above 40th Street, Fifth Avenue was infested with cattle-yards, which somehow seemed to make Central Park still farther away from the centre of population. And when I was first taken to Central Park there was only one house on all its four sides. It stood incomplete in the midst of a disheartening waste of streets laid out but not built on. There were all around vacant spaces, rocky, hilly, unpromising, dotted here and there with the wooden shanties of the squatters who were girt about by goats and who raised scanty crops in little patches of dismal soil, painfully cleared from brambles and boulders.

In the scant sixty years of my citizenship New York has awakened and become conscious of herself. She has developed a civic conscience; and she is indefatigable, even if intermittent, in setting her house in order. And I wonder sometimes how much of this awakening and how large a share of the civic consciousness is due to the possession of Central Park, a monument to the foresight of a few of its citizens of threescore years ago and ten. The city had done its part in making the Erie Canal, which in its turn had helped to make the city, and it had provided itself with what was then believed to be an ample supply of water, brought from the Croton reservoir by the aqueduct which was the city's first important achievement as a municipality. But the Croton aqueduct was useful; it was a necessity; and Central Park was at first only a luxury, created by foresight in expectation of beauty.

When I made acquaintance with Central Park it was barely half finished; it extended only a little above the ramble at the top of the lake. George E. Waring, the youthful superintendent of planting, had just set out the trees which now tower superbly over the Mall. The upper half, from 80th or 90th Street to 110th, was a chaos of uninviting and generally treeless space. Yet it was out of a chaos as unpromising as this upper half that the lower half had been made into a thing of beauty. Very few of those who gladly enjoy the gracious restfulness of Central Park ever stop to think that it is unique among the parks of the great cities of the world in that it was not an inheritance but a creation. It did not merely happen, as Hyde Park had happened and the Bois de Boulogne and the Prater and the Thier-Garten; it was made with hands. Its beauty was called into being by the genius of its designer, Frederick Law Olmsted; it is intentionally a work of art and not casually a work of nature. Now that it has come to the maturity which the vision of its creator foresaw and which his skill made possible, we must admit that there is solid support for Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensellaer's suggestion that Central Park is probably the most important work of art to be credited to any American.

Like other works of art Central Park has had its adventures and its perils. In the dismal days of the Tweed ring it fell into the hands of the Philistines, represented by the egregious Judge Hilton. It has had to be defended against invaders of all sorts who wished to divert it from its primary purpose as a pleasure-ground for all the people. Many of these invaders are working folks like the artists who wanted a site for a greatly needed exhibiton hall, a salon-building, and like the Shakspere tercentenarians who wanted to use it for the performance of their masque. Eternal vigilance is

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the price of many things besides liberty; and perhaps a vigilance committee might even now alleviate the terror inspired by the mass-meeting of misbegotten monstrosities that brazenly disfigures the lower end of the Mall.

Riverside Drive

WHILE New York can claim the whole credit for Central Park, since it was created—out of whole cloth, so to speak—at the command of the city itself, it can claim only half the credit for the Riverside Drive. Central Park had to be made out of the dust of the earth, and Riverside Drive needed only to be improved and preserved and made to yield its full beauty. All that was needed to dower New York with a waterside avenue unequalled and indeed unapproached by anything of the kind possessed by any other city was to make the best of natural advantages, whereas there were no natural advantages to utilize in the making of Central Park. As the Tweed ring deserves the discredit for endangering Central Park, it deserves also the credit for beginning the Riverside Drive. I have heard that the exciting cause was a sordid real-estate speculation, a buying up cheaply by insiders to sell out expensively to the city; and this may very well be the fact. None the less, the men who devised that royal road high above the banks of the noble river deserved well of the city they were then despoiling. Perhaps one or another of them had imagination and was able to look ahead a little and to foresee the time when the job which was to put money immediately into his pocket would prove to be a precious possession for the whole city half a century later.

From 72d Street the Riverside Drive stretches itself northward mile after mile, at the top of the sharply rising bank of the superb stream and over against the Palisades. Its single row of edifices—dwellings all of them, single residences or composite apartment-houses—may lack uniformity; they may be irregular in height and uncertain in design; but seen from the stream below they crown the protracted height not unsatisfactorily. Arching viaducts span the occasional valleys, the Soldiers and Sailors Monument delights the eye with its graceful proportions, and Grant's tomb stands at the parting of the ways, simple, stalwart massive like the man whose memorial it is. The Decoration Day parade, which used to pass up lower Fifth Avenue, now marches up Riverside, and the thinning ranks of the veterans of a war, now more than half a century in the distance, pass in front of the monument which commemorates their own services and often go on to the tomb of their great commander.

Always on Decoration Day there swings at anchor in the river, almost under the shadow of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, a man-of-war, battleship or cruiser, gray and grim. A detachment from its crew is always a part of the United States contingent which holds the head of the line. On other occasions, at irregular intervals, not a single man-of-war but the whole Atlantic fleet distributes itself at stations a quarter of a mile apart, until the line disappears in the dim distance as the river curves in. Then it is that the dwellers in the single residences and in the composite apartment-houses, instead of hearing the chimes at midnight, are told the time by the four double strokes of the ships' bells. In no other of the great maritime cities of the world can a mighty fleet drop anchor so close to the shore, so close indeed to the heart of the city, that in the silent watches of the night a little child turning in his sleep can faintly hear eight bells.

One disfigurement the Riverside Drive has always had—the railroad that skirts the water's edge below and that wound its sinuous way along the shore twoscore years before the Drive came into being. At last this disfigurement is about to be removed. The city and the railroad company have each made concessions and sacrifices; and the tracks are doomed to disappear. They will go into tunnels or they will be roofed over with steel and concrete. They will be veiled from the sight of those who go down to the sea in ships or who stroll along the water's edge on the paths of the park. The hiding of the tracks will not be accomplished in a day or in a year; but sooner or later they will be so well hidden that their presence will not be suspected.

It is true that one of our foremost authorities on landscape design has expressed

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grave doubts as to the roofing over of the lower end of the Drive where the tracks of the railroad are to multiply and to fan out. He fears that it will be difficult to deal with the resulting flat space and to disguise it so as to create the pleasing contours demanded by art. A layman has no right to an opinion on these delicate matters; and yet a suggestion may be ventured that there is perhaps an opportunity to utilize a stumbling-block as a stepping-stone. Where the multiplying tracks are to be roofed over is at the very end of the Riverside Drive where it is cut across by 72d Street, and where it is brought into closest contact with the surrounding houses. Why should not this end be treated, not as part of a rolling park, but frankly as a level square? Why should it not be made a playground for the swarming children? Why should it not have its sand-pile and its wading-pool, its merry-go-round and its swings—"scups" is the good old New York word. Why should it not be modelled on the Champs Elysées rather than on the Bois de Boulogne?

CHASE—THE ARTIST

TIME was when interest in the Fine Arts in this country was almost exclusively confined to amateurs or to the very rich, while the people at large hardly knew of their existence. A painting was then valued for its prettiness or for the story which it told. But fortunately there came a period of awakening when the people began slowly to realize the significance of art. We generally date this change from the "eighteen seventies." Various causes contributed to it, among them the Centennial Exposition, the great increase in European travel by Americans, the opening of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and the importation of foreign works by dealers. But there was another and very important factor which should not be overlooked. This was the increase in the number of talented American art students in the best schools of Europe. The limitations existing here to the scope and mission of art had to give way before broader standards when able men who had studied under the masters of Europe, in Paris, Munich, and Antwerp, returned home with their eyes opened and their hands trained. Their influence was controlling on the youthful aspirants of that time, who have since become mature artists. The process was not unlike the Occidentalizing of Japan, who sent her youths to all the Western countries to gather the best the world could give.

William Merritt Chase returned from his six years of Europe in 1878, and the part which he took in this reformation was of great importance. He came from Munich—from the schools of Pilotti and Wagner—as finished a master of his brush as any man in this country. Indeed, his method was superior to that of the Munich school. It was based on wide observation and thorough comprehension of the best art. He had gathered the elements of his *technic* from many localities and from all time. He was really the pupil of the great masters of Holland, Italy, and Spain, and he had absorbed much from his contemporaries—Duveneck, Whistler, Sargent, and others.

This able *technic* was controlled by a whole-souled devotion to the realities of nature. What he saw, in and out of doors, in the most trifling still life as in the broadest sweeps of Long Island, was realized on his canvas with masterly ease. He delighted in nature's aspects—in transient differences of appearance. It can truly be said of his art that it was inspired by nature.

Many artists with such an endowment would have sought the uninterrupted seclusion of the studio—not so with Chase. He was a born teacher. He wished others to get an insight into nature similar to his own

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and he wanted them to render it as well as he did. His light was never hidden under a bushel. He was always quick to detect ability in others and always generous to younger talent. While it may be true that he was driven by necessity into the classroom, I am sure that he found positive delight—not irksome work—in teaching.

Thus it was that Chase's part in disseminating a true appreciation of good art in this country became a most important one. He brought a message from Europe. He aided in the overthrow of the insular standards which had so long prevailed here, and in the establishment of a broader and finer art—an art that was henceforth to be judged by the highest criteria.

Now, while Chase accomplished much in the regeneration of art in this country, and fought lustily in the battle between the Society of American Artists (of which he was the president for ten years) and the National Academy of Design, he is not to be regarded as a revolutionist of the type of Manet or Monet, or even of Whistler, for he was not, like them, a creator of the new and original. He was the missionary of finished, masterly expression, an exponent of the best technical methods that had developed in Europe. It has always seemed to me that artists fall naturally into two classes. I will call them—for lack of better words—the evolutionists and the technicians. In the former class we are apt to find the idealists, in the latter the realists. Chase belonged to the latter class. He was a realist, as some one has said, "with the courage of his eyes." He was not subjective in expression, not a mystic, and very little of a poet, and he was never transported by passion. On the other hand, he was a lover of nature, a master with wonderful control of his means of expression, never careless or clumsy—a brilliant craftsman with astonishing versatility. He knew his method far too well to be tempted into any lines of experimental evolution.

Chase was one of those who, while on the watch for new truths, could never be carried away by fads. Few painters weathered the shock of Impressionism as he did. It may have lifted his key or strengthened his color, but not to any notable extent, for Chase's art was grounded in his own admirable way of working, not to be lightly modified and never to be abandoned. Other men might change their methods; some of his contemporaries are on their third or fourth. To try out new stunts is often the very life of genius. It is equally the refuge of the ignorant. Gifted men have been wrecked by it. But Chase's bark was too well anchored to be driven on the rocks. He abhorred the latest movements. As a teacher he came to fear the disastrous effects of the ultra-modern influences on the rising generation of painters and raised his voice against them on many occasions. His address, shortly before his last illness, at the banquet of the American Federation of Arts at Washington, sounded the alarm and set forth the high mission of art, and the only conditions under which art can develop, in a manner that was notably impressive.

Chase was, above all, a painter. He might have excelled in other branches of art, but he kept close to his brush. Moreover, he was a painter of so-called "easel pictures," using the expression in its highest sense. His picture was sufficient in itself and dependent on no outside relationship as in the case of mural decoration. The easel picture must be regarded as a complete entity to be separated from all else. Hence the office of the frame. Some pictures can stand little framing, others much more. The richly carved and gilded frame has its *raison d'être*, and certain pictures demand it. The more it foregrounds—to use an expression of the studio—the better it shuts off the outside world from that of the picture. Within that frame the artist establishes all the conditions of universality. He must be consistent and true to those conditions. If so he can carry us wherever he wishes—to heaven above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth—and for the time being the world we live in may "go hang." Herein is evidenced the power of art. Chase's pictures are of this type—atmospherically complete in themselves—they need the frame, look better when tilted from the wall, or better still when on the easel, but always in the frame. Thus isolated, we are carried to the spot depicted and see and feel all that Chase found in his subject and knew so well how to convey. We realize the locality, the time of day, and even the temperature.

Chase was master of the essentials of his method—never amateurish, unconsciously accurate, and extraordinarily dexterous. He delighted more in color and values than in

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line. I recall no great composition by him, and yet every canvas has agreeable arrangement.

Chase produced many admirable portraits, but perhaps he was not, in the strictest sense, a portrait-painter. He carried his picture-making into his portraiture. A portrait has every right to be decorative and cannot be too well painted, but the rendering of character is admittedly its chief mission. Chase has drawn high praise on many occasions for the accomplishment of this very end, but it is not the chief feature in his portraits. He always saw the possible picture in his subject and placed that before the portrayal of character. He did not attempt to fathom the sitter. His aim in portraiture, as in all else, was the triumph of paint. He delighted so much in the external aspect of things and in the skill of craftsmanship that he let all else go, and so he does not greatly awaken our interest in the individuality of his subject, but he does call forth our enjoyment in the things which he enjoyed—play of light, material surfaces, richness, voluptuous, even barbaric color coupled with exquisite refinement of tone—all rendered with wonderful skill and appropriate handling. In the portrait of Miss M., for example, we enjoy the pose, the foreshortened arm, the Watteau pleat, and the lace collar with its contrast to the dark dress. These are what Chase delighted in, and it was for the sake of these rather than the face of the lady that he painted the picture.

Under present standards Chase will be classed by many as academic. Would we had more of his kind! How willingly we would give some of the late and noisy comers in exchange for gifted and educated painters of the Chase type! *Technic* has its own value in art, and Chase had the true spirit of the technical craftsman. It will never rank as high as poetic imagination or idealism, and those who twenty years ago looked for Chase to develop into a great idealistic interpreter must naturally be disappointed. This is their fault—not Chase's. That was not his goal, but his line was none the less one of great value in which he was supremely efficient. He had a rare intimacy with nature, a masterful power of expression, and to American art few men have rendered greater service.

HOWARD RUSSELL BUTLER.

CHASE—THE TEACHER

IT is now some sixteen years since I left Mr. Chase, after a period of eight years under his instruction. The incidents of those years, the faces of the hundreds of students, have for the most part passed from my memory, but I have never forgotten his teaching and the inspiration derived therefrom.

He was a master of painting and, to my mind, one of the great American masters. I remember the magic of his brush. To see him paint was a revelation. It was like listening to some great orator who held you enthralled by the power of his eloquence. I never thought of the brushes or paint, because the contact between his hand and brain was so direct that conscious effort was eliminated.

The great teacher in any art is apt to be either a small producer or a poor performer, and the opposite is also true. The great painter seldom knows how to pass his knowledge on to others. Although, when he paints, all his faculties co-ordinate to produce the work of art, yet when confronted with the smaller and oftentimes tedious problems of dealing with individuals as a teacher he becomes discursive and produces an unsatisfactory result. But Mr. Chase was an example of a great painter being a great teacher, and his teaching has had a tremendous influence on American art. His classes were always very large, and when a man teaches for thirty years, always giving the best that is in him, having a vision and trying to impart it to others, the result is cumulative. The students in many cases become teachers. The influence ramifies and becomes a power for good in the land.

Mr. Chase took pains to know his pupils, and in classes of a hundred or more he would remember the names of nearly all. In cases where he forgot he would say, "Oh, yes, you are the lady from Ohio"—or something of that sort.

I call to mind some of his favorite expressions. When a student was somewhat timid about painting he would say: "Never be sparing in the use of paint; always paint with a full brush"; or if a student was prone to work the life out of a canvas, his comment would be: "It takes two to paint a picture, one to do the painting and the other to stand by with an axe to stop it at the right moment." On one occasion a

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Western art instructor brought him a large number of water-colors to criticise. They were the output of a dozen years, done in various countries. After looking them all over carefully, Chase said: "My dear sir, I advise you to put all these in a drawer, lock the drawer, and then lose the key." This was caustic, to say the least, but he knew his man. It acted as a stimulus to the art professor, and that summer he turned out splendid work. Chase was not fond of making such remarks, but in individual cases they were sometimes needed to produce the desired effect. One of the truest things he ever said was: "There is nothing so rare in art as the artistic."

His dress was always immaculate. I have seen him paint many times in a white flannel suit, holding a palette and brushes, without getting a spot on his clothes. This was a part of his teaching, because he was fond of teaching by example. He hated slovenly *technic* and sloppy students. He was one of the men to dignify the profession of painting in this country, and saw no connection between great art and a velvet coat, tam-o'-shanter, long hair, and other paraphernalia of the proverbial artist. With him the artist emerged from that particular phase and took on the appearance of other men. His dress was a part of his art psychology. As students it made us respect him the more and, in turn, respect ourselves.

Chase's old 10th Street studio was probably the most remarkable studio in the country, full of most interesting objects. The visitor was astonished to see a diminutive human head hanging by long black hair, the head belonging to a member of some South American tribe. One of the customs of this tribe was to take the head of the dead, shrink it by the use of hot stones, and then to sew up the mouth with gut so that no secrets could be told after death. This and other things unique and beautiful were there. In the large central studio the ceiling was lofty, and dust had been allowed to accumulate on all objects on the side walls and those suspended from the ceilings, such as hanging-lamps, etc., so that the local color on the bottoms of these objects melted gradually into the dust collected on their tops. In contrast to this the floor was highly polished, and all around the studio to a height of about seven feet were numerous articles of glistening brass, copper pots with outsides of dead black and insides of flaming brilliance, Spanish furniture, superb hangings, and on one wall a huge white swan suspended on a piece of maroon-colored velvet. (It was under this swan that Carmencita danced.) The effect was beautiful and extraordinary. There was a gradual transition from the richness and brilliance near the floor up the side wall into the quiet gray atmosphere of the ceiling.

The dominant note of his life was service to the world of art. By teaching, lecturing, buying pictures, and helping poor students, he did an enormous amount of good. The introspective type of artist spends much time when not actively painting in apparent inaction. His inactivity is a means of storing energy for his working hours. He believes that ideas germinate when the mind has lain fallow for a period. Great things are sometimes born in this way. There is another type of artist who finds diversion in changing his kind of work, who believes that one class of endeavor augments the other. The many-sided man who must have the energy of a Cellini. I place Mr. Chase under this type. His greatness came from the sheer fulness of his nature; what he did he did with all his might, his store of energy enabled him to vary his interest, and most of his work was done for the profession of painting.

We must remember that Chase, when he returned from Munich, was an absolute rebel. He helped to scatter the cohorts of the Düsseldorf and other schools of doubtful taste. He called attention to great painting as he knew it, constantly and consistently until the end.

In later years he saw people worshipping strange gods, and was criticised for not changing his point of view, but, unaffected, he held on to his own ideals. His passing was a great loss to art, and men of his quality are scarce in these days of large profession and little faith. New art movements come and go, each decade heralds a new artistic god, but the generations give their big men to the great tradition of painting. When the story of American art is finally told, Chase's name will be high on the list of the great.

GIFFORD BEAL.

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THE OVERTURES FOR PEACE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

THE new political aspects which suddenly presented themselves in the European war, at the opening of last month, are familiar to every one. The rapid sweep of events—beginning with Germany's proposal of December 12 for a peace conference; followed on December 19 by the British Premier's demand that the Allies first know Germany's terms, and his own stipulation that Germany must offer "complete restitution, full reparation, and effectual guarantees"; with President Wilson's note to the belligerents on December 20, the next occurrence, suggesting "an avowal of their respective views as to the terms on which the war might be concluded"—had simply a bewildering effect on financial judgment. Necessarily, it brought into the foreground, more sharply than at any previous time, the question of the economic aftermath of war.

The Great December Decline

THE markets spoke somewhat emphatically. Prices on the Stock Exchange declined 15 to 20 per cent in the fortnight during which these events occurred; shares of the "war-order companies" falling with the greatest violence. At the same time, however, prices for such bonds of the allied powers as were dealt in on our stock exchanges recovered sharply, and the foreign exchanges moved in Europe's favor; rates on Berlin advancing more than any. The wheat market broke, whereas cotton advanced on the news of Germany's proposals. These movements were a logical enough expression of the speculative market's view as to probable economic results of sudden peace. They suggested curtailed profits for manufacturing concerns, better standing for public securities of the belligerent states and improving valuation of their currencies, release of large supplies of wheat from blockaded Europe, and reopening of markets closed for two years against our cotton.

Yet the question how far the movement was a trustworthy forecast, either of the probable ultimate outcome of the peace proposals or of actual financial results of such negotiations, was by no means clear. The stock market and the wheat market had been subject to extravagant speculation for the rise. In both, prices had begun to fall, even before Berlin had issued its appeal for peace. In both, a tightening money market had made some such reaction inevitable, quite irrespective of the war. To a very considerable extent, the violent decline on the stock market and the grain market was a response to present conditions rather than future possibilities.

Germany's Desire for Peace

FROM the cloud of uncertainty and confusion which surrounded the whole episode of the German note and its sequel, one fact emerged with unmistakable clearness. The German Government and its allies were urgently desirous of peace, and had gone almost to the limit of diplomatic procedure in their effort to secure it. This one unquestionable fact brought into immediate discus-

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sion the question what were the motives—military, political, or economic—which had inspired this urgent appeal from the Central Powers. It was evident that the answer to this question would have much to do with the terms of peace, the probability of a settlement, and conditions afterward. For every one knew that whereas Germany's peace proposal of last month was only the spectacular culmination of a series of roundabout overtures, during a year or more, none of Germany's antagonists had at any time expressed a similar urgent wish to terminate the war, and that the present proposal was being publicly rebuffed by them at the outset.

Now it is possible—nothing is impossible, Macaulay used to say, which does not involve a contradiction—to construct a theory that Germany, alone of all the fifteen belligerent states, had become convinced of the innumanity of war in general and of this war in particular, and had persuaded her own allies to join in an urgent plea to end the conflict, solely in the interests of civilization. It is also possible, in line with the assertion of Bethmann Hollweg in his speech to the Reichstag and of the Kaiser in his speech to the soldiers (both on the peace proposals), to assume that the German Government, after the victory over Rumania, was convinced that Germany had proved herself unconquerable, and was therefore willing magnanimously to stay her hand and give her enemies the benefit of peace, because Germany herself had no further ambitions. But either hypothesis must be judged, if we are to look at the matter from the unbiassed point of view of history, in the light of present-day events, characteristics, and tendencies.

THUS regarded, the first comment which will naturally occur to mind is that Germany is the nation which has for several generations preached the beneficent influence of war in itself. It was the German Frederick who declared that "war opens the most fruitful field to all the virtues"; the German Treitschke who explained that "war recurs as a medicine for the human race," to whose beneficent results "God sees," and that "wars save the state from social petrifaction and stagnation"; the German Bernhardi who argued that in Prussian history "war showed its creative power," and that "if we learn the lesson of history, we shall see the same result again and again." When, therefore, the reflective man familiar with these facts reads in the German Government's note of December 12 that this war is "a catastrophe which injures the most precious achievements of humanity," and that it is a calamity whereby "the spiritual and material progress which were the pride of Europe at the beginning of the twentieth century are threatened with ruin," and when he further is informed that it is "to make amends for the atrocities of war" that Germany and her allies "propose to enter forthwith into peace negotiations"—after reading this in the light of the classic passages previously cited, he will quite inevitably ask exactly what has happened to Germany.

What Has Changed Her Attitude?

The same Bernhardi whom I have already quoted has had a few other impressive things to say, in his various brochures, concerning the results of war. One was, that "an unfortunate war must entail far more disastrous economic consequences than ever before, and may lead to complete economic ruin." The second was that, where a European campaign shall have ended in deadlock and the spirit and moral energy on both sides are equal, "success will ultimately fall . . . to him who can hold out longest financially." The third, considerably more

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specific, is that while Germany "need not recoil before the numerical superiority of her enemies," nevertheless "she can rely on being successful only if she is resolutely determined to break the superiority of her enemies by a victory over one or the other of them before their total strength can come into action."

What Is the Economic Condition of the Central Powers?

So far as her really formidable antagonists are concerned, the last-named *sine qua non* has certainly not been achieved. There has existed on the really important battle-front, for two full years, an admitted deadlock, and the German Government may have its secret ideas as to which side can hold out longest financially. Whether, in the same connection, the thought of Bernhardi's "complete economic ruin" may have intruded into the mind of the Wilhelmstrasse is a matter of conjecture. But what, so far as we know it, was the real financial and economic condition of the Central Powers when they asked for peace in December?

This question is curiously difficult to answer from convincing testimony. The whole world has been hearing of the short rations on which the blockaded central peoples have been put. There are occasional though not altogether well-confirmed reports of "bread riots" in Germany, and less frequent but much better authenticated private information of extreme distress in the outlying parts of the empire. On the best authority, some of us have learned that in Austria, where enforcement of food curtailment is more lax, money will buy as much as ever, but that, for precisely that reason, destitution and famine are far more formidable among the poorer classes.

(Continued on page 54)

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(Continued from page 52)

What resources of food these countries actually have, we do not surely know. A statement by the Grand Admiral, describing Germany's condition of starvation in order to justify his submarine performances, would be followed next day by a statement from the Minister of Agriculture, describing Germany's abundant supplies of food in order to refute the argument that the nation would be defeated because of physical exhaustion. Even the estimates of German crop production have been open to great suspicion. The motive coloring them caused much the same reception of them, by the outside world, as the grave argument on the unlawfulness and inhumanity of such a blockade—an argument advanced by the government whose armies very literally starved the population of Paris in 1871.

YET it has not been widely believed that Germany was being reduced to actual extremity by starvation. Even if this had been believed, the resultant selection, as the time to ask for peace, of the very moment when Rumania had been captured—with her grain crop half as large as Germany's own, and her Indian-corn crop larger still—would have been a little singular. But if Germany had not become acutely apprehensive over food supplies, then what other circumstances should have led her ministers to believe that it was time to sue for peace? The answer made by the majority of careful economic observers points in two directions—to the foreign trade of the German nation and to the financial condition of all the Teutonic allies.

The driving of Germany's merchant marine from the seas, the almost complete destruction of her business with

(Continued on page 56)

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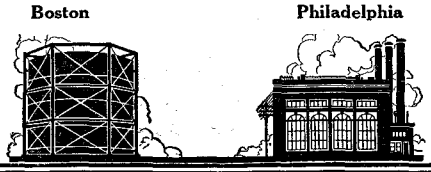

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(Continued from page 54)

foreign nations, were accomplished so instantaneously by the British fleet that the achievement has not impressed the imagination of the outside world as it would have done had such a condition ensued only after a long and spectacular struggle. This is perhaps the reason why so little attention has been called to the quite indisputable fact that the blow which thereby fell on Germany was something wholly without precedent in the history of civilization. England blockaded France and France blockaded England in the Napoleonic wars of a century ago; but the French blockade did not prevent England from pursuing her ocean trade with Russia, Asia, and the Americas, and the English blockade left France free to do business throughout Napoleon's immense Continental empire. With Germany, neither opportunity has existed since the outbreak of this war. The trade of Napoleonic France with northern Germany, with the Netherlands, with Italy, and with Spain was as unimpeded between 1803 and 1815 as the trade between Germany and Austria between 1914 and 1917.

Germany Completely Driven from the Seas

NOR does this contrast tell the whole of the story. The foreign commerce of blockaded France a century ago was an unimportant trifle when measured against the foreign trade of twentieth-century Germany—a trade which, just before the war, amounted to $5,000,000,000 per annum, of which nearly half was exports. The outward shipments of Germany's merchandise to England, France, Russia, Italy, the American, Asiatic, and Australian continents—markets from access to which Germany has for two years been

Striking Contrast with England and France

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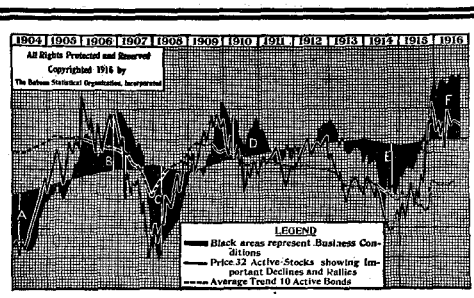
absolutely cut off—footed up in peace times more than $1,000,000,000 per annum. As against this enormous shrinkage, Great Britain's export trade in 1915 was only 31 per cent less than in the last preceding full year of peace, and its imports (exclusive of war material) so large that the total trade of 1915 was only $332,000,000 less than that of 1913; while the total foreign trade of France, in the later of these two years, was reduced only 38 per cent from the earlier year, despite the loss in productive power through the German army's occupation of the north.

Exactly what this destruction of Germany's foreign trade has meant to the economic structure of the empire, it is difficult to say exactly. We have no trustworthy data, even as to the present financial condition of shipping enterprises such as the Hamburg and North German Lloyd companies, whose fleets have for two-and-a-half years been lying idle, either in home harbors or at the docks of a score of foreign ports. We know, however, that these two typical maritime companies earned between them $27,500,000 gross profits during 1913, that heavy annual charges are still running against them, that they have earned virtually nothing since July, 1914, and that they are only a part of Germany's mercantile marine. It is a matter of conjecture precisely what has been the actual resultant situation, in regard either to the status of the maritime companies themselves or to the fortunes of such shipping ports as Bremen and Hamburg.

HISTORY tells us of the widespread ruin and insolvency which seized on Boston and New York when Europe's embargo and our own Non-Intercourse Act abruptly stopped the foreign trade of young America

(Continued on page 58)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(Continued from page 57)

after 1807. But this was a trifling matter compared with what commercial Germany must have suffered in the two and a half past years. There can be no reasonable doubt that a great part of such pressure as may have been applied to the civil government at Berlin, for securing an early peace, has come from the great commercial interests whose voice had been almost dominant, during many years before the war, in the councils of the Kaiser. Their urgency would certainly not be less, from the fact that possible losses which the industry is facing are not only present but prospective.

The Voice of Commercial Interests

Even the most far-sighted expert cannot surely say how much of the overseas market for Germany's commerce will have fallen during the war into other hands capable of retaining it, and what will be the post-bellum status of trade with Germany's present antagonists, if peace and reconciliation do not presently return. Nor can it be overlooked that the economic pressure from this condition of foreign trade is cumulative and increasingly disturbing in its influence; and, what is even more to the point, that this is an influence which bears on the blockaded Central Powers as it does not on their antagonists. But when we undertake to inquire how far the home economic situation of the Teutonic countries was a governing motive in their appeal for peace, the facts of the situation are not so clearly evident.

THAT the financial situation of Germany's allies has become very grave is a supposition that will hardly be disputed. Turkey was a bankrupt state when she entered the war. The advances of credit which had enabled her to finance even her peace expenditure—not to mention her outlay for the Balkan war of 1912 and 1913—were provided

Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey in Financial Straits

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largely from France and England. Her vastly larger financial requirements for this war could have come only from Germany. Bulgaria, just emerging, when she joined in this conflict, from the exhausting strain of the same Balkan war, can scarcely have been in any very different case.

That Austria's position was severely strained was a matter of common talk in financial Europe, even during 1913. The impression was rather general, in the money markets of western Europe, that the attack on Servia in 1914 was made possible very largely by the fact that the powerful financial interests of the empire, shaken by the reaction from the extravagant overspeculation of the two or three preceding years, were willing to assent to any new experiment which would postpone the economic reckoning. Not a single statement from the Austrian National Bank of its cash reserve, its liabilities, or its outstanding notes has been made public since July of 1914; and, since this is the reverse of the policy pursued, even in the face of the formidable war strain, by the state banks of Germany, France, England, and Russia, the fact has very real significance. It reasonably warrants a presumption that the Austrian national finances and the Austrian currency are by this time in the most serious disorder, and that the country's outlook for readjustment after war, whether political and economic, is far from reassuring.

Germany's War Loans Subscribed at Home

ON the face of things, the case of Germany herself is very different. One of the economic marvels of this war has been the manner in which Germany's great war loans have been subscribed at home. The loan of last October was commonly believed in Europe to be confronted with serious difficulties. Personal appeals to the people, made in the most urgent language during the period of subscription by public

(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)

men and popular generals, seemed to confirm that belief. It was frankly stated in the German newspapers that subscriptions by the public at large, the smaller investors, had fallen far short of what they were in previous loans. The *Kölnische Zeitung*, a newspaper usually under government influence, went so far as to declare that the German farmers had ceased subscribing, through fear of imperial bankruptcy.

Yet the actual applications for the loan footed up $2,674,000,000—nearly as much as was taken of the war loan of March, 1916, or that of September, 1915 (which amounted respectively to $2,678,000,000 and $3,025,000,000), and much more than was subscribed to the loans of February, 1915, or of September, 1914. Taking all five war loans together, and excluding such temporary issues as Treasury notes, the German Government has raised $10,900,000,000 thus far in the war; whereas England has thus far raised at home, on funded loans, only $4,500,000,000, and France only $5,625,000,000. This would certainly seem to be evidence of an economic and financial strength, among the German people, unsuspected by the world at large.

THERE is, however, another side to this very achievement. One reason why these funded war loans should in Germany have run so immensely beyond the similar loans of France is that Germany has undoubtedly had on her shoulders the financing of the military needs of Bulgaria and Turkey and presumably to a great extent of Austria. One reason why they should have exceeded the similar loans of England is that the English people have provided an additional yearly $1,500,000,000 from taxes, whereas Germany has from the start rejected this recourse almost absolutely. The burden of supporting her allies presses even

Continued on page 62)

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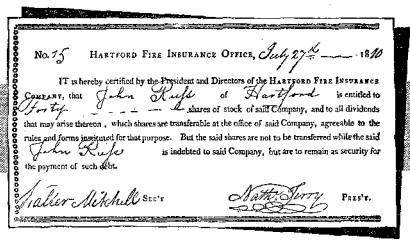

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The stock originally issued in 1810 to John Russ, one of the founders of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., has never been sold. It has been transferred by inheritance only, and is now held by his direct descendants in the fourth generation. In like manner the Hartford's traditions of financial strength and integrity have been handed down from generation to generation. Frequently the biggest inheritance a father leaves to his son is the right to represent the

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(Continued from page 60)

more heavily on England than on Germany, but by her hugely increased revenue from taxation, England has far more than provided for interest and sinking fund on the war debt already incurred; whereas Germany is compelled to use a steadily increasing portion of the proceeds of a new subscription of the kind to pay interest on previous issues. At the interest rate of 5 per cent, more than one-fifth of the money raised by the German loan of last October would be needed to pay one year's interest on that and the preceding war loans.

German Finance When the War Is Ended

CLEARLY enough, deduction from the proceeds of the empire's borrowings, for this purpose alone, will increase progressively as the war continues. But that is by no means all the story. One may be sure that statesmen and bankers throughout Germany have been asking what situation will be created by this process when the war is over. Whether because of initial confidence in victory and an enormous cash indemnity, or because of fear of straining taxpayers' resources, or through misgiving as to the political effect of increased taxes during war, Germany's adoption of this unsound practice has merely served to put off the evil day.

In the fiscal year ending with March, 1914, the total imperial revenue was $894,000,000, of which $260,000,000 was derived from government railways, post-offices, and telegraphs. But if interest on the war loans is hereafter to be paid from taxes, that peace revenue must somehow be increased by $545,000,000 per annum (on the basis of the present debt), or by as much larger a sum as service of future war loans should require. This would apparently mean something close to a doubling of the taxes.

Now England, as we have seen, has

(Continued on page 64)

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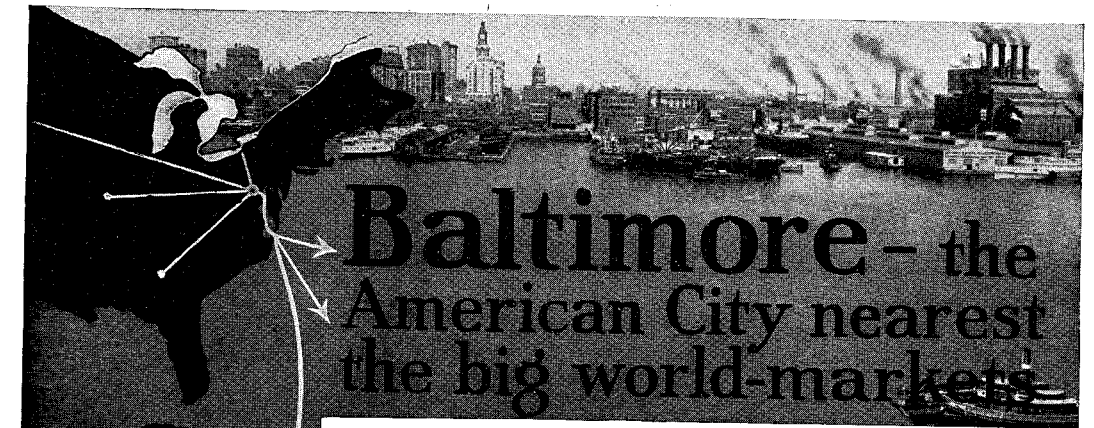

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What a Church Should Express
The Man Who Had No Taste
The Walls of Jericho
The Garden of Illusions

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already added nearly three times that sum to her annual revenue from taxation; but that achievement was made possible as much by the patriotic enthusiasm of war time as by the great wealth of the country. Berlin will confront the problem when the war is over, perhaps when failure of its purposes has been confessed, and when patriotic excitement will have been followed by the severe industrial reaction, despondency, and poverty which are the inevitable sequel. It is not greatly to be wondered at if German statesmen should look forward with great uneasiness to this rapidly accumulating liability—which, indeed, is political quite as much as financial, since even the German imperial authorities cannot surely know to-day just how such fresh burden of taxation, imposed under such circumstances and after a manifestly unsuccessful war, will affect the attitude of the electorate.

Superior Economic Power of the Allies

I HAVE set forth, in this review, only the condition of the Teutonic Allies. Nobody will deny that the financial situation of France and Russia, for instance, presents similar and sufficiently formidable difficulties; or, indeed, that England's position is not surrounded with many troublesome economic embarrassments. Still, whatever may be argued as to the military prospects of Germany's antagonists, compared with those of her and her allies, there cannot be the slightest doubt, in the light of what we have reviewed, as to which side holds the superior economic power. Of this phase of the situation, Germany is unquestionably conscious. Her statesmen, economists, and bankers are aware, more than the outside world, of exactly what a very much longer continuance of the strain under such conditions will signify.

But the outside financial world also seems to be alive to these considerations; otherwise, it would not be easy

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to explain the fall of New York exchange rates on Berlin from the already abnormally low level of 71½ cents to 65⅝ (parity being 95¼) during the very period when Mackensen and Falkenhayn were advancing triumphantly on Bucharest, or the simultaneous decline in Austrian exchange from 12⅜ cents to less than 11 in the week of Rumanian defeat, par being 20⅓. With that precise moment of the European campaign selected for a break in the outside world's measurement of German currency's value to by far the lowest figure of the war, and for depreciation in exchange on Austria below even the discount on the Russian currency, it may at least be said that the only one of the financial markets of the day which expresses unfettered judgment on the economic position of the several belligerents had spoken.

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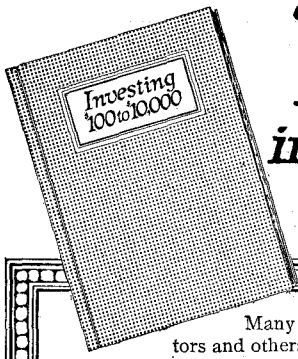

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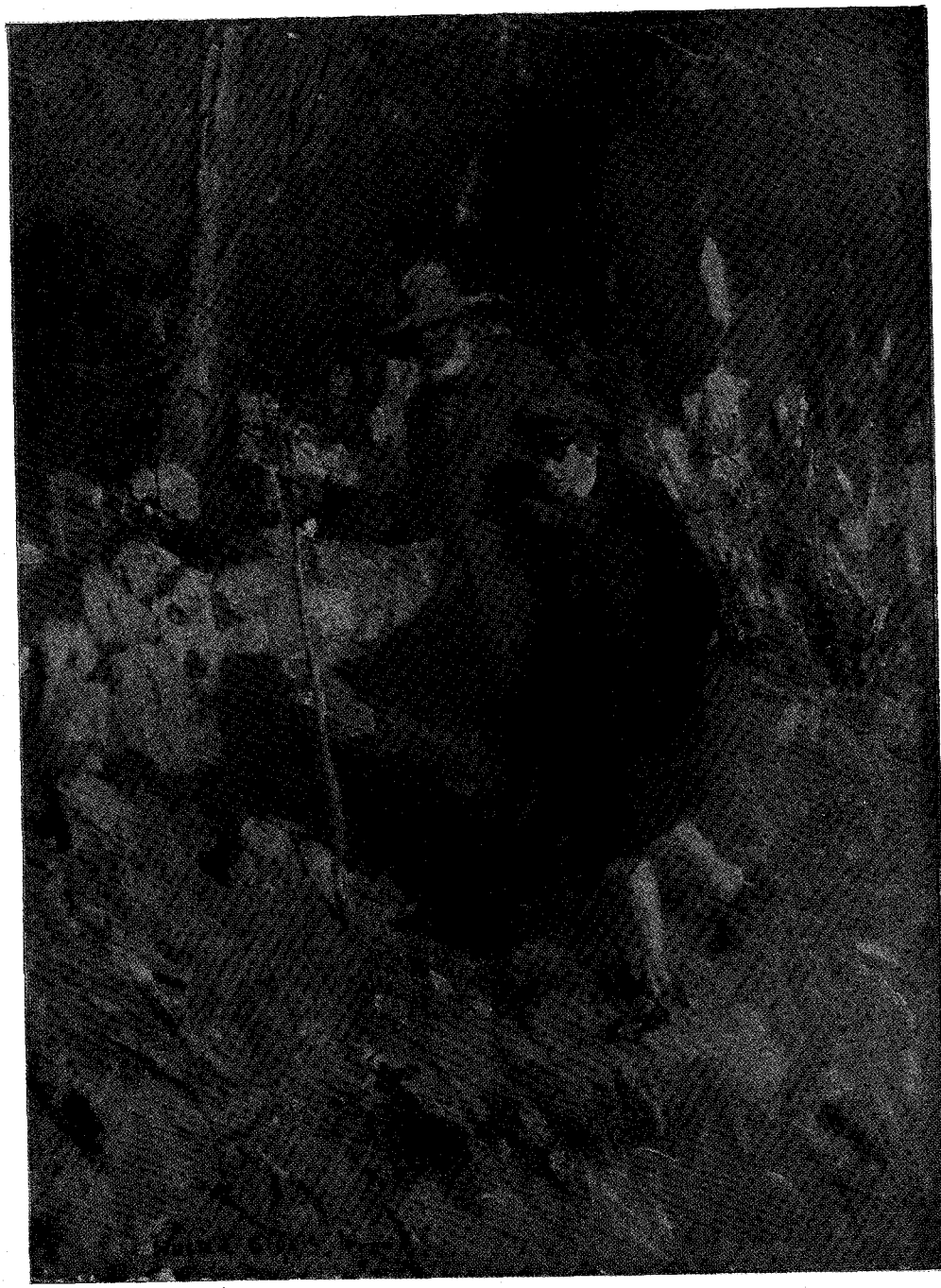

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"HE GITS DE CHILE OUT'N HIS BED . . . 'FO' DAYBREAK FUR TER GO WID HIM TER SEE EF DEY HAD KOTCH A RABBIT."

—"Pharzy," page 306.

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